

at- J. H. Smith A 840-b.9.
COMPANION

TO THE *13 A. W.*

THEATRE:

OR, A

KEY to the PLAY.

Containing the

STORIES

Of the most Celebrated

Dramatick Pieces.

The PLAN, CHARACTER, and DESIGN of
each Performance is Exhibited and Explain'd;
with Remarks on each Representation.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed for F. COGAN at the *Middle-Temple*
Gate, and J. NOURSE at the *Lamb without*
Temple-Bar, MD.CC.XL.

10

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LONDON.

Printed by J. Cooper at the Little Theatre
Gate, and J. Bland at the Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane, MDCCCLX.



ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Theatrical Entertainments of this Town justly engage the Attention of the Polite and Judicious, it was imagined a short but full View of the most celebrated Dramatic Pieces exhibited on the English Stage, would be received as an agreeable and useful Performance. Encouraged by this Thought, we present the Publick with this Essay; which will very soon be followed by a second Volume for compleating the Work. The Story of each Play is here traced to its Origin, brought down to the Opening of the Drama, and carried into the Catastrophe. Each Character is drawn in its proper Colour; no material Incident omitted; but the whole appears one regular and continued Relation; so that a very little Time employed in the Perusal of each respective
Account

ADVERTISEMENT.

Account gives the Reader a just and perfect Idea of what is not otherwise known 'till the Conclusion of the Play. To render the Work still more compleat, you have, as often as the Story would admit, some short moral Remarks on the several Pieces; to the End that while the Reader is amused with the Historical Account, he may not lose Sight of the original and most laudable View of all such Representations; that of inculcating Virtue, and inspiring a Horror for Vice.



T H E



T O

Charles Fleetwood, Esq;

S I R,

THE Design of this Work gives it so just a Claim to your Protection, and at the same Time renders it an Offering so peculiarly your Due, that even while the Thought lay an unshapen Embryo in my Brain, my Choice of a Patron for the Production was confirm'd. Nor do I make a Question but that as each Play received a Sanction from a Crowd of Nobility in particular, the Historiography of the whole will meet with a favourable Reception from him, to whose reasonable and generous Interposition is entirely owing that there are now Plays represented in a Manner wor-

DEDICATION.

thy of a *British* Audience; especially since I may say (I hope without Vanity) the Undertaking has an Air of Novelty, and a Tendency to render Dramatic Performances more generally pleasing by being better understood.

Long had the favourite Theatre laboured under a visible Decline, and was at last arrived at that unhappy Crisis, as to stand in Need of almost a Miracle to be preserved from sinking totally: Some of its best Performers dead; forsaken by a great Number of others; and the few, who remained, so dispirited thro' their divided Situation, that even Mrs. *Clive*, with all her Exhaustless Fund of Vivacity, appeared but in half her Excellence, and tho' out of her Power, in any Circumstance, to avoid pleasing others, seem'd displeas'd herself. Often have I heard it wished that the Patent might fall into the Hands of some Gentleman of Rank and Fortune to command Esteem, of equal Affability and Sweetness of Behaviour to make Authority look lovely,
and

DEDICATION

and above all qualified with a fine Taste to judge, and a Resolution to decide impartially what Pieces were capable of answering the true Ends of the Stage; but this was a Happiness the most Sanguine of its Friends durst not allow themselves to hope, till all at once they found the unexpected Good, and even more than the warmest Imagination could suggest, in the Condescension of Mr. *Fleetwood*.

What Thanks, what Praises ought not to be the Reward of so generous, so disinterested an Action! When *Rome* and *Athens* were at their Height, the greatest Men indeed did not disdain to take upon them the Management of the Theatres; but then they found every Thing regulated to their Hands, and had only the Conservation of that Decorum to regard: Whereas your Task, Sir, was infinitely more difficult; that of calling Order out of Confusion, and converting Discord into Harmony: For you, therefore, to exchange those gay Amusements, which eternally attend
Persons

DEDICATION.

Persons of your Age and Station, for a Medley of Perplexities and Cares, such as can be softned by nothing but the Pleasure of doing good, has in it something worthy the Admiration of even those who are least sollicitous for the Success of the Drama.

Judge then Sir, if you are not intitled to all the Acknowledgments the Muse can pay; and as I am certain nothing will be wanting on your Part to raise the Reputation of the *English* Stage to the greatest Pitch it can possibly attain, so may new *Shakespears*, *Johnsons*, *Otways*, and *Congreves* arise to assist your Labours, merit your Encouragement, and improve the Age; which is the sincere Wish of,

Sir,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

T H E C O N T E N T S.

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E R R A T A.

Page 64, Line 5, for [*Uncle's*] read [*Brother's.*]

ABRAMUKE,



ABRAMULE:

OR,

Love and Empire,

A TRAGEDY.

By Dr. TRAP.



IN one of those Incursions formerly made by the *Tartarians* on the *Russian* Monarchy, *Murfa*, who at that Time headed a Party, had the good Fortune to preserve a Beautiful Girl, about seven Years old, from falling a Sacrifice to the relentless Sword; and conceiving great Expectations from her surprising Charms, carried her into *Tartary*, and educated her with all those Accomplishments necessary to render her a fit Present for the *Sultan*. The Perfections of her Mind and Person being improved to his Wish, she was no sooner arrived at a proper Age, than he set out with her towards

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Constantinople. In their Journey meeting with a Company of *Polonians*, he was in great Danger of losing his Prize, and the Innocence of the beautiful *Abra* had certainly been the Prey of this Savage Band, had not *Pyrrhus*, a great Favourite of the *Sultan*, happened to come that Way with a numerous Retinue, and put the Ravishers to flight. The Deliverer and the delivered were in the same Instant inspired with a mutual Passion for each other; but *Pyrrhus*, understanding *Murfa's* Design, made no publick Shew of his Affection; and *Abra*, as carefully conceal'd hers. To retard, however, as long as possible, being carried to *Constantinople*, she pretended Sickness, and was every Day visited by her Lover disguised as a Physician; and this frequent Intercourse making them perfectly acquainted with each other's Merit established a Tenderneſs, which ended not but with their Lives. Thus they continued giving and receiving all the Marks that Virtue would permit of the fondest and most disinterested Passion, till *Pyrrhus* received a Mandate from the *Sultan*, creating him Grand Viſier, and at the same Time commanding him to go at the Head of a powerful Army to the Relief of *Buda*, then besieged by the Emperor. The cruel Separation must be now endured, not all his Love could render *Pyrrhus* neglectful of the Duty he owed to his imperial Master, his Country, and his own Honour; and *Abra* had too true a Sense of the Latter to delay his hastning where Glory called. He took his Leave, and she was now obliged to acknowledge herself recovered, lest a real Physician should discover she had but counterfeited Indisposition. *Murfa* prosecuted his Journey, and in
a short

a short Time reached *Constantinople*; where, having agreed with the *Kisler Aga* of the Seraglio, the charming Maid was to be delivered to him; in order to be presented to the *Sultan* at a fit Opportunity. The Day appointed being arrived, she could no longer restrain the struggling Emotions of her Soul, she kneels, she weeps, she entreats *Murfa* to change his Resolution, and at last reveals the Secret of her Love for *Pyrrhus*; but all is now too late, the Compact is made, and she must of Force submit. *Pyrrhus* return'd from his Expedition the same Day; but in a Condition far different from what he had hoped at his embarking in it: He had flattered himself with being able to do Things which might enable him to beg the charming *Abra* of the *Sultan* as a Reward of his Services; but in the Room of Laurels he was cover'd with Confusion; all his Designs had proved unsuccessful; *Buda* was taken before his Face, and he was oblig'd to a Certificate from the Subaltern Officers to clear his Conduct to the *Sultan*. If any Shadow of Comfort appeared to him, it was in the Friendship of the *Kisler Aga*, who promised him to conceal the Beauty of *Abra* as much as possible from the *Sultan's* Knowledge; but tho' this Eunuch kept his Word inviolably, a new and undreamt of Misfortune beset their Loves. *Marama* a Creature of Prince *Solyman*, the Brother of the *Sultan*, no sooner beheld this lovely Maid, than she began to cast about in her Mind how to procure her for him, and soon after introduced him to her Apartment: He was immediately enamoured of her Beauty, but her Behaviour gave him an equal Dispair. *Pyrrhus* being informed

of this Visit, and the Effects of it, writes a Letter to *Abra*, complaining of the Severity of his Fate, in raising him a new Rival: The *Kisler Aga* had the Charge of delivering it, but being called away on some important Business entrusts it to a Slave, who gives it into *Marama's* Hand, she communicates it to *Solyman*, who ignorant of the Character, and no Name being subscribed, is fir'd with extreme Impatience to discover this happy Favourite. At that Instant *Cuproly* and *Haly* enter his Apartment; to them he relates the Story of his Love and Jealousy, and is by them informed, the Letter which gave him so much Pain, was the Visier's Hand; and take this Opportunity of perswading him to appear at the Head of a Party already formed for dethroning the *Sultan*; this they assure him is the only Means by which he can attain the Enjoyment of his Mistress, or the Destruction of his Rival: How great soever the Weight of these Reasons was to him as a Lover, those of Nature and of Duty had not less Efficacy; he could not presently be brought to take up Arms against his Sovereign and Brother, nor yet could think of seeing his adored *Abra* torn from him; he therefore desires Time for Consideration, and in this Tempest of his Soul, the *Kisler Aga* having found the Miscarriage of the Letter, and judging into whose Hands it was fallen, makes him an Offer of his Service, and so artfully gains the Belief and Confidence of this unsuspecting Prince, that he prevails with him to give him the Letter, on Pretence of confronting *Pyrrhus*, and obliging him by Menaces to desist. In the mean Time *Cuproly* and *Haly*, having perceived that the only Way to bring

Solyman

Solyman into their Plot, is the immediate Danger of losing *Abra*, secretly inform the *Sul an* how beautiful a Creature is in the *Kisler Aga's* Possession ; on which the impatient Monarch commands she shall be brought instantly to his Presence: Soon as she was so, her Charms had their ordinary Effect, the *Sultan's* Heart yielded to a Passion not inferior to that she had inspired in his Brother or the *Visier*; and finding her Wit and Virtue matchless as her Person, resolves to make her his Empress, and defer the Gratification of his Love till the Celebration of those Rites, which should yield her to him without a Blush. All those late Scruples which had hitherto silenced the Dictates of Ambition in *Solyman*, were now silenced themselves by the Calls of a more powerful Passion: He enters into the Measures *Crupoly* and *Haly* had proposed, and perceives they had already carried Things to such a Height, that there wanted little more than his Consent to pluck his Brother from the Throne; the *Visier's* well known Loyalty was the only Impediment he had to struggle with: It was therefore necessary to begin with his Destruction, and Chance soon furnished the Means. That despairing Lover had prevailed with the *Kisler Aga* to admit him in a Disguise to take a last Farewell of his dear *Abra*; and the Contrivance by which he was to be introduced being overheard by *Solyman*, he that moment dispatches *Marama* to the *Sultan* to acquaint him with it; who going in Person to the Apartment of *Abra*, finds *Pyrrhus* with her: All Denials of their mutual Passion would be now in Vain, they boldly own it, and the *Visier* is ordered to immediate Death: *Abra*, in the Confusion

of this dreadful Incident drops a Paper, which the *Sultan* takes up and reads. This was the Letter wrote by *Pyrrhus*, that *Marama* had intercepted, and which the *Kisler* recovered from the Hands of *Solyman*; but the Name of that Prince not being mentioned in it, the *Sultan* is distracted to know who is that Rival, or whose Love and Visit the Visier has complained of; both are obstinate in concealing him, and *Pyrrhus* is ordered to be put on the Rack till he confess it. While the *Sultan* is thus employed, the *Divan* and Army have declared for *Solyman*; but that Prince being informed of the Visier's Generosity in chusing rather to endure the Rack than betray him, tho' his Rival, sends his Commands for his Preservation. The *Sultan* hearing what was done against him, goes at the Head of his Janizaries, to oppose his Brother, but they revolting at the Sight of *Solyman*, he was compelled to yield to his Destiny, and pass the Remainder of his Life divested of all Power. *Cuproly* having entered into this Conspiracy in Hope of gaining the Grand Visier's Place, finding *Haly* had obtained it of the new *Sultan*, provokes him to fight, and both these Villains fall by each other's Hands. *Solyman*, now supream, thinks of nothing but sharing the Imperial Dignity with *Abra*; but that faithful Maid assuring him that she had long since made a Vow never to love but *Pyrrhus*, and the Considerations how much he was indebted to so generous a Rival, determine him, after a long and severe Struggle with himself, to crown the Happiness of so deserving a Pair; and this great Result is the Conclusion of the Play.

As

As I cannot find any Mention of this Incident in History, I am apt to believe the Reverend Author invented it, as a Lesson to Princes, and to shew how truly great a Monarch is when he is able to command his own Passions.

ALL for LOVE:

O R,

The World well lost,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN *Octavius Cæsar* and *Mark Anthony* had rendered themselves Masters of the World, an insatiable Ambition in the one, and an Impatience of Controll in the other, in a short Time dissolved that Union between them, which had so much contributed to their Greatness. *Octavius* was subtil and designing, *Antony* free from all Disguise, open, sincere, and so much addicted to follow wherever his Passions led him, that the other was easily furnished with Pretences for Censure; but the most plausible of all, and

that which most incensed the *Roman* People against him was, that having married *Octavia* Sister to *Cæsar*, and a Lady of great Virtues, he had basely deserted her, and infatuated with the Charms of *Cleopatra* had retired to *Egypt*, where he lived a most voluptuous Life, unactive, and regardless of the Commonwealth, as of his own Honour. *Octavius* at first reminded him of the Injustice he was guilty of, in the most gentle and soothing Terms, but yet such as had a Meaning couched under their seeming Smoothness, which he knew would have all the Effect of a Reproach. *Antony* could ill brook this Treatment, and in his Turn remonstrated, that in his Absence he had displaced all such as he knew were well affected to him, and disposed the Provinces solely among Creatures of his own. Many Messages of this Kind did not pass till an open Rupture ensued: A War was declared between the two Emperors, and *Octavius* went into *Egypt* at the Head of a powerful Army. By the Perswasions of *Cleopatra*, *Antony* chose to trust his Fortune to a Sea-fight; where, in the Heat of the Battle that Princess being frightened, order'd her Gally to turn back with the sixty others appointed for her Guard; this Flight made a Breach in the Line, by which the Enemy broke in, and so disordered the whole Fleet that they were easily defeated. This was the memorable Battle of *Actium*, which as it but a short Time preceded the Death of *Antony*, the Author chuses to begin his Play with the Confusion of Mind, in which so great a Man must necessarily be involved immediately after an Overthrow that compleated the Loss of all his Hopes.

But

But irremediable, as his Misfortune seemed, our excellent Poet has found a Way to offer him a Relief, wou'd Love have permitted him to accept it. *Ventidius*, his Lieutenant in the East, and the most brave and experienced of all his Generals, arrives in *Egypt*, to let him know that twelve *Veteran* Legions are ready to conquer or die for him; and beseeches him to repair to *Syria*, where they wait his Approach. Here Love and Glory occasion a most terrible Conflict in the Hero's Breast; he longs to retrieve his Honour, and to be revenged on *Cæsar*, but cannot think of quitting *Cleopatra*, especially at a Time when their common Enemy is at her Gates, and her only Consolation is his Presence. The Reasons, however, urg'd by *Ventidius*, and the Consideration how little his Stay will contribute to her Safety, at length determine him to go, and he is sending to inform her of his Resolution, when she appears and shews him a Writing, signed by *Octavius*, wherein he offers to secure her Crown and Liberty, provided she will give up *Antony*. This fatal Proof of her Love and Constancy, joined to that Beauty, which had so long enslaved his Soul, in a Moment triumphs over all the Arguments of *Ventidius*, and nothing can now prevail on him to leave *Egypt*. But to shew that he was not altogether forgetful of what was owing to his Character, with the few Legions he had yet remaining, he makes a Sally, in which he was so successful as to drive *Cæsar* to a greater Distance from the Town, and put 5000 of his Men to the Sword. *Ventidius* remonstrates that this little Victory can be of no other Advantage to him than to procure a more honourable

Peace: *Antony* is sensible of this Truth, but cannot submit to make the first Offer; the General then informs him that *Dolabella*, his most loved and trusted Friend, has sent a Messenger with News from *Cæsar's* Camp: Orders are given for his being introduced, and the Emperor is pleasingly surpris'd with the Sight of *Dolabella* himself, who assures him he may have Terms befitting his Honour and his Dignity to accept. A Change so unexpected in *Octavius's* Nature can scarce be credited by *Antony*; till the other confirms it by Imprecations, and tells him the Person who has wrought this Wonder is his Companion in this Visit, and waits but his Permission to appear; *Antony* is impatient to express his Gratitude to this unknown Friend, and *Dolabella* immediately introduces *Octavia* and her two Children. The Sight of a Wife so ill treated by him, and to whom he was so much obliged, fills *Antony* with Shame and Confusion; but the Sweetness of her Behaviour removes all those Scruples that conscious Guilt and the Disdain of being outdone in Generosity had rais'd in him: He is now convinced, or at least believes himself so, that true Happiness is only to be found in virtuous Love, resolves to quit *Cleopatra* for ever, and to be reconciled to *Cæsar*: He dispatches *Dolabella* to acquaint the Queen with his Determination, and gives Orders that every Thing may be got ready for his Departure the next Day. *Cleopatra* is by her Eunuch *Alexis* inform'd of all that has pass'd, and meeting *Octavia* in the Palace is so piqued by the just Disdain with which that Lady treats her, that she resolves to omit nothing which may retain *Antony*, tho' to the Ruin of them both, and
by

by the Advice of *Alexis* receives *Dolabella*, who she knows once loved her, in such a Manner as re-kindles his former Flames, gives him Hopes of a Return, and perceiving *Ventidius* and *Ostavia* coming towards them, behaves to him so as to leave neither of them Room to doubt that *Antony* was already forgotten by her. They presently carry the Tidings of this seeming Inconstancy to *Antony*, and dwell on the Unworthiness of such a Woman somewhat more than the Delicacy of the Subject would bear. The Emperor is offended, looks on all they say as the Effect of Malice, till *Alexis*, pursuant to the Plot laid between him and *Cleopatra*, enters and confirms the Truth of what he has been told. *Ostavia* now triumphs in his Conviction, exerts the Wife too much, resents the little Credit he gave to her Report, and the Concern he expresses for the Queen's Levity: this touches *Antony* to the Quick, his natural Impatience of Reproof, his unextinguished Passion for *Cleopatra*, and her supposed Falshood banish from his Breast all Considerations of Interest, Honour, Fame, Gratitude, or Duty; he discovers all the Emotions of his Soul; and *Ostavia* thinking herself now doubly affronted, and despairing ever to reclaim his Heart, resolves to make no farther Efforts, but leave him to his Fate, and returns, in Spite of all *Ventidius* can urge to stay her, to her Brother's Camp. After her Departure, *Cleopatra* and *Dolabella* endeavour to clear themselves to *Antony*; but his Jealousy is not to be removed, and he vows never to see either of them more. *Cæsar* in the mean Time, incensed at this second Provocation, leads up his Army to the City Walls, the Egyptian Navy

Navy betray'd by Bribes or Cowardice join that of the Enemy, and the Land Forces too weak for Defence, suffer his Approach without Resistance. *Antony* scorning to capitulate, to avoid being taken, desires *Ventidius* to kill him; but that noble *Roman* contents himself with shewing him the Way by falling on his own Sword. *Antony* follows his Example, and *Cleopatra* with two of her Women poison themselves with Asps; which sad Catastrophe demonstrates to us how little Beauty or Wit, Valour or Greatness are able to protect us in indulging a Passion repugnant to Virtue and Duty.

ALBION QUEENS:

O R,

The Death of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*, A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. BANKS.

MARY, Queen of *Scotland*, being reduced to seek Protection in *England*, was for Reasons of State kept many Years a Prisoner in *Fotheringay* Castle: As she was hereditary Queen of *Scotland*, Dowager of *France*,

France, and Heiress of *England*, she had many great and powerful Friends, especially among the *Roman* Catholicks, in which Religion she was educated, and strictly adhered to her whole Life; and that she was so highly esteemed, not only for her Birth, but also for her Personal and acquired Perfections, was probably one Motive for the Jealousy Queen *Elizabeth* had of her. *Cecill*, Earl of *Burleigh*, a Minister ever wakeful for the Safety of his Royal Mistress, believing that Jealousy but too well grounded, was far from using any Arguments to remove it, but on the contrary advised the Continuance of that unfortunate Princess's Captivity. All the Remonstrances made by Foreign Powers served but to furnish fresh Arguments for her more strict Confinement; and every Attempt in *England* for her Enlargement was punished as high Treason. *Moreton*, the Regent of *Scotland*, and Head of the reformed Religion in that Kingdom, took Care to represent Things in such a Light to Queen *Elizabeth* and her Council, as made her to be looked on as the most formidable Enemy both to the Church and State, and all who but spoke in her Behalf, no better than Incendiaries. The last Journey made by *Moreton* to *England* for this Purpose begins the Business of the Play: He brings with him a long Catalogue of fresh Accusations against his Queen and the Duke of *Norfolk*, who at the same Time returns from visiting her, and being most passionately enamoured of her, leaves nothing unsaid which may clear her of the Crimes laid to her Charge; Queen *Elizabeth* listens to them both, and the Poet, to illustrate his Plot, and at the same Time to add to the other Royal Virtues of *Elizabeth*

that

that of Pity, makes her yield to the Duke's Sollicitations, and consent to see the unhappy Queen of Scotland. The Remonstrances of *Cecil*, and *Davison* at that Time Secretary of State, however, prevent Queen *Elizabeth* from giving Audience to *Mary* on her first Arrival; but she testifies so much Concern and Tenderness whenever she mentions that Princess, that *Moreton* begins to fear for the Success of his Projects, and believing Hypocrisy would befriend him more than open Malice, he pretends Penitence for all he has done, and works himself into the Duke of *Norfolk's* Confidence, and encourages his Hope of marrying her. In the mean Time *Giffard*, a *Papish* Priest, discovers a Conspiracy to murder Queen *Elizabeth*, and set *Mary* on the Throne of *England*, and produces Letters from her to *Babington* and other Traitors. Queen *Elizabeth* had now seen the *Scottish* Queen, and was charmed with her Person and Behaviour; but this News seems to bring with it a Necessity of changing her Measures; the Duke of *Norfolk* is seized on Suspicion, and *Moreton* contrives to have a Paper found under his Bed's Head, which, together with his avow'd Design of Marrying Queen *Mary*, is sufficient to render him so guilty on his Trial as to condemn him, and he, according to his Sentence, lost his Head. The Queen is soon after examined by Lords appointed for her Judges, and by them found guilty. *Elizabeth* endures a severe Conflict between Pity and a due Regard for her own Safety, and the Cause of the established Religion; but being pressed by *Davison*, at length signs the Warrant, but commands him to delay the Execution. However
he

he no sooner has it in his Power than he gives it to *Cecill*, who orders Execution immediately. The *Scotish* Queen receives the Certainty of her Fate with a Resolution worthy of her high Birth, and having taken Leave of her Servants, and given them what Legacies were in her Power, goes chearfully to Death. *Douglas*, a noble *Scotch* Youth, her Page, swallowed Poison, that he might follow her to another World. While these Things are transacting, Queen *Elizabeth* receives Intelligence from *Scotland*, that *Moreton* was the Person that murdered Lord *Darnly*, Husband of the Queen of *Scots*; on which she sends to reprieve *Mary*; but her Orders come too late; the Queen is dead, on which she dismisses *Darvison* from his Post, is highly incensed against *Cecill*, and commands *Moreton* to be seised and sent to *Scotland*, there to take his Trial, and with expressing the utmost Grief for the untimely Death of *Mary* concludes the Play.



ALCHY-

ALCHYMIST,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. BEN. JOHNSON.

THE Scenery of this Play is confined to the House of Mr. *Lovewit*, a Gentleman of Fortune, who being retired into the Country, during the Time of the great Plague, had left the Care of his House and Furniture to *Jeremy* his Butler. This Fellow was naturally Knavish and Cunning, and falling into the Acquaintance of *Doll Common*, a Woman of the Town, and *Subtil*, a pretended *Alchymist* and Conjuror, they three contrive a Strategem to cheat believing Fools. *Subtil* is placed in one of *Lovewit*'s finest Apartments, and *Jeremy*, under the Name of Captain *Face*, and dressed like an Officer, frequents all publick Places, where he cries up the Reputation of Dr. *Subtil*, and passes him on the Town as a Person who had acquired the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone, and had withall the Command of Spirits. At Home he acts the Part of his Servant, and seems continually employed in Chymical Preparations; while *Doll* serves them both, as Cook, Housekeeper, and Bedfellow.

Bedfellow. Sir *Epicure Mammon* is a filly, lewd, but very rich Knight ; him they so well deceive with the Assurance of obtaining for him the Power of converting all Kind of Metals into Gold, that he not only furnishes them with Money to carry on the Work, but sends them in great Stores of Silver, Brass, Iron, and Pewter. *Ananias* and *Tribulation*, two Elders of the Fanatick Sect, strip their Congregations to supply the Furnace in the same Hope. *Dapper*, a Lawyer's Clerk, grinds his Clients for Presents to the wonderful Dr. *Subtil*, to procure him a familiar Spirit, by whose Assistance he might be lucky in Gaming. *Abel Drugger*, a Tobacco-Man does nothing without his Advice, and never asks it under a broad Piece. *Kastrill*, a young Gentleman lately come of Age, rich, but extremely Shallow, showers down his Gold to learn to huff and quarrel with a good Grace, and brings Dame *Pliant*, his Sister, a well-jointur'd young Widow, to know her Fortune.

Thus far the Cheat is carried on with the utmost Success, and neither the Doctor nor Captain are suspected for other than they seem ; till Sir *Epicure Mammon*, unable to conceal his Transport, acquaints *Surly*, his intimate Friend, with the extraordinary good Fortune he imagines himself just ready to be possessed of, and brings him to see how near the Work is to Perfection. *Surly* is a Man of a quick Apprehension, and knows the World enough to perceive the Imposture : He presently endeavours to convince Sir *Epicure*, that he has to do with Villains : *Subtil* and *Jeremy* are no less quick-sighted to their own Danger, and to prevent it dress up *Doll* like a Lady of Quality, whom

whom *Jeremy*, seemingly unknown to the Doctor, shews to Sir *Epicure* as the Sister of a great Lord, brought thither to be cured of a Disorder in her Brain, occasioned by too much Application to Learning. Her Beauty, supposed Quality, and fine Parts so infatuate the Knight that he becomes more in the Power of his Deceivers than before, and will not give the least Ear to the Remonstrances of his Friend *Surly*. *Surly* on the other Hand, resolving to give Proofs of what he can yet only deliver on Suspicion, disguises himself in the Habit of a *Spanish* Count, gets acquainted with Captain *Face*, and is by him introduced to *Subtil*; as he does not part freely with his Money, they judge a Female Temptation the surest Way to make him more liberal, and *Doll* being at that Time engaged with Sir *Epicure*, agree to bring Dame *Pliant* into his Company, tho' they had just before been ready to quarrel which of themselves should have her. But the common Interest prevailing, the Doctor prepares her for the Meeting, by telling her it is her Fate to marry a *Spanish* Count: Her foolish Brother commands her to be yielding, and *Surly* takes her into a private Room, where he relates to her the whole Trick intended to be put upon her, assures her he scorns to take Advantage of their Villainy, and desires she will consider of the Generosity he has shewn, and reward his honourable Passion by making him her Husband. Before she has Time to reply, *Subtil* and *Face* come to them, and finding the supposed Count still unwilling to give them any Money, fall to rifling his Pockets, on which he discovers himself, and they are in the utmost Confusion. But *Face* immediately bethinking himself

himself what is best to do, runs into the next Room and tells *Kastrill* that his Sister and the Doctor have been both abused, that *Surly* is an Impostor sent by another Conjuror, in spite to *Subtil*, and assures him the real *Count* will come in an Hour at farthest. *Kastrill* on this takes his Sister from *Surly*, and *Abel Drugger* and *Ananias* coming at the same Time, both fall on him, and oblige him to quit the House.

They now again begin to revel in Security, when *Lovewit* comes unexpectedly to Town, the Neighbours inform him that great Resort has been to his House in his Absence, he knocks at the Door; but *Jeremy* having seen him from the Window does not open the Door till *Subtil* and he have concluded what to do; at length having thrown off his Disguise, he lets his Master in; but before the Door can be shut, *Sir Epicure*, *Surly*, *Ananias*, *Kastrill* and *Dapper* endeavour to press in. *Surly* has informed *Sir Epicure* of all he discovered when in his Disguise; he now believes him, and comes in Hope of being revenged. *Ananias*, *Kastrill*, and *Abel Drugger* hearing this Story are no less enraged: *Lovewit* knows not what to think; but *Jeremy* finding no other Way tells him there is a rich handsome Widow in the House, who would make him a good Wife; on which he refuses Entrance to the Complainers, and having shut them out, goes into a Parlour where *Dapper* is discovered in an odd Posture, waiting for the Queen of Fairies to appear to him. His Discourse convinces *Lovewit* of the Imposture has been carried on, however he pardons *Jeremy*, and suffers *Subtil* and *Doll* to make their Escapes for the Sake of *Dame Pliant*, whom he likes,

likes, and soon perfwades to marry him. Sir *Epicure Mammon*, *Surly*, *Ananias*, *Kastrill*, and *Abel Drugger* return with Officers to break open the Doors; but *Lovewit* lets them quietly in: they search for the Impostors, but none being found, (for *Jeremy* out of his Disguises, as Captain *Face*, or the Doctor's Man was utterly unknown to any of them,) they are obliged to content themselves with lamenting their own Credulity and Avarice.

AMPHITRION:

O R,

The two *SOCIAS*,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THIS Play was originally *Plautus's*, and from him altered by *Moliere*. Mr. *Dryden* has very artfully retained all the Beauties of these two celebrated Authors, and added many of his own. The Plot is taken from that well-known Fable of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, and begins with his calling *Phæbus* and

and *Mercury* to his Assistance for the Enjoyment of that beautiful *Theban*. *Amphitrion* her Husband being General against the *Teleboans*, and now on his Return, after a compleat Victory, and killing King *Pterelas* with his own Hand, *Jupiter* assumes his Shape, obliges *Mercury* to take that of *Socia*, *Amphitrion's* Man, and *Phæbus* to omit rising the next Day that he may pass a Night of eight and forty Hours with his Mistress. *Alcmena* deceived by his Appearance kisses, embraces, and receives him as her Husband. The real *Amphitrion* leaves the Camp, and hastens home; but sends *Socia* before with a Present of fine Jewels taken in the Plunder, and to acquaint her of his Approach. *Mercury* in the Form of *Socia* stands Sentry before *Amphitrion's* Palace, and will not suffer the real *Socia* to enter, and on his insisting that he is *Socia* beats him till he renounces his Name, and is glad to return to his Master with this strange Account. *Mercury* having got rid of him goes into the Palace, where falling in Love with *Phædra*, Woman to *Alcmena*, he presents her with a Gold Goblet he had stolen, by Virtue of his invisible Picklock, from Judge *Gripus*, who, being Uncle to *Alcmena*, had accompanied *Amphitrion* to the Wars: *Phædra* gives him some Hope of succeeding in his amorous Suit, but he is so ill-used by old *Bromia*, the termagant Wife of the real *Socia*, that he is obliged to lay her asleep with his *Caduceus*.

Amphitrion in the mean Time can give no Credit to the Information of his Man concerning another *Socia*; but being entered *Thebes* meets his Wife, who has just then been left by *Jupiter*, going to the Temple

ple to return Thanks for his safe Arrival. He accosts her as after a long Absence, she insists he has passed the Night with her, he affirms the Contrary, and inflamed with Jealousy accuses her of having wronged his Bed: She conscious of her own Innocence reproaches his Injustice, and they part equally incensed against each other; he goes in Search of Witnesses that he came into *Thebes* but the same Hour, and she retires into the House to bewail this Change of his Behaviour. The true *Socia* is left behind, and strangely persecuted by his Wife on the one Hand, for the little Regard she received from his Likeness *Mercury*, and *Phædra* on the other, who talks of nothing but the Gold Goblet, and reproaches him for giving her no more, and the sudden Coldness he treats her with.

Jupiter yet unsatiated with the Possession of *Alcmena* returns to her, asks Pardon for the late Behaviour of *Amphitrion*, and they are reconciled. *Amphitrion*, not being able to find the Persons he wanted, comes home resolved to question his Wife farther, but is hindered from entering by *Mercury* in the Shape of *Socia*, who insists that he is not *Amphitrion*, and that the true *Amphitrion* is at that Instant with *Alcmena*. This makes him almost desperate, but he grows still more confounded when *Mercury* being gone from the Window whence he had answered him, *Socia* who had been sent by *Jupiter* to invite Judge *Grius* and other Citizens to an Entertainment, comes with them: He protests he never sent him on any such Errand, and the other is as positive to the contrary. All the Company are amazed, but *Amphitrion* resolving to be convinced

vinced of the Meaning of these strange Events leaves them, to fetch Soldiers to force open the Doors. He is no sooner gone than *Jupiter* comes to the Window and bids them enter, which they all do, tho' more and more astonished.

Judge *Gripus*, being in Love with *Phædra*, renews his Courtship, but seeing the gold Goblet challenges it for his own, and would have it from her: *Mercury*, threatens him, and at length obliges him to resign it, and also his Pretensions to *Phædra*. *Amphitryon* having now got Guards, forces open the Doors, and enters his House, all the Company are surpris'd when they see two so exactly alike, that there is no discovering the false from the true *Amphitryon*. *Alcmena* is alarmed, but her Husband attempts to rush Sword in Hand on the Invader of his Honour; but is withheld by *Gripus* and the rest, till *Jupiter* to clear *Alcmena*, and put an End to all their Distractions, discovers himself, and ascends the Clouds before their Eyes. *Mercury* also confesses himself a God, and *Alcmena* being left to the peaceable Possession of her Husband, *Phædra* to her own Inclinations, and *Socia* to his old *Bromia*, make the Conclusion of this diverting Comedy.



Beaux

BEAUX STRATEGEM, A COMEDY.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

Aimwell and *Archer*, two Gentlemen of Family, having spent their Fortunes in the Pleasures of the Town, could think of no other Way of recruiting themselves than by Marriage; but how to get Women of the Circumstances they wanted was the Query; their Affairs were such as would not bear Inspection, so must not pretend to be over scrupulous into those of the Ladies they should attempt, and feared the common Fate of Fortune-Hunters, who for the most part are paid in their own Coin, and deceived by those they would deceive. They therefore thought it best to make a Tour into the Country, where the Fortunes of Women are more easily known; and because they could not appear in the Equipage proper for such a Design, they agreed that one should be the Master, and the other the Servant, and to take it in turn at every other Town.

Litchfield was the first Place they stopped at, and it was *Aimwell's* Lot to be Master: They took up
their

their Lodgings at a noted Inn, kept by *Boniface*, who was of so communicative a Humour in his Cups, that he presently acquainted them with the Names and Estates of most of the chief Gentry in that Part, among others he makes Mention of a young and beautiful Lady, called *Dorinda*, who has Ten thousand Pounds in her own Hands, and lives with Lady *Bountiful*, her Mother, at the House of her half Brother, 'Squire *Sullen*, a Gentleman, who has Three thousand Pounds a Year, and is married to a fine *London* Lady, whom he uses in the most brutal Manner.

The next Day happening to be *Sunday*, *Aimwell* goes to Church richly drest, and sending his Eyes about in Quest of what might seem fittest for his Purpose, they are on a sudden stopped on one Face, and rivetted there so fast that it was not in his Power to withdraw them. The whole Congregation observed with what Stedfastness he regards this Lady, and presently give him to her for a Lover; she is not less sensible of the Effect of her Charms, and is far from being dissatisfied at it.

Boniface in the mean Time does not know what to think of his Guests; they have given him in Charge a Portmanteau with Two hundred Pounds in it, (which was their whole Stock) in Order, as they said, to have it more secure, but indeed to make him look on *Aimwell* as a Person of Consequence: They had desired their Horses to be kept saddled, and told him they knew not whether they might not leave his House at a Minute's Warning, or stay till the best Part of that Money was spent. All this put together makes him suspect them Highwaymen; and tho' he harbour'd a

Gang of those Villains at his House, and had a Fellow-feeling with them in all their Booties, the Hopes of the Reward offered for detecting a Highwayman, joined to the Sum he had in his Hands, would have made him rejoice in a Proof that these Strangers were of the same Profession ; and as he is strongly of that Belief, orders his Daughter *Cherry Boniface* to be very free with *Archer*, the supposed Footman, to make him drunk, if possible, and get the Secret out of him. The Girl obeys her Father, but having more Understanding than is common in one of her Rank, finds something so agreeable in *Archer* that she falls passionately in Love with him : He soon perceives her growing Inclination, and as she is very young and pretty, endeavours to make his Advantage of it ; but her Virtue is Proof against the Temptation, and all he can obtain from her is a Confession of her Love, and an Offer of her Person with Two thousand Pounds if he will consent to marry her.

Aimwell, at his Return from Church, discovers that the Lady, with whom he is charmed, is no less rich than beautiful, and that very *Dorinda*, of whose Fortune *Boniface* had given him an Account : The Means now of getting acquainted with her is all he wants, and as he is consulting with *Archer* how to bring it about, Love and Chance unexpectedly come in to his Assistance.

Dorinda has no great Reason to triumph in her new Conquest, being herself a Victim to the same Passion : She communicates the Secret to her Sister *Sullen*, and they send *Scrub*, a Footman, to enquire the Name and Quality of this agreeable Stranger, but he returns
without

without being able to inform them of either; on which they order him to invite *Archer*, as being a Person of his own Rank, to drink some of that Country Ale, not doubting but they may learn from him all they desire to know. *Scrub* goes immediately on this Errand, and *Archer* joyfully complies with the Invitation.

When the two Footmen are together, the Ladies send *Gipfy* their Chambermaid to listen to their Discourse, who soon returns with this Intelligence, that *Archer's* Master is Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, that he has lately fought a Duel at *London*, and retired to that Country where he was not known, till he should hear whether the Wounds of his Antagonist were mortal or not: 'This is transporting News to *Dorinda*, but having a Curiosity to see the Servant, Mrs. *Sullen* and she pass through the Hall where *Scrub* and *Archer* are drinking: They take an Occasion of speaking to him, as he is a Stranger: His genteel Behaviour amazes them, but especially Mrs. *Sullen*, who by her Husband's ill Usage has a Heart free for a new Impression, she likes him prodigiously; and to excuse her Inclination will needs persuade herself that he is a Gentleman in Disguise, and imagines he might have been my Lord's Second in his pretended Duel.

Archer, in his Turn, gets a thorough Information of all the Affairs of that Family, but returns to *Aimwell* with a Heart little less enamoured of Mrs. *Sullen's* Charms, than his Friend is of those of her fair Sister. Both equally impatient, they now easily form a Plot to get into the Company of those who have their Hearts, and accomplish it in this Manner.

When the Ladies are all together after Dinner *Archer* runs hastily into the House, asks for Lady *Bountiful*, entreats her Assistance for his Master, and tells her that he is fallen into a Fit in the Walk leading up to her House: The good old Lady, who is famous for dispensing Physick, and doing Cures, sends the Servants immediately out with an easy Chair. *Aimwell* is brought into the House in a seeming Fit, but after some Time recovers, and as soon as Lady *Bountiful* is called out of the Room on some other Business, discovers his Passion to *Dorinda*. The old Lady returns, but will not suffer him to go into the Air till he is more established, and bids her Daughter shew the Gentleman the House and Pictures: *Aimwell* begs Permission his Servant may be allowed the same Favour, having an excellent Taste of Painting, and this being granted, *Archer* has an Opportunity of ingratiating himself yet more with Mrs. *Sullen*. As they are on departing, *Aimwell* orders the seeming Footman to give two Guineas among the Servants. *Archer* puts one of them into *Scrub's* Hands, and tells him he has another for *Gipsy*, on which *Scrub* takes him aside, and says that if he will bestow on him the Guinea intended for her, he will discover a Plot: *Archer*, believing it may be something for their Interest to know, complies with his Request; and the other informs him that there is a *French Count* in Town who has been long in Love with Mrs. *Sullen*, that *Gipsy* has received a Present of twenty Guineas to let him into her Chamber at Midnight, and that a Priest, who calls himself *Foygard*, has negotiated the whole Affair, and is to introduce him.

Archer

Archer no sooner receives this Intelligence than he casts about in his Mind how to go in the Count's Stead, and at length hits on this Contrivance: He has seen *Foygard* at *Boniface's*, and is sure he is an *Irishman* by his Speech: *Aimwell* therefore watches the Opportunity of finding him alone, and seizes him under Pretence of his being a Traitor to the Government, and that being a Subject of *England*, and not belonging to an Ambassador, asks how he dares officiate in the Manner of the Church of *Rome*; *Foygard* pretends to be born at *Brussels*, and denies being a Subject of *England*, but *Archer* comes in, talks *Irish* to him, faces him down that he is his Relation, and that they went to School together; the other confesses himself born in *Kilkenny*: They threaten to send for a Constable and have him hanged, which terrifies him so that he readily complies with *Archer's* Desire, and promises him to conduct him into Mrs. *Sullen's* Chamber by the Assistance of *Gipsy*, over whom he has an absolute Power.

The wished for Hour being arrived, *Archer* throws off his Livery, and dresses in his richest and most becoming Cloaths, but he is scarce out of the House before *Cherry Boniface* is in Search of him through every Room. *Gibbet*, *Hounslow*, and *Bagshot*, three notorious Highwaymen, whom *Boniface* encourages, have that Night by his Instigation agreed to rob Mr. *Sullen's* House: Lady *Bountyful* is Godmother to *Cherry*, and her Love to the Family as well as her secret Abhorrence of her Father's vile Practices makes her resolve to acquaint *Archer* with the Truth, and take his Advice how to prevent it; but being unable to find him, she

knocks at *Aimwell's* Chamber-Door, and informs him that Thieves are that Moment breaking into the House where his Mistress is, but without mentioning any Thing of her Father: He flies immediatly to the Relief of his Charmer, conducted by her who knew the Place, by which they entered.

In the mean while *Archer* is in Mrs. *Sullen's* Chamber, where he makes Use of all his Rhetorick to perswade her to reward his Passion: Her Virtue vigorously resists; but at length half perswading, half compelling, she is almost won, when an Outcry of Thieves obliges him to desist: He retreats behind the Bed at the Sight of a Man with a dark Lanthorn coming cross the Gallery, thinking to have the more Advantage over him by Surprise: *Gibbet* comes into the Room, and is going to take off her Jewels; but *Archer* rushes from his Concealment, disarms and takes him, then delivers him to *Scrub* and *Foygard* to keep secure; the Cries of the other Ladies calling him to their Assistance, he runs as directed by the Sound, and finds Lady *Bountyful* and *Dorinda* in the Hands of *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*; *Archer* is going to engage them both, when *Aimwell*, conducted by *Cherry* comes to second him: The Rogues are both taken, and *Cherry Boniface* steals out to give her Father Notice, who, on this, packs up his Money, and makes off for Fear of being apprehended. *Aimwell* takes the Opportunity of Lady *Bountyful's* being gone to fetch some Powder for a Wound *Archer* received, to plead the Merit of his Service, and to engage *Dorinda* to marry him privately that Night; she makes some faint Denials, but at last consents, and *Archer* goes out to fetch

fetch *Foygard* to perform the Ceremony : *Aimwell* being so near, as he imagines, the Possession of his Wishes, the Generosity of his Soul joined to the real Passion he has for *Dorinda* renders him unable to continue the Deception ; he confesses himself to be only the Brother of the Lord he represents, and shews that he is still above owing the Blessing of her Love to any Thing but his own just Sense of it : She receives the Declaration with Pleasure, and assures him that since she has a Fortune to make them easy, she rejoices to give this Proof that she valued him only for his Merit. *Archer* now returns with the Priest ; but as the Ceremony is going to be performed, *Gipsy* comes in, and whispers *Dorinda*, on which she tells the Priest her Mind is altered, and he may depart, then leaves them without any further Explanation of her Meaning : *Aimwell* is confounded at this Procedure, and telling *Archer* how frank he has been, the other no longer doubts but he has lost her, and it almost comes to a Quarrel between them : *Archer* looking on himself as a Party concerned, because it had been agreed that which ever of them married first, the other should have half the Lady's Fortune. But as they are in this Debate, *Dorinda* returns, wishes *Aimwell* Joy on his being the real Viscount, acquaints him that his Brother is dead, and that the Cause of her dismissing the Priest was the being told this News, assures him her Generosity is not less than his, and since her Fortune could not overbalance his Title, if he really loved her, the Marriage had now no need of being performed in a Clandestine Manner : *Aimwell* is very much surprised, but the Truth is confirmed by Sir *Charles*

Freeman, that Gentleman is Brother to *Mrs. Sullen*, who being urged by the complaining Letters of his Sister, is come to take her from her Husband. The Proposal is made to *Mr. Sullen*, who readily consents to part with his Wife, but not her Fortune, 'till *Archer* puts it out of his Power to refuse, by delivering all the Deeds, Settlements, and Marriage-Writings into *Sir Charles's* Hands, which were all taken out of *Mr. Sullen's* Cabinet by the Rogues, and again forced from them by *Archer*. *Sullen* finding no Remedy is compelled to yield. And the Play ends with their Divorce, *Ainswell's* Marriage, and a Letter sent from *Cherry Boniface* with the 200 *l.* left in her Father's Hands by *Archer*, who begs *Dorinda* to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsy*.

BUSY BODY,

A COMEDY.

By *Mrs. CENT LIVRE.*

THIS Play has a double Plot, but so artfully contrived that the Parties concerned in each are subservient to the other. *Sir George Airy*, a Gentleman of Four thousand Pounds a Year, divides his
Inclination

Inclination between two Women : He is charmed with the Wit and Gaiety of the *one*, to whose Name and Character he is a perfect Stranger ; and dies for the Beauty of the *other*, to whom he has never spoke : The former follows him, in a Mask, to all publick Places, accosts, and rallies him : The Latter he can see only at a Distance, but knows her to be an Heiress worth Thirty thousand Pounds, her Name *Miranda*, and that she is under the Guardianship of Sir *Francis Gripe*, an avaricious hard-hearted old Man.

Charles the only Son of Sir *Francis Gripe*, and intimate Friend of Sir *George Airy*, is a Gentleman who owes a liberal Education to the Indulgence of an Uncle, as also a good Estate left at his Death, tho' kept from the Enjoyment of it by his cruel Father. He is passionately in Love with, and beloved by *Ijabinnda*, Daughter of Sir *Jealous Traffick*, a Merchant, who, by having lived some Time in *Spain*, is become so great an Admirer of the Customs of that Country as not to permit the Women of his Family to be seen by any of a different Sex : This Humour of the old Man throws almost insuperable Difficulties in the Lovers Way, which together with the Treatment he receives from his Father, renders *Charles* very unhappy.

Avarice is not the only Characteristick of Sir *Francis Gripe*, at least it is so blended with another, tho' very different Passion, that it is hard to determine which is predominant. Advanced as he is in Years, he views the Beauties of his lovely Charge with amorous Eyes : He compares her Charms with those of his Gold, and scarce knows which are brightest. Her vast Fortune

adds Fewel to the Flame, and Love and Interest combined make it too strong to be concealed, much less repelled : He declares himself to her, and she, finding Dissimulation absolutely necessary to the Preservation of her Liberty, seems to listen with Pleasure to his Dotage, and flatters him with a Belief that of all Mankind he is most agreeable to her Humour, tho' at the same Time she is secretly in Love with Sir *George Airy*, and puts in Practice every Method of engaging him.

The chief Characters are in this Situation at the Drawing up the Curtain, and the various Contrivances made Use of to attain their different Ends, is the Business of the succeeding Scenes.

Charles, judging by Appearances, doubts not of *Miranda's* Resolution to marry his Father, and gives Sir *George* his Reasons for believing so ; but all he urges on that Head is ineffectual to make the other of his Opinion : He cannot think a Lady of her Youth, Beauty and Fortune can throw herself into the Arms of old Age, Diseases, and ill Nature, yet impatient to be satisfied of the Truth, he proposes to give Sir *Francis*, whom he meets in the Park, a Purse of Fifty Guineas for the Opportunity of speaking to *Miranda* for the Space of ten Minutes, the Miser makes some Difficulty at first, but on Condition he may be in the same Room, tho' out of Hearing, and that Sir *George* will give a Hundred, at last consents : The Bargain is made, and *Miranda* over-hearing it, tho' she is infinitely pleased with the Pains Sir *George* takes to declare himself, resolves to have some Sport with this Adventure.

Sir George has no sooner parted from Sir Francis, than his *Incognita* unexpectedly starts out upon him: He resolves to be no longer in a Dilemma on her Account, and tells her plainly he will not part with her till she has let him see her Face, or at least discovered to him her Name and Place of Abode: All these are Articles she is determined not to grant, and having a ready Wit takes this Method of evading. She feigns herself no longer refractory to his Desires; but pretends Shame will not permit her to discover who she is, and the Motives that induced her so frequently to ingage him, while she sees his Face, therefore begs he will turn his Back during the Account. Sir George complies with her Request, and she begins a long Story of having fallen in Love with him at *Paris*, still drawing farther from him, every Sentence she speaks, till at last she runs quite away. Sir George wonders she stops her Discourse, desires her to proceed; but finding no Answer turns about and sees himself alone. To have been deceived in this Manner a little vexes him, but the natural Gaiety of his Temper, and Hopes of succeeding better with *Miranda* leave him not without Consolation.

Sir Francis in the mean Time acquaints his fair Ward of the Bargain he has made with Sir George: She affects to laugh immoderately at it, ridicules the Folly of young Men, and magnifies the Happiness of being married to a Person of an advanced Age, Sobriety, and Wisdom; then tells him that she thinks the greatest Mortification she can give Sir George will be not to answer him one Word, but be dumb to all he says. The old Fellow is pleas'd beyond Measure with

with the Mark he imagines she gives him of her Affection, and approves her Project.

The Hour appointed for this Interview being arrived, Sir *Francis* introduces Sir *George*, who on receiving no Reply to all the fine Things he says to *Miranda*, imagines she has been enjoined Silence by her Guardian, therefore begs she will discover her Mind by Signs; but she making but few that are intelligible to him, and being removed by Sir *Francis* on the Expiration of the ten Minutes, he is obliged to quit the House little satisfied with the Success of his Project.

While Sir *George* was receiving these two Disappointments, first from his *Incognita*, and after from *Miranda*, *Charles* was not less perplexed. He has heard that Sir *Jealous Traffick* had resolved to marry his Daughter to a young *Spaniard*, called *Don Deigo Babbinetto*, who was every Day expected in *England* for that Purpose, every Thing concerning the Marriage being already agreed upon between them by Letters. He is in the utmost Impatience to see *Isabinda* on this Occasion, and sends his Man *Whisper* to see if the Coast be clear for him to visit her. As *Whisper* is sauntering before the Door, hoping to see Mrs. *Patch*, *Isabinda's* Maid, Sir *Jealous* comes out, and being suspicious of every Thing in the Shape of a Man near his House, questions him what and who he wants: The Poor Fellow is a little at a loss for an Excuse, but at length pretends he is in Search of a little Dog, which he thought had run into his House; Sir *Jealous* is not very well satisfied with this Answer, but as he can get no other, contents

himself with forbidding him to come any more there in Search of any Thing. As soon as *Whisper* sees he is gone down the Street, he speaks to *Patch*, who tells him her Lady is alone, and would be glad to see his Master.

Having executed his Commission he returns to his Master, and finds him in Company with Sir *George Airy* and *Marplot*, but because no Mention has hitherto been made of this last Gentleman, and he has a good Share in the remaining Business of the Play, it will not be improper to give his Character. He is a young Gentleman yet under Age, and under the Guardianship of Sir *Francis Gripe*, good-natur'd, a great Admirer of Sir *George Airy*, and a sincere Friend to *Charles*, but very silly and Inquisitive. *Whisper* on Sight of him takes his Master aside to let him know the Success of his Embassy; which so excites *Marplot's* Curiosity, that on *Charles's* refusing to tell him the Business, or permitting him to accompany him where he is going, he resolves to watch him at a Distance; which he does, and sees him enter Sir *Jealous Traffick's* House; tho' whom he visits there he cannot guess, but to find that out too, he places himself pretty near the Door, in Hope of discovering somewhat by those who shall pass in or out. He has not been long on his Post, before Sir *Jealous* returns, *Whisper* still runs in his Head, he cannot help believing that Fellow had some other Business than looking for a Dog, and comes home again to see if all be safe; as he is going to knock at the Door, he swears if he finds any Man in the House, he'll murder him, which *Marplot* overhearing, and
 knowing

knowing *Charles* is there, comes forward, and thinks to bully the old Fellow out of his Resolution, bidding him let the Gentleman come safely out, and threatening most violently, if he offers him any Injury. This *Rodomontado* convinces Sir *Jealous* there is Somebody within, and supposing *Marplot* one of the Accomplices, falls on him, and beats him most unmercifully; on which *Marplot* cries out Murder, and Sir *Jealous* leaves him, to go in Search of the Person within. In the mean Time *Patch*, having seen her Master from the Window, gives Intelligence to the Lovers, and *Charles* having no other Way to escape, jumps from the Balcony upon *Marplot*, and finding it was he that had given the Alarm to Sir *Jealous*, takes him by the Throat, and almost choaks him. Poor *Marplot* who had done all for the best, finding he had been guilty of a Blunder, has little to say for himself, but runs to Sir *Francis Gripe's*, in Hopes of getting something out of *Miranda* that may oblige Sir *George*, and by that Means reconcile him to *Charles*.

Miranda and Sir *Francis* are laughing at Sir *George Airy* and his hundred Pound Bargain, when *Marplot* comes in: He upbraids them both for contriving to cheat his Friend, and *Miranda* to assure Sir *Francis* of her Love to him, speaks in the most contemptible Manner of Sir *George*, but at the same Time under Colour of abusing makes an Assignment with him: She bids *Marplot* tell him if he dares to saunter about the Garden-gate at eight o'Clock at Night he shall be saluted with a Pistol or a Blunderbuss. *Marplot* makes haste away after this Messuage to prevent Sir

George

George from running himself into any Danger. When he is gone *Miranda* says so many obliging Things to her Guardian, that he thinks this a proper Time to press her to marry him ; she readily promises him on Condition that he will first make her Mistress of her Estate, which without his Consent she was not to enjoy till the Age of Twenty-five: He hesitates a little on that Article ; but she so artfully soothes his foolish Passion, that he at length consents, and Waitings are ordered to be drawn accordingly.

Marplot finds *Sir George* and *Charles* at a Tavern : He delivers the Message in the same Words *Miranda* gave it, which *Sir George* presently comprehending is very much transported, and resolves to obey the Summons. *Charles* has prepared a Letter for *Isabinda* on the Occasion of their late Interruption, and sends it by *Whisper*. *Marplot* is distracted to know where that Letter is going, but dares not ask Questions ; he also imagines by *Sir George's* Behaviour that there is something more in the Story of the Garden-gate, than they discover to him, and as soon as he gets out of *Charles's* Company, who takes him home to prevent his following *Sir George*, runs to *Sir Francis Gripe's* to see what he can find out.

Whisper being sent, as aforesaid, with the Letter, is so lucky to meet *Patch*, he delivers it to her, and she informs him that *Sir Jealous* is to have Company to sup with him that Night, that her Mistress according to the *Spanish* Fashion is to keep in her Chamber, and that his Master may come in, by the help of a Ladder of Ropes, at the Closet Window, which shall be left open. *Whisper* leaves her to carry the Message to
Charles,

Charles, and *Patch* thro' Mistake puts the Letter he has given her beside her Pocket. *Sir Jealous* having just received News that *Don Diego Babbinetto* is arrived, and will be in Town next Day, is going to his Daughter's Apartment to acquaint her with it; he finds the Letter *Patch* has drop'd, but it being wrote in Characters contrived between the Lovers, he understands not a Word in it, nor to whom directed: His suspicious Nature, however, makes him fancy it was intended for his Daughter, therefore resolves to watch her close that Night, and the next dispose of her to the *Spaniard*. To this End he sends to prevent all the expected Guests from coming, and orders Supper to be served up in *Isabinda's* Chamber. That young Lady, who expects *Charles* every Moment is strangely alarmed, and is going to send *Patch* to let him know the Disappointment, when *Sir Jealous* enters that Moment and will not suffer her to stir out of the Room. He shews *Isabinda* the Letter he has found, asks her if she knows any Thing of it, she denies it, and *Patch* to get it out of his Hands, screams out, and says 'tis a Charm for the Tooth-ach, which she has lost out of her Bosom: *Sir Jealous* believing her in his Interest, is somewhat appeased. He sits down to Supper, but *Isabinda* is too much terrified with the Apprehensions of *Charles's* coming, that she cannot eat one bit, on which her Father orders her to play a Tune on her Spinet, and *Patch* to sing; they obey, but with very discordant Notes. As they are thus employed, *Charles* ascends the Closet Window, and runs into the Room, but on Sight of *Sir Jealous* as suddenly retreats. *Sir Jealous* has a Glimpse of him,

him, and rises in a Rage, but as he is going after him into the Closet, *Isabinda* counterfeits a Swoon, falls before the Door, this stops him till *Charles* has Time to get down the same Way he came up, and Sir *Jealous* on searching the Closet finds no body there: However, he is positive he saw a Man, and now, not doubting but *Patch* has betray'd her Trust, turns her that Moment out of Doors, locks up his Daughter in his own Apartment, and swears she shall see nothing but himself till she is married to *Babbinetto*. *Patch* in going out meets *Charles*, tells him what has happened, and advises him to get a *Spanish* Dress, and as he can speak the Language, personate *Don Deigo Babbinetto*; the Proposition is too good to be rejected, he goes immediately about it, and *Patch* to *Miranda*, whose Servant she has formerly been, to inform her of these Accidents.

Sir *George Airy* at eight o'Clock goes to the Garden-gate, which he finds open, and *Scentwell*, *Miranda's* Maid, ready to receive, and introduce him to her Mistress; and he has the inexpressible Satisfaction to find by the Sound of that Lady's Voice that his witty *Incognita*, and the lovely *Miranda* are the same Woman: The Pains she has taken to engage him in the former Character, is sufficient to assure him of the Affection of the latter; and as a formal Courtship on the one Side was wholly unnecessary, so too much Coyness would have been a palpable Affectation on the other. She acquaints him by what Means she has got the Writings of her Estate in her Power, and that Sir *Francis* depending on the Promise she had made of marrying him, is gone to
Doctors-

Doctors-Commons for a Licence, but that she has planted Emissaries in his Way to call him to *Epsom* to be Executor to a Person at the Point of Death. As they are in this Conversation, *Scentwell* runs in and tells them her Master and Mr. *Marplot* are just coming into the House. It was the ill Fortune of this *Busy Body* always to do Mischief where he meant a Kindness: He had met Sir *Francis*, and remonstrated to him how dreadful an Accident it would be, if *Miranda* should really shoot Sir *George*, as she had threatned; and the old Man to avert the Danger of such a Behaviour, as well as to take Leave of his dear Charge before he went to *Epsom*, returned home much sooner than he was expected. *Miranda* knowing, if he should find Sir *George* with her in that Crisis, all would be discovered, is in the utmost Confusion how to conceal him, and having no other Place obliges him to stand behind a Chimney-Board. Sir *Francis* having some Orange-peel in his Hand bids *Scentwell* lift up the Board that he may throw it into the Chimney, on which *Miranda* tells him she has a Monkey shut up there till she has got a Chain for it; and if he should let it out, it was so wild it would break all her China. Sir *Francis* suspects nothing, and having told her the Business that calls him to *Epsom* takes his Leave, she out of Complaisance will needs see him to his Coach: *Marplot* curious to see the Monkey, because she has forbid him, lifts up the Board as soon as she is out of the Room, and seeing a Man there, whom he does not presently know to be Sir *George*, is so much surprised that he cries out Thieves. Sir *George* takes hold

on him, and by his Words and Actions convinces him of the Truth, on which he promises to bring him off, bids him throw down the Tea-Table, break the China and run into the next Room. Sir *George* takes his Council, and Sir *Francis* and *Miranda* coming up Stairs again on the Cry of Thieves, he tells them he has been so unfortunate to let out the Monkey. Sir *Francis* is angry with his Curiosity, orders the Servants to catch the Monkey, and once more takes his Leave. He is no sooner out of the House than Sir *George* comes forth, and having pardoned *Marplot* on his Submission, entreats *Miranda* to put it out of the Power of any future Accidents to divide them, by marrying him that Moment; she consents, and as they are going *Patch* enters, and seeing Sir *George*, tells him that *Charles* has an immediate Occasion for his Assistance; he resolves to go as soon as the Ceremony of Marriage with *Miranda* is over, and *Patch* and *Marplot* accompany them to see it performed.

After these happy Lovers have exchanged that Name for others more agreeable to their Wishes, Sir *George* hastens to his Friend *Charles*, and *Miranda* returns home to pack up what Things she has of Value: While thus employed, Sir *Francis* comes back having met the Person in good Health on the Road, whom he thought dying: Seeing *Patch* he enquires her Business, and *Miranda* tells him she is come to invite her to *Isabinda's* Wedding, who is that Night to be married to a *Spanish* Merchant: Sir *Francis* is satisfied, will needs wait on her thither, and hopes the Sight of Matrimony will tempt her to perform her Promise.

Sir

Sir George finds *Charles* equipping himself in a *Spanish* Habit, and that the Part designed for him in this Affair is to personate Mr. *Meanwell*, an *English* Merchant, and Correspondent of *Don Deigo's* Father. When they are both ready they go to Sir *Jealous Traffick's*, who receives them as the Persons they represent. *Charles* delivers him a Letter which is so well counterfeited by one that *Patch* had stolen, and given to him of that Gentleman's Hand, that Sir *Jealous* has not the least Suspicion: *Isabinda* is ready to die at first Sight of the supposed *Spaniard*, but Sir *George* finding the Means to let her into the Secret, she consents to marry him, tho' with a seeming Reluctance, the better to deceive her Father; and a Parson is immediately sent for to join their Hands.

Marplot has all this while been hunting over the whole Town for *Charles*, and at last seeing *Whisper* at the Corner of that Street, imagines he must be in the same House, whence he once saw him drop from the Balcony: He has also been informed that he had borrowed a *Spanish* Habit from the Playhouse, and imagining this will be a Discovery worth making, resolves to prove his Wit and Sagacity by letting *Charles* see nothing can be concealed from him: He knocks boldly at the Door, and desires to speak with a Gentleman that came in lately: The Servant asks if it is Signior *Babbinetto* or *Meanwell* he wants, he tells him neither, but a Gentleman in a *Spanish* Habit. The Servant doubts there is some Trick in the Affair, desires *Marplot* to walk in, and informs his Master of what he said. Sir *Jealous* comes to him, and knowing him to be the Person he had beat
some

some Time before, begins to threaten him if he does not tell whom he wants, on which *Marplot* confesses that the Gentleman he would speak with is *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe's* Son, and that he used to come there sometimes. This is sufficient to rouse the long-sleeping Suspicions of Sir *Jealous*, he calls out to stop the Marriage, and swears he will have better Proofs that the intended Bridegroom is *Don Deigo*. Sir *George* on hearing this draws his Sword, and suffers no body to come into the Room till the Ceremony is entirely compleated: Sir *Jealous* having no other Way to revenge himself beats *Marplot*. The New-wedded Pair throw themselves at his Feet, avow the Truth, and beg his Blessing; in that Moment Sir *Francis* and *Miranda* come in; and that Lady declaring her Marriage with Sir *George*, and giving *Charles* the Writings of his Uncle's Estate, which she has privately taken out of Sir *Francis's* Cabinet, reconciles Sir *Jealous* to the Deceit put upon him; but the disappointed Guardian is in such a Rage that he quits the House, cursing them all. *Patch* is taken again into *Isabinda's* Service, and poor *Marplot* forgiven. So that the Comedy concludes with rendring none of the Characters unhappy but that which most merits to be so.



CATO,

C A T O,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

AFTER the Battle of *Pharsalia* had decided the great Controversy between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, *Cato*, who had sided with the Latter, retired to *Utica*, accompanied by some chosen Friends, and such whom he thought had most the Cause of Liberty at Heart. Among this Number were *Portius* and *Marcus*, his Sons, *Lucius* an old Senator, *Juba*, Prince of *Numidia*, and *Sempronius*. The Love of Glory was not the sole Motive which induced these two last to follow the Fortunes of *Cato*: They were both enamoured of the Charms of his fair Daughter *Marcia*; but as that Passion operates differently on different Tempers, it excited in young *Juba* an Ambition of rendring himself worthy of the Object of his Desires: In *Sempronius* it prompted to all Sorts of Measures, without Distinction of good or ill, which promised Gratification.

Notwithstanding the Severity of *Cato*, both these Lovers ventured to declare their Inclinations; he absolutely refused *Sempronius*; but contented himself

with telling *Juba* this was not a fit Time to think on Love. This Behaviour so incensed *Sempronius*, that he employs Emissaries to instigate the Citizens of *Utica* to Rebellion, not doubting but that if he can destroy, or give up *Cato* to *Cæsar*, who is on his Approach to that Place, he shall obtain *Marcia* from the Victor's Hands as a Reward of his Service.

His Arts are successful enough with the Populace to cause a Rising, but it is immediately quell'd by the Presence of *Cato*, and the Speech he makes to them: *Sempronius*, to cover his Treason in fomenting this Disturbance, is the loudest in demanding Justice should be executed on the Criminals: And the Heads of the Faction being delivered to his Hands, he sends to immediate Death the poor Wretches whose Guilt his own Artifices had occasioned.

Cæsar in the mean Time, drawing nearer to *Utica*, sends *Decius* a Roman Knight to offer favourable Conditions to *Cato*; but that great Man disdaining to owe any Thing to the Person who would enslave *Rome*, rejects his Proposals, and resolves to persevere in the Service of his Country, tho' he falls a glorious Victim in the common Ruin.

The Approach of *Cæsar*, and the desperate Condition to which the Hopes of *Cato* are reduced, incline *Syphax*, chief Counsellor to the *Numidian* Prince, and Commander under him of all the Forces brought from that Country for the *Roman* Service, to enter into new Measures. *Sempronius* is concerting for betraying every Thing into *Cæsar's* Hands. He endeavours to bring his Prince into his Party, but finding no Success in that Attempt, becomes as false to him

him as to *Cato* ; and perceiving that *Sempronius* cannot think of leaving *Utica* without *Marcia*, lends him the Guards and Habit of the *Numidian* Prince, that so disguised he may with the more Facility enter her Apartment, and force her to be the Companion of their Flight.

While pernicious Designs are thus forming against the Liberty of *Rome*, and Life of *Cato*, neither the Affairs of State, the Fatigues of War, the Miseries of their Country, the Danger of their glorious Sire, nor their own, are sufficient to guard his youthful Family from the Assaults of Love : *Marcia* in secret Sighs for *Juba*, and both her Brothers for *Lucia*, Daughter to *Lucius* : 'Twould be to wrong the Passion of either to say it was inferior to that of the other, but *Portius* the elder, knowing the violent Temper of his Brother *Marcus*, forbears to acquaint him with his Love ; and *Lucia*, tho' she loves *Portius* with the same Tenderness she is beloved, has too great a Regard for the Sons of *Cato*, and Brothers of *Marcia*, to give either of them Dispair, therefore carefully conceals her Sentiments of both. *Marcia* too, like her noble Father, thinks every Consideration should be that of her Country's Welfare, and indulges not her gayer Inclinations, nor gives *Juba* any Room to hope he has the least Interest in her Heart, till an unexpected Accident, in Spite of her, reveals the Secret.

Sempronius being come into her Apartment on the before-mentioned bold Design, it was the good Fortune of *Juba* to enter immediately after, and perceiving the Impostor, they fight, and the perfidious

Roman

Roman receives from his Hand the just Punishment of his intended Crime: *Marcia* coming with *Lucia* from an inner Chamber sees the dead Body, and mistaking it for that of *Juba* pours forth such Lamentations over it as leave that Prince, who unseen by her hears all she says, no Room to doubt of her Affection; and fills him with a Transport, which for some Moments makes him forget the publick Troubles, or the Intelligence he has just received, that in his Absence all *Numidia* is revolted from him.

But his present Joys soon meet with a new and most unexpected Alloy: The Traitor *Syphax* with all his Troops had forced a Passage through the City Gates, in Order to go off to *Cæsar*: *Marcus* was slain in opposing their Attempt; and if there was the least Shadow of a Consolation in this sad Event, it was to hear that the brave Youth had killed with his own Hand that base Betrayer of his Trust.

All the little Senate of *Utica*, every noble *Roman* laments the Fate of *Marcus*. *Cato* alone appears Tranquil, and if he weeps, 'tis not because himself, but *Rome* has lost in him a worthy Son. But the Death of this young Hero seems only the Fore-runner of greater Ills: *Cæsar* is arrived almost at the Walls of *Utica*: No Remedy remains between Death, Flight, or yielding to what Terms the Conqueror will bestow: Two of these are beneath the Dignity of *Cato's* Soul; but as he has Ships in Readiness to sail, advises those of his Friends, who are unwilling to trust the Mercy of *Cæsar*, to make their Escape; then, desiring Privacy passes some little Time in Reflection on *Plato's* Immortality of the Soul, and resolute not to outlive the

Liberty of *Rome* falls on his Sword. With his last Breath he bequeaths *Marcia* to the Prince of *Numidia*; and desires *Lucius* that the Friendship between them two may survive in their Children by the Marriage of *Lucia* with his Son *Portius*.

The Inimitable Author of this Poem knew too well what was becoming of a *Roman* Constancy under Afflictions, to disturb us with any Lamentations from the Children or Friends of *Cato* on his Death, but leaves it to those who know how to think as greatly, to conceive what past in Souls so elevated in such an Exigence.

CARELESS HUSBAND,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

THE Scene of this Play lies in *Windsor*, a Place which in a late Reign, was the constant Resort of the *Beaux monde* at one Season of the Year. Lord *Foppington*, Lady *Betty Modish*, Sir *Charles Easy* and his Lady, and Lady *Graveairs* have all Lodgings here, and Lord *Morelove* is drawn hither by his Passion for Lady *Betty Modish*.

Lord

Lord *Foppington* is a Man fond of the Reputation of a Multiplicity of Amours ; a great Wit in his own Imagination, and a Fool rather by Art than Nature in the Eyes of others. The Confidence he has of his good Parts, joined to a slender Opinion of Virtue in general, gives him Assurance to address every Woman he likes, tho' he is already married, and Lady *Betty Modish* being a celebrated Toast, the present Bent of his Desires is to be thought her Favorite.

Lady *Betty* has Honour and Sense ; but Vanity and Affectation sometimes obscure the Brightness of her other Qualifications. She prides herself more in a Croud of Admirers, than in the Character of a prudent Woman ; and tho' she is perfectly sensible of Lord *Morelove's* Merit, and has a secret Inclination for him, yet she delights in nothing so much as shewing the World the Power she has over him, and encourages Lord *Foppington* in the most presuming Hopes, meerly to give Disquiet to the other.

Sir *Charles Easy* has a great Deal of Wit, good Humour, and Sincerity, but so excessively indolent in his Nature, that tho' he loves Pleasure, he pursues none that seems to be attended with the least Difficulty : He aims not to appear different from what he is, and is entirely neglectful of what even his best Friends think of him. His Lady is the perfect Model of what a Wife should be, virtuous, discreet, affectionate, and submissive. She has Birth, Fortune, Wit, and Beauty ; and above all a Stock of Love sufficient to make her impatient on any Encroachments on her Rights ; but her good Sense so much gets the Better of her Resentment, tho' in the most tender

Point, that when Mrs. *Edging*, her Woman, brings her a Letter, which she has found in her Master's Pocket, from Lady *Graveairs*, she refuses to read it, and orders her to lay it in the same Place, with a severe Reprimand for her Presumption and Curiosity.

(Mrs. *Edging*, who is herself one of the Victims of Sir *Charles*'s looser Inclinations, and has discovered by the Letter that there is an Amour between him and Lady *Graveairs*, is fill'd with all the Spite and Envy natural to mean Souls on the like Occasions; and the first Opportunity reproaches her Master in the most pert and faucy Terms for his Inconstancy, and suffering her Lady to use the Privilege of a Mistress over her. Notwithstanding the Carelessness of Sir *Charles*'s Temper, the Confidence of this Wench a little rouses him, and he soon convinces her that it is not her Place to call him to account for his Actions, nor to make any Mention of her Lady, but with the highest Respect. *Edging* is terrified into Submission, and promises to be more humble for the future, on which he continues her in Favour.

Lord *Morelove*, by the Advice of Sir *Charles*, in vain endeavours to counterfeit an Indifference to Lady *Betty Modish*, she sees into the Design, and defeats it by a Counter-plot; feigning to be so infinitely pleased with every Thing Lord *Foppington* says and does, and publickly coquetting with him, that the passionate Lover can no longer contain himself; but shews at once the Violence of his Love and his Despair. She triumphs in the Discovery, laughs at his Pains, and all that either Sir *Charles* or Lady *Easy*
can

can urge, to bring her to a more solid Way of thinking, is wholly ineffectual.

Sir *Charles*, more anxious for the Interest of his Friend than could be expected from a Man of his Character, bethinks him of a second Strategem: He had of late been very cold in his Affair with Lady *Graveairs*; she resented it in the Manner Women ordinarily do. He heighthens the Pique by treating her with the most provoking Indifference to her Face, till she is worked up into a proper Resolution of revenging herself by loving another. In this critical Minute he perswades Lord *Morelove* to make her a Tender of his Heart, and be as publick as possible in his Addresses to her.

This Method of proceeding is somewhat more successful than the former, for the Lady *Betty* cannot be brought to believe that he has forsaken her for Lady *Graveairs*; yet her Pride is so far alarmed that the World should have any Occasion to imagine he has done so, that she spares no Pains to recover him: Fortified by the Councils of Sir *Charles*, and his own Experience of her Temper, all her Advances are in Vain; he prosecutes his Courtship to Lady *Graveairs*, gives her the Musick on the Terrass, 'Squires her wherever she goes, and practices all the publick Gallantries of the most obsequious Lover. Lady *Graveairs* receives them with Pleasure, partly to gratify her Vanity, with the Reputation of having a Man of Lord *Morelove's* allowed good Sense her profess'd Adorer, and partly in the Hope of recovering Sir *Charles*, whom she still loves. Lady *Betty* feels a thousand Pangs at this Behaviour of Lord *Morelove*,

she speaks kindly to him, soothes and reproaches him by Turns, and cannot help affronting Lady *Graveairs*; but they still continue as they were. Sir *Charles*, to forward this favourable Beginning, takes upon him to remonstrate to Lady *Betty* how much her Reputation will suffer, by Lord *Morelove*'s quitting her after so long a Courtship; he assures her that his Friend still loves her, but as he can never hope to fix the Instability of her Nature, is determined never to return to his first Vows. She thinks Sir *Charles* her Enemy, is piqued to the very Soul to find him in a Combination against her, and becoming a little more sensible of the Error of her Conduct, she expostulates with Lord *Morelove* in a serious Manner, and discovers her Jealousy of Lady *Graveairs*; he is now transported, confesses he never loved but her, and Sir *Charles*, to prevent her relapsing, rails at the Levity of her Humour, advises Lord *Morelove* not to trust to her dissembled Kindness, says she no sooner will find him in her Power, than she will triumph over his easy Nature, and scorn his real Passion for the pretended one of Lord *Foppington*; on which she bursts into Tears, and Lord *Foppington* that Moment coming into the Room, she gives Lord *Morelove* her Hand before him, and abjures all Gallantries that may give him a Disquiet. Lord *Morelove* thinks himself now overpaid for all his Sufferings, and Lord *Foppington* having never been sensible of any Thing worthy the Name of Love, is perfectly easy about the Matter. Neither is Lady *Graveairs* dissatisfied; Sir *Charles* having promised to visit her the same Evening; but before the appointed Hour Mrs. *Edging* happening to come in his
Way,

Way ; and his Wife being abroad, he retires with her into the Bedchamber, where having past some Time they both fall asleep. Lady *Easy* coming home finds them in that Posture, and seeing her Husband bareheaded she fears he will take Cold, and her Tenderness prevailing above the just Resentment such a Spectacle must naturally excite, takes a Handkerchief from her Neck, and covers his Head, then leaves the Room, and rings the Bell for her Maid. They both wake at the Sound ; *Edging* runs in Disorder to her Lady, and Sir *Charles* finding the Handkerchief, and remembering he had seen it about his Wife's Neck that Day, is sensible none but herself had put it on his Head. The Shame of being detected in this Manner, and the Prudence, Patience, and Tenderness of so excellent a Wife now strike full upon him : He wakes from his long Lethargy of Thought, sees her Perfections and his own Demerits, resolves to expiate his past Conduct by his future, and convinced of the Blessing he enjoys in her, to roam abroad no more in Search of Happiness : He immediately writes a Letter to Lady *Graveairs* entirely to break off with her ; and his Wife soon after entring, there follows so tender a Scene as no Husband guilty in the same Way can be Spectator of without Blushing and Self-condemnation, nor no Wife without endeavouring at least to imitate the bright Example which brought about so happy a Change.

Never was poetical Justice more strictly observ'd than in this Play : Every Error finds its Punishment in Proportion ; and singular Virtue is singularly rewarded.

warded. The excellent Moral, together with the happy Choice of Characters, natural and gentile Diction, and that Spirit of Gaiety which runs through the whole, will undoubtedly maintain the Reputation this Piece has so justly acquired, as long as Theatrical Representations shall exist.

COMMITTEE,

A COMEDY.

By Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

IN that distracted Time when proud Rebellion, born on the Shoulders of Hypocrisy and Fraud, lorded it over Loyalty and Honour, a Committee of Sequestration was set up to oblige all those, who were suspected of favouring the King, to compound for their Estates, or forfeit them; and *Day*, a Fellow, eminent in Villany, chosen for the Chairman: This Wretch found Means first to get into his Power, with her whole Estate, *Anne*, Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, a worthy Cavalier, and afterwards *Arbella*, an Orphan, also of a great Fortune, and the Daughter of a Gentleman, who had been no less distinguished for his firm Attachment to his

his King and Country. *Anne* he compell'd to take the Name of *Ruth*, and to pass for his own Daughter; and intends to marry the other to his Son *Abel*, or turn her out to Beggary; but Fate had better Things in Store for both those young Ladies, than the present Situation of their Affairs could permit them to hope.

Arbella being brought by Mrs. *Day* from *Reading* in the Stage-Coach, in Order to appear before the Committee, a Gentleman, who had been of the King's Party, called Col. *Blunt* happened to be a Passenger at the same Time: They were equally charmed with each other at first Sight; but the natural Reserve of his Temper, and the Modesty of hers kept both from revealing it. His Business, as well as hers, was with the Committee, and meeting with his Friend Col. *Careless*, a Gentleman of the same Circumstances and Principles with himself, they go together to that, unjustly call'd, honourable Board. In their Way they meet a poor *Irishman*, whom having lost his Master in the late civil Wars, *Careless* takes into his Service, and he attends them where they were going.

The Committee being sat, and Mr. *Day* having prepared his Brothers in Corruption to make an Assignment to him of *Arbella's* Fortune, in Case she refused his Son, that Lady accompanied by Mrs. *Day* and the supposed *Ruth* are admitted: The two Colonels come in at the same Time: They are offered the Terms of Composition for their Estates, but are told withal that they must first take the Covenant, which they refuse with the utmost Contempt: *Arbella* and *Blunt* at this second Interview become more in Love with each other than before: *Ruth* is extremely

pleased with the Person and Bravery of *Careless*; and he feels a Passion for her, which nothing but his Belief that she is a Daughter of the Committee-man can restrain.

Mrs. *Day* orders *Ruth* to insinuate *Abel* as much as possible into the good Graces of *Arbella*; but these Ladies having exchanged a mutual Confidence with each other, only contrive how to abuse him, and to get some Opportunity of seeing their dear Colonels again; but as they know not where they live, all their Wit and Invention is of no Service on this Occasion.

Careless on his Side is no less impatient to see his pretty *Ruth*, tho' believing her what she appears, he is far from having any honourable Designs upon her; but remembering that Mrs. *Day* was formerly a Kitchen Maid in his Father's House, he resolves to try if for old Acquaintance Sake she will intercede with the Committee, that himself and his Friend may be admitted to compound without taking the Covenant, pleasing himself with the Thoughts that, if he does not succeed in this Point, it will give them an Opportunity of getting acquainted with the young Ladies. To this End he sends *Teague*, the *Irish* Servant, to desire leave to wait upon her, but the poor Fellow having heard his Master describe her Original cannot help laughing in her Face, and makes so many Blunders that she imagines he is sent on Purpose to affront her, and commands her Son *Abel* to chastise his Insolence.

Blunt in the mean Time is arrested in the Street, *Careless* happens to come by, and rescues him, the
Bailliffs

Bailiffs cry Murder, and raise the Mob, they are pursued and obliged to take different Ways, and *Careless* seeing *Day's* Door open runs in without considering whose House it was, or knowing what Answer *Teague* had to his Message. Mrs. *Day* sees him, and treats him very arrogantly, on which he tells her plainly he knows her; high Words ensue, and she cries out. *Ruth* comes to know the Occasion, is surpris'd to see him there, and dreading some ill Effects from Mrs. *Day's* Fury, contrives this Way to bring him off. She accuses herself of having forgot to acquaint her that the Colonel sent to her, to desire she would prevail on her to accept 500 *l.* by Way of present to permit him to compound on his first Conditions. The Thoughts of the Money brings Mrs. *Day* presently into good Humour, and she leaves *Ruth* and him together to settle the Affair. *Careless* is more than ever charmed with her Wit, he declares his Passion; but her Behaviour convinces him he has nothing to hope from her but on honourable Terms. While they are in this Conversation, *Teague* enters and informs him that *Blunt* is taken again, and carried Prisoner to the Devil-Tavern: *Arbella* comes in at the same Time, and they can think of no other Way to free him, than by her soothing *Abel*, and prevailing on him to be Bail. The Strategem succeeds, she pretends *Blunt* is her near Relation, and he goes with them to release him, and promises not to let his Mother know of the Affair.

Blunt is bailed, and this generous Action in *Arbella* confirms him hers for ever, he is so ravished with it that he declares to her he loves; a Confession

from which the Fear of being laughed at had till now restrained him from making: *Arbella* is pleased with his uncommon Way of Courtship; but neither she nor *Ruth* can forgive themselves that they have let both their Colonels depart without knowing where they live: To remedy which Inadvertency they send *Obadiab*, first Clerk of the Committee, to the *Devil-Tavern*, where they suppose the Gentlemen still are, on the former Pretence *Ruth* had made to her Mother, concerning the Five hundred Pounds, and taking the Covenant: The Gentlemen imagine *Day* has heard of his Son's being drawn in to give his Bond, and sends to them on some ill Design, they resolve on an innocent Revenge, and make *Teague* ply him with Sack till he is dead drunk, then send him home to Mr. *Day* in a Chair.

While they are diverting themselves in this Manner, their Mistresses are better employed; the Committee-man and his Wife are obliged to go abroad on an extraordinary Affair, and *Obadiab* not being in the Way to attend them, their Son *Abel* is obliged to play the Part of their Gentleman-Usher. Mr. *Day* going out in a Hurry leaves his Keys upon the Table; *Ruth* finds them, opens his Closet, takes out all the Writings of her own and *Arbella's* Estate, with a great many other Letters and Papers of Consequence, and *Obadiab* being brought in, as before-mentioned, they both get into the Chair, and order the Fellows to carry them to the Place where they took him up.

When *Day* and his Wife come home, and miss the Ladies and the Writings, 'tis easy for them to
suppose

suppose the one has robbed them of the other: They find also by *Obadiab*, when he comes a-little to himself, the Affront put upon them; and Mr. *Day*, by Virtue of his Authority, gives a Warrant for apprehending both the Colonels: *Careless* happens to be the first they meet with, and is seized and carried directly to Prison for an Offence done to the Chairman of the honourable Committee. He sends *Teague* to tell *Blunt* what has befallen him, the very Moment *Ruth* and *Arbella* are come to the Tavern, and speaking to him: *Ruth* on this News leaves them together, and hastens to attempt freeing *Careless*: Among the Things she has taken out of *Day's* Closet is his Seal, which she shews to the Jaylor, in Hope that Token may be sufficient to release him; but unfortunately for her Design an Order is just arrived that all of the King's Party, who are committed, should be kept close till further Commands from the State. She then tells him she will procure a Ladder of Ropes, and a Soldier's Coat for a Disguise, for him to make his Escape out of the Window when it shall grow dark. *Blunt* ignorant of her Project, and no less impatient at his Friend's Confinement, hits upon the same Thought, and disguises himself in a plain red Coat, sends a Soldier he can trust with a Ladder of Ropes, and a Sword in Case of Accident. *Careless* believes it the same *Ruth* promised to convey, and comes easily out of the Window into the Street, where *Blunt* was waiting for him, and neither knowing each other, and both believing themselves betrayed, drew their Swords, and might have rendred this a fatal Encounter, had
not

not their Voices made a timely Discovery. In that Moment comes *Ruth* with her Ladder, she is overjoyed the Work is performed to her Hands, and they all go together to Lieutenant *Story's*, where both the Colonels lodge, and *Blunt* had left *Arbella*.

Ruth now discovers whose Daughter she really is, and shews them the Writings of her Estate; *Careless* is transported to find her a Woman he may love without any Blemish to his Birth or Principles; and no People could think themselves more happy than did these four.

In the mean Time Intelligence where they are is given to Mr. *Day*, he comes with his Wife and surpriseth them, and *Abel* and *Obadiab* follow with a Posse of Soldiers; but *Ruth* soon abates the Fierceness of her *Quondam* Father by producing some Letters sent to him from Women, wherein one demands Money of him for the Support of a Bastard Child, and another refuses to take Physick prescribed by him to cause Abortion. To preserve therefore his Reputation of Sanctity, he is obliged to forgive all, and permit the Lovers to marry, and enjoy their Estates, without either Composition, or taking the Covenant.



CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

A COMEDY.

By SIR RICHARD STEELE.

AN eminent Merchant of *Bristol*, called *Danvers*, on considerable Losses in Trade, repaired to the *Indies* in Hope of retrieving his Misfortunes; Where his honest Industry prospering according to his Wishes, he resolved to settle there, and accordingly sent over for his Family, consisting of a Wife, Sister, and little Daughter, at that Time not seven Years old. In their Voyage they were taken Prisoners by a Privateer of *Toulon*: The Grief of this Disappointment work'd so strongly on the sickly Frame of Mrs. *Danvers*, that she died at Sea; but her Child, and *Isabella*, Sister to Mr. *Danvers*, were carried to *France*. The Innocence and Beauty of the young *Indiana*, for that was her Name, won so much on the Affections of the old Captain, that having no Children, he adopted and educated her as his own: In a few Years after he was unfortunately kill'd at Sea, and dying Intestate his Effects fell wholly into the Hands of an Advocate, his Brother. He no
 sooner

fooner saw *Indiana* than he was charmed with her ; but the Addresſes he made her were far from being ſuch as Virtue would permit her to accept ; on which the cruel Villain ſtripped her not only of all his Uncle's Bounty had beſtowed upon her, but the very Jewels which had been her Mother's, turned her out of Doors, and was going to throw her into Priſon for her Maintenance with his Brother, when ſhe was relieved in a very extraordinary Manner from this and all other Misfortunes.

Mr. *Bevil*, only Son of a Baronet of that Name, being on his Travels, happened to take *Toulon* in his Way, and heard of this malicious Proſecution : Curioſity led him to enquire further into the Affair, and to make a Viſit to the diſtreſſed fair one : Her Perſon charmed him, but the Beauties of her Mind much more : Charity at firſt and a warmer Paſſion afterward excited him to eaſe her Cares : He appeared openly her Friend, and the wicked Advocate, perceiving ſhe had ſuch a Support, came to a Compoſition, which *Bevil* diſcharged without letting her know to what her Release amounted. After this, he prevailed with her to ſuffer him to conduct her to *England*, and when ſhe arrived with her Aunt, to whom he always paid the moſt ſtrict Reſpect, ſupported her more in the Faſhion of a rich Heireſs than a helpleſs Orphan ; and all this without demanding any Recompence, or even declaring that he loved.

He had not been long in *England* before his Father, Sir *John Bevil*, propoſes a Match for him with *Lucinda*, the only Daughter of Mr. *Sealand*, a very wealthy

wealthy Merchant. *Bevil* is a tender Lover, but a no less dutiful Son : Disobedience to a Parent was to him the greatest of all Crimes, and he chose rather to be miserable himself in quitting all Hopes of ever possessing *Indiana*, than give one Moment's Pain to him to whom he owed his Being. He therefore testified no Reluctance to this Marriage, and would doubtless have sacrificed his eternal Peace to Sir *John's* Commands, had not an unexpected Accident preserved him from that cruel Necessity.

Myrtle, a young Gentleman, who next to *Indiana* shared his Heart, was passionately in Love with, and beloved by *Lucinda* ; and *Bevil* could not be told that Secret without reflecting that how much soever was owing from himself to a Father, he ought not to obey him to the Ruin of his Friend, and also of a young Lady whom, tho' he could not love, he very much esteemed for her good Qualities. He is therefore just on the Point of entreating Sir *John* not to force his Inclinations, when two Accidents happen, which will give him Room to hope there will be no Occasion for that open Confession, and that probably the Match would break off on the other Side.

Mrs. *Sealand* was passionately desirous of marrying her Daughter to a distant Relation, called *Cimberton*, who had twice the Estate of either *Bevil* or *Myrtle* : She was ever teasing her Husband to break off his Engagements with Sir *John*, and he being pretty much ruled by her was ready enough to do it, but wanted a Pretence, till Chance furnished him with one by the following Means.

Sir

Sir *John* was affronted in a very gross Manner at the Masquerade by one of those Gallants, who imagine their Quality a sufficient Sanction for whatever Rudeness they commit. Young *Bevil* was there at the same Time with *Indiana*, he knew his Father, and seeing him insulted, seized the Offender and plucked off his Vizard; 'tis easy to imagine how such an Action was resented: The Company were obliged to call the Guards to part them; and the Surprize of this Adventure threw *Indiana* into a Swoon: Every Body took Notice of *Bevil's* Concern to find her in this Condition, his Care to recover her, and the Respect and Tendernefs with which he led her out: They all were positive she was a Lady, to whom he was either going to be married, or very much wished to be so; and the whole Affair coming to the Ears of Mr. *Sealand*, it served him as an Excuse for delaying the Marriage till it should be known how far young *Bevil* was engaged to that Lady.

Sir *John* is very uneasy at this Impediment: He has also heard of *Indiana*, before he saw her at the Masquerade, and is sensible she is entirely supported by his Son's Bounty, yet as he has never opposed marrying according to his Commands, he looks upon it only as an Affair of Gallantry; however, the more to found his Inclinations he keeps Mr. *Sealand's* ill Humour entirely a Secret, tells him the Day for his Nuptials is fixed, and orders him to prepare for it. *Bevil* being informed, by an old Servant in the Family, of what has passed between the old Gentlemen, seems not at all disturb'd at the Command, and accordingly on the appointed Day dresses himself

as

as a Bridegroom, and presents himself before his Father, as a Person ready to become so; but in the mean Time writes to *Lucinda*, conjuring her, if Things should come to that Extremity, to refuse him publickly; the Answer she sends him is agreeable to his Hopes, and the Affection she professes for *Myrtle*; but that impatient Lover being told by a Coxcomby Servant of *Bevil's*, that he had carried a Letter to *Lucinda* from his Master, is immediately fir'd with Jealousy, and sends a Challenge to *Bevil*. Had he been equally warm, a fatal Catastrophe must have turned our Comedy into Tragedy; but he is so far from resenting the ill Treatment he at first receives from his mistaken Friend, that he pities the Force of that Passion, which alone could have wrought such violent Effects; he shews him *Lucinda's* Answer, and proves that what he took for an Injury to his Love was the highest Service to it. Having removed all Apprehensions as to his own Part; the Next Thing to be considered is how to prevent *Lucinda's* being compelled to marry *Cimberton*; and with the Assistance of her Chambermaid they contrive that *Myrtle* shall personate old Sir *Geoffry*, *Cimberton's* great Uncle; who is every Day expected in Town, and without whose Consent he cannot enter into any Engagements.

While the two Friends *Bevil* and *Myrtle* are thus employed, Mrs. *Sealand* is using all her Artifices to persuade her Husband to break off entirely with Sir *John*, that there may be no Demur in *Cimberton's* Affair when his Uncle arrives; the old Man is half inclined to comply with her Request, but unwilling
to.

to do any Thing that should not have the Appearance of Reason: He therefore resolves to visit *Indiana* himself, and know from her own Mouth how far she is concerned with *Bevil*.

Her Beauty, her Wit, and the Modesty of her Deportment, make him extremely grieved that so much Merit should be the Victim of a dishonourable Passion; and he expressing somewhat of his Suspicions, tho' in very tender and respectful Terms, joined with the Imagination of *Bevil's* Marriage, throw her into Agonies, which venting themselves in Words amaze *Sealand*; she recapitulates her Misfortunes, her Losses at Sea, her Captivity, her Mother's Death, and tearing off her Jewels, drops a Bracelet, which *Sealand* takes up, and knows it to be one he had given his first Wife: In short he finds in the Mistress of *Bevil* his own Daughter, his real Name being *Danvers*, but changed, on his going to the Indies, to *Sealand*: Never was Joy more perfect than his, to embrace a Child he had thought lost with her Mother. His Sister *Isabella*, who remembers him, bears her Part in the Transport; and Sir *John Bevil* and his Son are immediately sent for to compleat it. There is now no longer Delay, no longer any Remains of Doubt on either Side; *Sealand* now readily bestows his Daughter on *Bevil*, and *Bevil* is no more reluctant to marry the Daughter of *Sealand*.

Mrs. *Sealand* also with *Lucinda*, *Cimberton*, and the pretended Sir *Geoffry*, are brought by *Isabella* to this Scene of Wonder and Delight; and the former seeing *Bevil* now disposed of, desires her Husband will
comply

comply with *Cimberton's* Demands ; but that Gentleman perceiving that *Lucinda* can be now but a Co-heiress with her new-found Sister *Indiana* desires to be excused, confesses that her Fortune was the chief Motive of his Pretensions, and that he shall apply elsewhere. *Myrtle* on this throws off his Disguise, and assures the Company that no Diminution of Fortune can make him set a less Value on *Lucinda*. *Sealand* is charmed with his Generosity, and immediately joins their Hands : All the Persons of the *Drama* conclude their Parts with the utmost Satisfaction, but can counterfeit no more than what a virtuous and polite Audience must feel in Reality at so agreeable and moral an Entertainment.



CONSTANT

CONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, A

Trip to the Jubilee,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

THIS celebrated Comedy, tho' full of Contrivance, cannot properly be said to have a regular Plot, consisting of certain Means to compass a certain End; because the Catastrophe, as will appear from the following Deduction, is, as it were, involuntary, entirely owing to the Chance of Incidents, and not to Measures concerted with Design.

Sir *Oliver Manly*, a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in *Oxfordshire*, has an only Daughter, who by the Treachery of her Maid is seduced by a young Student, who, in an Excursion from College with two others, being benighted, had been entertained with great Hospitality by her Father for two Nights. The young Lady knows not the Person to whom she sacri-

fices

fices her Innocence: He conceals his Name, under Pretence he is under an Engagement to his Companions not to divulge it till their Return to the University: She presents him with a Ring, and suffers him to depart, without any other Satisfaction than the frail Promise of writing to her in two Days, and returning in fifteen, to relieve her from the Horrors of Reflection, do Justice to her Honour, and marry her. She long expects, but expects in Vain. Her Father dies, and leaves her sole Executrix: She then resolves to revenge the Injury done by one on the whole Sex; and give them all the Torment in her Power. With this Design she takes the Name of Lady *Lurewell*, she goes abroad, visits the polite Courts of *Europe*, encourages all that address her, then sets them at Variance. At *Paris* she comes acquainted with an *English* Gentleman, then on his Travels, called Sir *Harry Wildair*, who fights a Duel there on her Account, and is obliged to leave that Kingdom. She goes afterwards to *Holland*, but finding Beauty was able to do little Execution on that People, returns to *England*. In her Passage Colonel *Standard*, who comes over in the same Ship falls passionately in Love with her: She countenances his Pretensions, as also those of Alderman *Smuggler*, a Merchant, who has the Writings of her Estate and Money in his Hand; *Vizard*, his Nephew, and *Clincher*, Senior, his late Apprentice, but by the Death of his Father just come to an Estate, and turned Beau.

In this Situation are the chief Characters disposed at the Beginning of the Play, when Sir *Harry Wildair*, being just arrived, discovers to Colonel *Standard*
and

and *Vizard* the utmost Impatience to see Lady *Lurewell*, whose Lodgings he has not yet found out: They both grow jealous on his Discourse, but conceal their Sentiments. *Vizard*, who under the Pretence of Sanctity is very debauched, has lately made a dishonourable Attempt on a young Lady of Fortune and Virtue, called *Angelica*, to revenge his Disappointment, and at the same Time to turn Sir *Harry*'s Thoughts from Lady *Lurewell*, he recommends that young Beauty to him as a Mistress, tells him that Lady *Darling* her Mother, and a Baronet's Widow, only passes for such, and is in Reality a Bawd: That twenty or thirty Pieces will procure him all the Liberties he can desire; then gives him a Letter of Recommendation to the old Lady, which Sir *Harry* joyfully accepts, and goes immediately to try the Strength of it.

Angelica had never told her Mother the base Designs of *Vizard* on her Virtue, and that Lady, deceived by his specious Pretences believed him what he seemed, so that on receiving the Letter by Sir *Harry* she made no Difficulty of leaving him alone with her Daughter: He behaves to her in a gay loose Manner, offers her twenty Pieces, she takes him to be mad, and flings from him with Indignation: He imagines her Anger is occasioned by not having bid up to her Price, and having no more about him leaves the House, designing to return with a better Present.

Col. *Standard* in the mean Time goes to Lady *Lurewell*, expresses his Uneasiness at Sir *Harry*'s Discourse; she assures him that he is her Aversion, and to

1

confirm

confirm it, gives the Colonel a Packet of Letters, she has formerly received from him, and desires he will return them to him, with her Request of never hearing from him more; but at the same Time slips a little Note among them, wherein she acquaints him with her Lodgings, and gives him the most obliging Invitation. The Colonel little suspecting the Deceit, hurries to Sir *Harry*, and with an Air of Triumph delivers him the Packet and the Message. Sir *Harry* presently finds the Direction, and both these Rivals believing himself the happy Man laughs at the other. Sir *Harry* afterwards tells *Vizard* the whole Affair, who, on hearing the Colonel is a Pretender to Lady *Lurewell*, resolves to heighten the Matter to a Quarrel, that by one being kill'd, and the other hang'd, he may get rid of his two most formidable Rivals. Accordingly he goes to *Standard*, informs him of all he has heard from Sir *Harry*, and the Colonel enraged to have been so much abused sends him a Challenge.

The gay Temper of Sir *Harry* not suffering him to be engrossed by one Woman, he flies immediately to *Lurewell's* Lodgings, she seems overjoyed to see him, but at the same Time accuses him of some fraudulent Dealings with *Smuggler*, who is in the next Room; he beats him severely without telling him the Occasion, and a Pocket-book dropping out of the old Fellow's Pocket in the Fray, *Lurewell* takes it up unseen by him, and makes her own Use of it afterwards. *Wildair* having by this Means drove away *Smuggler* would fain obtain something more from his Mistress than kind Words; but finding his Rhetorick

thrown away, hastens to *Angelica*, whom he imagines a more easy Conquest. In this Supposition he makes that Lady a second Visit, and offers her fifty Guineas, she is more incensed than before, and leaves the Room: *Vizard* comes in the same Moment, promises to make his Peace with her, and tells him Colonel *Standard* waits to speak with him in the Piazza. But that Gentleman having sent a Challenge to Sir *Harry* goes to upbraid *Lurewell* with her Falseness: As he comes up the Street he sees her in the Balcony coquetting with *Clincher*; on Sight of him she bethinks herself how to conceal *Clincher*, and the Porter whom *Standard* has sent to Sir *Harry* coming to look for him there, she obliges him to change Cloaths with *Clincher*, whom she sends down Stairs, and puts the Porter in the next Room. When *Standard* comes in, she prevents what he designed to say to her by reproaching him first, as having told Sir *Harry* where she lived, then calls the Porter out, and bids him begone, telling the Colonel he was sent by Sir *Harry*. The Appearance of this Fellow habited like *Clincher*, makes *Standard* believe he has wronged her in one Part of his Suspicions; and as to Sir *Harry*, he now thinks him doubly base in having pretended he received Intelligence where she lived from him: He begs pardon of *Lurewell*, and goes to call his Rival to account; in the Way he meets with *Clincher*, whom he takes to be the Porter, who carried the Challenge: He asks him what Answer, and the other being able to return none, is heartily beaten by the impatient Colonel.

Sir

Sir *Harry* and *Standard* soon after meet, but the Baronet refuses to fight, swears no Woman is worth the Life of a brave Man, and after some Discourse they discover *Vizard* has been the Incendiary, and that *Lurewell* jilts them both. *Wildair* to prove she receives Presents from him, takes a Ring from *Standard* to give to her, and the other promises to be convinced of the Truth of all he says when he sees it on her Finger.

While the two Gentlemen are thus employed for the Detection of this Lady's Fraud, *Clincher* and the Porter are both carried to *Newgate*, on Suspicion of having murdered each other: Old *Smuggler* is soon after sent to bear them Company, by the Contrivance of Lady *Lurewell*. Under Pretence of making him Amends for the late Beating he received from Sir *Harry*, she invites him to pass the Night with her; but to prevent the Servants from censuring her Conduct he is to come in Womens Cloaths: She orders *Vizard* also to wait on her at the same Hour: They are both punctual, but the Alderman is first; on *Vizard's* knocking at the Door he is shut into a Closet, then *Lurewell's* Maid lets in *Vizard*, tells him her Lady will receive him in the Dark, and puts him into the same Closet; where mistaking his Uncle for the Lady, he makes his Courtship, and rails against him to himself. On the Glimpse of a distant Light, and Servants approaching, *Vizard* sneaks out, but *Smuggler* keeps close; the Butler who has lost some Silver Spoons, perceives him, and searching his Cloaths finds two Spoons, which *Lurewell's* Maid has

conveyed into his Pockets. On this he is carried before a Justice, and so to *Newgate*.

After Sir *Harry* has presented the Ring to Lady *Lurewell*, he goes a third Time to *Angelica*, who still runs in his Head: He now makes her an Offer of an Hundred Guineas: These repeated Affronts provoke both her and her Mother; and having argued the Affair with him they shew him *Vizard's* Letter, which recommended him as a Husband worthy of the young Lady. Sir *Harry*, on finding her a Woman of real Quality and Virtue, changes the Manner of his Addresses, and she consents to marry him.

Lady *Lurewell* having accepted of the Ring, no sooner has Time to examine the Motto, than she knows it to be the same she gave to the dear Ruiner of her Virgin Innocence; not doubting but Sir *Harry* is the Person, she flies to *Angelica's*, challenges his Promise of marrying her, and upbraids his Intentions of becoming the Husband of any other Woman: He is not able to comprehend her Meaning, and leaving her to vent her Rage alone, sends Colonel *Standard* to reproach her in his turn for accepting the Ring, which he acknowledges for his own, and lent to the other to make a Trial of her Temper. By his Discourse, and the Answers she makes, they discover each other, and are mutually transported to meet after so long an Absence. She now no longer has any Pique to Mankind, and *Standard* forgives the Effects of her Resentment, since acted for his Sake. *Wildair* and *Standard* resume their former Friendship: *Clincher* and the Porter are set

set at Liberty, on the Mistake being unravelled: *Smugler* is bailed, and threatens Revenge on *Lurewell* for the Trick she has put upon him; but she soon stops his Mouth with Papers found in his Pocket-Book, giving an Account of his Clandestine Dealings in Trade, and he is compelled to forgive all and deliver up her Writings. After which the Curtain drops.

COUNTRY WIFE,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. WICHERLY.

THAT this Play still continues to be acted, must certainly be more owing to the Wit and Gayety of the Diction, than to any surprising Turns in the Plot, Beauty of the Catastrophe, or Morality in the Design, since it is so deficient in them all, as to make it be justly looked upon as one of those Entertainments which divert some Minds, but are far from being an Improvement to any.

Mr. *Pinchwife*, a reformed Rake, who by conversing much with ill Women, had a bad Opinion

of all, marries a young, beautiful, but very silly Country Lady, imagining himself more secure by her Simplicity, than he could be by the Virtue of the most prudent of her Sex. A Treaty of Marriage being on Foot between his Sister *Alithea* and Mr. *Sparkish*, he is obliged to come to *London* to assist at the Ceremony, and pay her Fortune, which has been in his Hands ever since the Death of their Father. He is now in the greatest Dilemma, he fears the Gayeties of *London* may corrupt his Wife, and he fears what may happen if he leaves her behind him: At length the Thoughts of keeping her under his own Eye prevail; he brings her to Town, but neither suffers her to go out of Doors without him, nor see any Company at Home. The News of his Arrival no sooner reaches his former Companions than they all flock about him, wish him Joy, and desire to pay their Complements to his Lady; but he refuses them all, and by his over Caution the more excites their Curiosity. *Horner*, *Dorilant*, and *Harcourt* are among the most intimate of his Friends; but as he knows them to be all Men of Pleasure, he conceals his beautiful Consort more carefully from none than from them.

Horner, placing his whole Felicity in the Love of Women, has taken such Measures to get into their Company, as he imagines will be effectual to blind the most Jealous Husband or Lover; it being publickly known that he had once an ill Distemper, he bribes a quack Doctor to give out that he suffered Emasculation in the Cure, and was now as errant an Eunuch as those in the Grand *Turk's* Seraglio. This Report being

being whispered as a Secret to every one, soon became the general Topick of Conversation amongst all that knew him; and those, who before would not have suffered him to dine at the Table with any of their Female Relations, now court his Company, and are never so well pleased as when they prevail with him to stay with their Wives and Daughters in their Absence, judging that as he cannot prejudice them himself, he will, out of meer Envy prevent others from doing it. Sir *Jasper Fidget*, the most jealous Coxcomb in the World, never goes out of Doors with a satisfied Mind, unless he leaves *Horner* with his Lady, and a young unmarried Sister. Old Lady *Squeamish*, who fears the Purity of her Grand-daughter will be corrupted with the very Breath of a Man, tho' at an hundred Yards Distance, suffers Mr. *Horner* to 'Squire her where ever he pleases; but all these Examples have no Influence on *Pinchwife*: He believes not one Word of the supposed Accident; and when he hears that he has happened to see his Wife at the Play, resolves not to let her stir abroad any more during their Stay in *London*.

That he may be gone as soon as possible from a Place which gives him so much Apprehension, he orders the Lawyer to be speedy in drawing up the Marriage Settlement, and a Day is fix'd for the Ceremony. But the intended Bridegroom bringing *Harcourt* to see his Mistress, that Gentleman falls passionately in Love with her; nor is she displeased with his Person and Conversation; however, as Things have gone so far between her and *Sparkish*, she judges it would be dishonourable in her to break off, and

when he declares his Affection, checks it by all the Means in her Power ; nay, goes so far as to acquaint *Sparkish* with it, who being more a Beau than a Lover, takes it all for Gallantry, and gives *Harcourt* more Opportunity than before to prosecute his Addresses.

Poor Mrs. *Pinchwife* is all this while begging her furly Husband to let her go abroad and see the Shows, and the Walks, and the Signs, and all the fine Things she has heard of in *London* ; but he is not to be prevailed on, till wearied with her Importunities, he at length finds out a Way to comply with her Desires, and at the same Time secure his own Honour. He obliges her to put on Mens Cloaths, and thus disguised and accompanied by his Sister, carries her to walk in the *New Exchange* : *Horner*, *Dorilant*, *Sparkish*, and *Harcourt*, happen to be there at the same Time ; and *Sparkish* thinking that *Alithea* is angry with *Harcourt*, joins Company, and will needs make them Friends ; after which he takes his Leave of them, and *Harcourt* renews his Courtship. *Horner* is charm'd with the Beauty of the seeming Boy *Pinchwife* has with him ; and being told it is his Wife's Brother, will needs entertain him for the Sake of his pretty Sister. *Pinchwife* loses all Patience, and runs out to get a Coach : *Horner* takes the Opportunity of his Absence, to draw Mrs. *Pinchwife* away from the Company, while *Harcourt* prevents *Alithea* from following them, and *Dorilant* holds *Lucy* the Maid. *Pinchwife*, on his Return, is almost distracted to find his Wife gone, and is hurrying away in search of her, when she comes back loaded with Oranges and Sweetmeats

meats given her by *Horner*: The Rage and Jealousy of this perplexed Husband are now arrived at their utmost Height; but he conceals his Resentments till he gets Home, and then, not doubting but *Horner* knew it was she, makes her write a Letter to him full of Contempt and Detestation. The poor Innocent expresses the greatest Reluctance at writing to him in this Manner, and with her natural Simplicity confesses she thinks him the finest Man she ever saw; but her Husband commands, and she must obey: When she has concluded, *Pinchwife* goes to fetch Wax, and in the mean Time Love taught her an Artifice none would have suspected her of: She writes another Letter as kind as the former was severe, and having folded it up in the same Manner as the other, gives it her Husband to seal up; who carries it himself to *Horner*.

The Day for *Alithea's* Wedding being arrived, *Harcourt* can think of no Expedient for deferring it but by playing the Chaplain himself. He recommends a Brother of his, whom he says is in Orders, to Mr. *Sparkish*, and entreats he may have the Honour of joining their Hands. The Bridegroom consents, and *Harcourt* leaves him in order to send his Brother, as he says, but returns himself in a Canonical Habit. *Sparkish* is easily deceived, but *Alithea* immediately knows him, and refuses to be married by him; but *Sparkish* insists upon it; and she now beginning to despise the Folly and Obstinacy of her intended Husband, at last consents, to see how far the other will pursue his Plot, who pronounces but Half the Ceremony, and chuses that Part of it which he

knows will not stand good in Law. *Alithea* more pleased, than she her self approves, with the Wit of her new Lover, and vex'd at the Stupidity of *Sparkish*, flings from them both and goes a Visiting.

In the mean Time, Mrs. *Pinchwife*, impatient to be with Mr. *Horner*, begins a Letter to him, entreating him to take her from the Arms of a Man she loaths: In this Employment she is surprized by her Husband, who seeing what she has wrote, draws his Sword, and swears to put an End to her Life that Moment; but the sudden coming in of *Sparkish* obliges him to smother his Resentment; he shuts her into a Closet till he gets rid of *Sparkish*; and *Lucy* having an Opportunity of speaking to her through the Door, instructs her how she may avoid the Rage of her Husband, and also by his Means come at her Lover. She tells him it was *Alithea* who made her write the Letter; that in Case Mr. *Horner* should refuse her proffer'd Passion, he might not have it in his Power to expose her by producing any Proof of it under her Hand. *Horner* having testified some Concern to *Pinchwife*, at hearing his Sister was to be married that Morning to *Sparkish*, confirms him of the Truth of what is told him by his Wife, and believing that there is an Intreague between that Lady and *Horner*, he resolves to carry her to him, and oblige him to repair the Injury by marrying her, as she has said, the Ceremony with *Sparkish* was invalid. He therefore calls for her, but his Wife tells him, her Modesty will not permit her to appear before him; but if he will promise not to ask her any Questions, and give her Leave to wear a Mask, she will

will readily be conducted by him where-ever he pleases; he yields to this, and Mrs. *Pinchwife* going into the next Room, as to send her to him, slips on a Gown of that Lady's, and a Mask; on which he takes her by the Hand and leads her to *Horner's* Lodgings. That Gentleman is strangely surprized to see a Woman introduced to him by *Pinchwife*, to hear him say she is a Relation, that he expects he should marry her, and that he will return immediately with a Parson. 'Tis however to be supposed that the Lady and he come to an Explanation as soon as the Husband is gone.

Pinchwife, as he is going for a Parson, happening to meet *Sparkish*, acquaints him with the imaginary Passion *Alithea* has for *Horner*, which the other not readily believing, he bids him go to that Gentleman's Apartment, where he will be convinced by seeing her with him.

Convinced by the Asseverations of his Friend, *Sparkish* resolves to go to *Horner's*, and reproach her Infidelity; in his Way he meets her coming home from her Visit, and accosts her with the most rude and indecent Language; then without waiting for her Answer, leaves her. This Treatment makes her now rejoice she has been married to him but in jest, and resolves to give her self to *Harcourt*, whose ingenious Delay of her intended Nuptials, has given her an Opportunity of seeing into the Humour of *Sparkish*.

Mrs. *Pinchwife* has all this while little Enjoyment of her dear *Horner's* Company: Sir *Jasper Fidget* has sent in a Banquet, and soon after Lady *Fidget*,
Mrs.

Mrs. *Dainty Fidget*, the Sister, and Miss *Squeamish*, follow; these Ladies are diverting themselves with him in all the Pleasures that can indulge the most loose and abandon'd Inclinations; and our poor Country Wife is shut up in a Closet alone, with no other Consolation than the Hope Mr. *Horner* will not return her to her Husband; but even that soon vanishes, when on hearing Mr. *Pinchwife* is at the Door, he would fain persuade her to slip out the back Way, and be at Home before him. During the Argument he comes up Stairs, and she is obliged to return to her Concealment.

Pinchwife had some where or other met *Alithea*, whom he imagines has changed her Dress since he conducted her to *Horner's*, nor will be persuaded that it was any other than her self he left with him: He has now procured a Parson; and brings *Sparkish*, *Harcourt*, and *Lucy*, to be Witnesses of the Marriage: *Alithea*, who cannot comprehend the Meaning of his Discourse, supposes her Honour has been aspers'd by some malicious Tongues, and is very much enraged: *Pinchwife* insists on her being married to *Horner*, and they all look on one another with the utmost Consternation, till *Pinchwife* lays his Hand on his Sword, and threatens that *Horner* shall expiate the Wrong done to his Family with his Life; on which Mrs. *Pinchwife* comes from the Closet and runs between her Husband and Gallant: The Sight of her in *Alithea's* Cloaths unfolds Part of the Mystery; the enraged Husband is going to make his Wife the Sacrifice of his Resentment; but *Lucy* falls at his Feet, entreats Forgiveness, and assures him it was her self that

that put Mrs. *Pinchwife* on telling all these Lies, for no other Reason than to break off her Lady's Match with Mr. *Sparkish*: *Horner* protests the Innocence of Mrs. *Pinchwife*; and Sir *Jasper*, Lady *Fidget*, Mrs. *Dainty*, Lady *Squeamish*, and Miss *Squeamish* coming in that Moment, and confirming the Truth of the Report, concerning his Incapacity of injuring the Honour of any Woman, *Pinchwife* grows more calm, though in his Heart he is still far from believing it; but considering the Ignorance and Simplicity of his Wife, and that he brought her hither himself, he judges it most prudent to stifle his Disquiet.

Alithea gives her Hand to *Harcourt*, and the Play Ends without any Detection of *Horner's* Deceit, who for ought we know, may go on in an uninterrupted Course of Debauchery to his Life's End.

DISTREST MOTHER, A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

AFTER the Destruction of *Troy*, the Royal Captives being divided by Lot among the *Grecian* Princes; *Andromache*, Widow of *Hector*, with her young Son *Astyanax*, fell to the Share of *Pyrrhus*,
King

King of Epirus. This Prince was contracted to *Hermione*, Daughter of *Menelaus* King of *Sparta*; she was sent to his Court, all Things were ready for the Celebration of their Nuptials; and every Day gave Expectations that the next would see the Performance of them; but his Soul being fired with an unhappy Passion for *Andromache*, made him still find Pretences for Delay, though without receiving the least Encouragement from that truly disconsolate Widow.

The *Greeks* in the mean Time, remembering the Wonders they had seen perform'd by *Hector*, begin to conceive Apprehensions of what might be hereafter attempted by his Son; therefore dispatch an Ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, to oblige him to destroy the Child, or hear himself declared the Enemy of *Greece*; and that this Determination may have the greater Weight, no less a Person than *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*, is deputed in that Character, which he readily undertakes for the Sake of seeing *Hermione*, with whom he has long been passionately in Love.

The Arrival of this Prince at the Court of *Epirus*, and his meeting with his Friend *Pylades* there, whom he had not seen a considerable Time, begins the Play.

The Character of *Pyrrhus* is pretty conformable to that which *Homer* has given us of his Father *Achilles*, rash, vain-glorious, impetuous, and disdainful of Controul: When *Orestes* delivers the Purport of his Embassy, he expresses a Contempt of the *Greeks*, for entertaining any Fears of what may happen from the Remains of *Hector*, but much more for any Menaces from themselves; he absolutely refuses their Request,
and

and lets the Son of *Agamemnon* know he may depart, as soon as he pleases, with this final Answer.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the Wishes of *Orestes*, than this Behaviour in the King; he now flatters himself that the *Greeks* will be disoblig'd; the Marriage with *Hermione* broke off, and that Princess be recall'd to *Sparta*. His Hopes are yet more indulg'd, when she acquaints him that she has receiv'd a Command from *Menelaus*, to embark with him if *Astyanax* is not delivered up; but all these pleasing Expectations vanish when they seem most near Accomplishment.

Pyrrhus making a Merit to *Andromache*, of preserving her Son, and demanding her Love as the Recompence of his Service, that afflicted Queen answers his Offers in so cold a Manner, as entirely changes his former Resolution; and meeting *Orestes* immediately after, excuses himself, as not having sufficiently weigh'd the *Greeks* Demand in their last Conversation; says he now allows the Justice of it, will yield *Astyanax*, Espouse *Hermione* without Delay, and desires *Orestes* to inform her of it, and to Personate her Father in giving him her Hand.

The Dispair of *Orestes* is now beyond all Bounds, he thinks of nothing but Death, resolves to return no more from *Epirus*, till invigorated by the Counsels of his Friend *Pylades*, they form a Plot to carry off *Hermione* by Stealth. That Princess, who loves *Pyrrhus* with an Extremity of Passion, is transported at this unhop'd for Alteration in his Sentiments; and *Andromache* gives her whole Soul a Prey to the most consummate Grief: She solicits her triumphant Rival
in

in Behalf of the condemn'd *Astyanax*, but receives no Consolation, nor the least Prospect of Relief, till persuaded by her Confident *Cephisa*, she throws herself at *Pyrrhus*'s Feet, entreating him to revoke his Sentence, and vowing not to outlive the Execution of it. On seeing her, and hearing her Complaints, the King relapses into his former Passion, is able to refuse her nothing; but dissembling the Excess of his Tenderneſs, makes the Price of her Son's Redemption, her Consent to marry him, which she at length grants; but at the ſame Time ſecretly reſolves, that as ſoon as the Nuptials are performed, and her Son aſſured of Protection, to put an End to her Life, and avoid yielding her ſelf to any ſecond Bed.

Hermione at this News is all Diſtraction and Fury, the Wrong done to her Love, the Indignity to her Charms operates ſo ſtrongly on her haughty Nature, that Revenge is all ſhe now deſires: She ſends for *Oreſtes*, ſhe begs, ſhe commands him to aſſiſt in her Deſigns, ſhe ſooths his Love, ſhe promiſes him hers, and at laſt prevails on him to aſſaſſinate *Pyrrhus* in the Temple, where he was gone to be married to *Andromache*.

Oreſtes having undertaken this dreadful Commiſſion, aſſembles all his Friends, and ſeconded by the *Spartans* of *Hermione*'s Train, goes to the Temple, where he finds it no difficult Matter to perform his Promiſe, the greateſt Part of *Pyrrhus*'s Guards being placed about *Aſtynax*. The unhappy Prince was murder'd at the Foot of the Altar, in the very Moment he was giving *Andromache* his Hand. The cruel Deed accompliſhed, *Oreſtes* haſtens to *Hermione*,

mione, informs her that her Orders are obeyed, and demands her Promise of embarking with him for *Sparta*: But the Princess, instead of approving what she had with so many Threats, Prayers, and Promises enforced, upbraids the horrid Action, calls him a Murderer, a vile Assassin, declares her Hate to him, her Love to *Pyrrhus*; and meeting the Body of that slaughter'd Prince, plunges a Dagger into her Bosom, and testifies she had no less a Share of Tenderness for his Person, than of Rage for his Indifference.

Orestes confused, astonish'd at the Treatment he has received from a Person who alone could have had Power to urge him to a Deed like what he had just been guilty of, is quite stupified, and wholly regardless of his own Safety; but when *Pylades* acquaints him with the Death of *Hermione*, he loses the Use of his Reason entirely, and falls into the most terrible Ravings that Grief, Remorse and Horror ever excited. *Andromache* being proclaimed Queen, and vowing Revenge on the Murderers of *Pyrrhus*, the faithful *Pylades* forces his wretched Friend on board the Vessel which had brought him on this fatal Embassy; and the secure Protection the State of *Epirus* now affords to *Hector's* Son and Widow, finishes the Business of this affecting and celebrated Play.



Don *SEBASTIAN*,
King of PORTUGAL;
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*M*uley Mabumet, and Muley Moluch, two Descendants of the same Family of the *Xeriffs*, equally pretended a Right to sit upon the Throne of *Barbary*: After a long Contest, the Arms of the latter prevailed: *Muley Mabumet*, with *Zaida* his Queen, and young Son, took Refuge in the Court of *Spain*, where at that Time *Juan* King of *Portugal* was a Guest.

Manly Bravery shining through a most graceful Person in the Royal *Portuguese*, and all the softer Charms of Womanhood in the beautiful *Zaida*, soon made them the Object of each other's Wishes; too much they yielded to the warm Impulse, and a Daughter was the Product of their guilty Passion: Yet with such Caution did they manage their Love, that it was not in the least suspected by any but *Alvarez*, a Nobleman of *Juan's* Train, who was the

Confi-

Confident. When National Affairs required the King of *Portugal's* Return Home, and they were obliged to separate, he ordered this *Alvarez* to procure two Rings to be made, which should perpetuate the Memory of each to the other, without betraying the Secret to any beside. These *Memorandums*, so fatal afterwards to their Posterity, were contrived with Joints so as to clasp together, or when asunder, to open by imperceptible Springs, and disclose a Heart split in two Parts; that which was left with the *Queen* had *Juan* engraved on it; that reserved by *Juan* for himself, had *Zaida*. In fine they parted, and in some Years after, *Muley Mahumet* dying, the Widowed *Queen* sent her Son and Daughter to *Portugal*, to implore her Royal Lover's Assistance for the regaining *Barbary* from *Muley Moluch*; he readily agreed to this Demand, but Death put a Stop to the Execution of his Designs; with his last Breath, however, he enjoined *Don Sebastian*, his Son and Successor, to undertake the Expedition; but he needed not so pressing a Command; the Eyes of *Almeyda*, for so was the young Princess called, had already left him no other Will, than that of seeing her. He raised a great Army and invaded the Territories of *Muley Moluch*; but the Forces of the Barbarian were too numerous; the Brother of *Almeyda* was slain in Battle, and her self, with *Don Sebastian*, *Antonio*, *Alvarez*, and a great Number of Noble *Portuguese* were made Prisoners, and brought to *Alcazar*, where *Muley Moluch* then resided; and is the Scene of Action during the whole Play, which is supposed to begin immediately after the Battle.

The

The chief Persons of this Court, at least those who are any way conducive to the Business of the Tragedy, are *Muley Moluch* the King, *Muley Zeiden* his Brother, *Benducar* his first Minister, the *Mufti*, and *Dorax*, a gallant *Portugueze Renegado*, and Governor of *Alcazar*; but because this last has a Part peculiarly interesting to an Audience, 'tis fit I should a little prepossess my Reader also in his Favour, by giving some Sketches of his Character, and the Motives which induced him to renounce all that before was dear to him.

He was called *Alonzo*, and of the Noblest Blood in *Portugal*, yet all the Honours he derived from Ancestry, were short of what his Personal Bravery acquired him: He was deliberate in Council, bold in Action, loyal, open, generous, and sincere; but as an Alloy to his Virtues, he was fierce, haughty, and unforgiving: The Natural Warmth of his Temper was yet render'd more warm by Love, and being denied the Gratification of his Wishes by the King, whose Ward the fair Inspirer of them was, he grew so far transported that he drew his Sword even in the Sight of Majesty, on the Person for whose Sake he had been refused: On which, his Sovereign thinking himself affronted in this Action, spurn'd him from his Presence, and forced the Lady to marry with his more favoured Rival. Disgrac'd thus in his Services, undone in his Love, his native Country now seem'd a Hell, and all his former Friends so many Furies, which reminded him of his lost Condition: Despair and Rage left not the least Room for cool Reflection; he went in the immediate Anguish of his
Soul

Soul among the *Turks*, embraced their Religion, and without considering the Consequence, either as here, or hereafter, abjured at once his King, his Country, and his God.

He was received at the Court of *Barbary* with the utmost Joy, all the great Men seem'd to outvie each other in their Compliments to this Illustrious Renegado; but none more than *Benducar*: Not that he really valued Merit for its own Sake, but he was a first Minister, and stood so near the Throne, that his Ambition prompted him with the Hopes of one Day stepping into it; it was therefore his Interest to secure to his Party, if possible, Men of this Character.

Alonzo, who must hereafter be distinguished by the Name of *Dorax*, answered their Congratulations with a cold Civility: His Love and his Revenge unsatiated, which this Natural Sincerity would not suffer him to conceal, left such a sullen Cloud upon his Brow, that all the Honours heap'd upon him had not the Power to dissipate. On the Invasion Don *Sebastian* made in the Behalf of *Almeyda* and her Brother, he appear'd somewhat chear'd, hoping in the Battle either to slay or be slain by that young Hero; but Chance still keeping them asunder, he relaps'd into his former Gloominess of Mind. In what Manner he afterwards thought, and acted, the Play, to which I now proceed, shall set forth.

Muley Moluch had made a solemn Vow, in Presence of the Mufti, in Case he overcome the Christians, to sacrifice three of those whom the Chance of War should put into his Hands: Accordingly the Captives were brought forth: *Don Sebastian*, *Alva-*
rez,

rex, and *Antonio* were among the Number, but so disguised as to render them undistinguishable from the Rest. An Urn containing a great Number of Balls, of which three only were black, is brought and presented to the Prisoners, who all except the King and his two Nobles approach to take their Lot with Fear and Trembling. The fatal Chance, however, falls on those heroick Souls; and the little Concern they express at it, makes *Muly Moluch*, who has somewhat of Magnanimity in his Nature, think one of those brave Spirits a Sacrifice sufficient to be offered. He therefore commands the Balls again to be put into the Urn with only one of Ebony, that which soever of these three shall draw it forth, may suffer for his Companions. This is *Sebastian's* Lot, who, having now no more to manage, throws off his Disguise, resolving not to die beneath himself. The Graces of his Person, his undaunted Courage, and the Dignity of his Character makes a wonderful Impression on the Soul of *Muley Moluch*: He repeals his Vow, silences the Remonstrances of the *Musti*, and not only bids his Royal Captive live, but treats him as his Guest, and offers him his Friendship. As it was the Custom of the *Barbarians* to expose their Prisoners to Sale, *Dorax* paid the Sum demanded for *Alvarez*, and has him conducted to the Castle as one of his own Retinue, tho' without discovering himself to him.

Almeyda, being unvailed, triumphs in her Turn, over her Conqueror: His savage Heart a little softened by his Admiration of *Sebastian* is now quite dissolved by the Power of Beauty: He forgets his ancient

ent Animosity, and would gladly share that Crown with her which has been so long contested ; but she disdainful of his Offers, confesses herself a Christian ; on which not daring to marry, that being absolutely against their Laws, he resolves to gratify his Passion by less honourable Means ; and, if she does not comply, to have Recourse to Force : He leaves *Sebastian*, however, to persuade her to the former : Detestable Injunction to a Prince of the strictest Principles of Honour and Religion ! and who besides loved, and was beloved by her with the most pure and perfect Tendernefs. Instead of wounding her chaste Ears with the Tyrant's Suit, he presses her to reward his own Passion, by marrying him that Moment ; to which after some Scruples she consents, and one of his Chaplains being then a Prisoner, and permitted to attend on him, by the Favour of *Muley Moluch*, their Hands are that Evening joined.

Benducar had used all Artifices to set the People against *Muley Moluch*, persuading them that they would receive many Benefits from a Monarch, such as *Muley Zuden*, not that he ever intended any Thing in Favour of that Prince ; but having no Pretence to mount the Throne himself, he made Use of his more popular Name to depose the King ; which when he should have accomplished, he doubted not but to find Means to put by the Succession of the other. The Arrival of *Almeyda* made him change the Form of his Design : Her Beauty and equal Pretensions to the Crown rendered her a more formidable Rival to *Muley Moluch*, than his younger Brother could possibly be : He resolves, therefore, to procure the Imperial Dignity

Dignity for her, and afterwards for himself, by obliging her to marry him. To this End he endeavours to gain the *Mufti* and *Dorax* to his Interest: The former is easily prevailed upon; but the brave Rennegado treats his Disloyalty as it deserves, and discloses all he has said to the King. Which notwithstanding is without Effect, that artful Traitor having received his Permission to sound all such of the Courtiers whom he had represented as disaffected; and *Dorax*, instead of Thanks, meets with a Rebuke from *Muley Moluch*.

As the prying Eyes of this pernicious Statesman were ever on the Watch, he immediately discovers *Sebastian's* Marriage with *Almeyda*; it was therefore necessary to his Plots that *Muley Moluch* should reign yet a little longer for the Destruction of this Rival, whose Life would otherwise have been an indissoluble Bar to the Possession of his Wishes. He acquaints the King with what has happened, on which, as he imagined, *Sebastian* is doom'd to Death, and *Dorax* appointed the Executioner; which Task he sullenly undertakes, but does not mention in what Time he will perform it, upon which *Muley Moluch* grows enraged, and threatens to displace him from his Government. *Benducar* thinks this a favourable Crisis to compleat his Design; he persuades the King to feign himself content with his Behaviour, remonstrating to him how dangerous it would be to disoblige him, having a thousand Christian Captives in the Castle, and also the Love of all the *African* Soldiery, but promises to dispatch him secretly; *Muley Moluch* is pleased with the Design; and seeming entirely reconciled, calls for a Bowl of Wine to drown all former Animosities. *Benducar*
mingles

mingles Poison in the Cup presented to *Dorax*, and the *Mufti*, no less Jealous of the Loyalty of this gallant Renegado, spices it also with a no less deadly Drug. Nothing could be more an Enemy to Life than each of these Ingredients ; but the one being of a Nature excessive hot, and the other of as great a cold, they served only to expel each other, tho' their Operation for a Time inflicted the most poynant Torments.

Benducar ignorant of what the *Mufti* had done, and not in the least doubting but *Dorax* had dispatched *Sebastian*, and was now himself no more, obtained the King's Permission to raise the Populace, and also the Command of his Guards to seize the Castle, on Pretence that the Friends of *Dorax* might attempt something for his Revenge. But the Use he made of this Power may be a Warning to all Princes not to place too much Confidence in any one Man. The perfidious *Benducar* turned the Arms his Sovereign had put into his Hands against himself, who being deprived of all Means of Defence fell a Sacrifice to the Ambition of this Traitor: *Muley Moluch* dead, he runs to the Apartment of *Almeyda*, tells her what he has done was for the Preservation of her Life and Honour ; and that the Throne being now at his Disposal, he will declare her Queen, on Condition she consents to share the Royal Dignity with him. Dissimulation is now a Virtue in this Princess, Death, or perhaps a Consequence even more dreadful to her, must have ensued her treating this Presumption as it deserved : She therefore conceals the Sense she has of it, and without

either rejecting or yielding to his Proposal desires him to conduct her where the People were gathered together.

But while these Things were transacting among the great, *Antonio* also experienced the odd Vicissitudes of Fortune: He had first been a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble, and was afterwards bought by the *Mufti* to work in his Garden; where being seen by *Morayma*, Daughter to the *Mufti*, she falls in Love with him, and throws a Letter from her Window to inform him of her Passion, and appoints to meet him in a close Walk the same Night. *Antonio* is young and amorous, so fails not to be there; but *Johayma*, Wife to the *Mufti*, being also charmed with him, and having seen him go into the Garden steals down to meet him; he mistakes her for *Morayma*, and takes her eagerly in his Arms, but being soon convinced, of his Error, by her Voice, falls entirely off from the Warmth of his first Address; nor can all her Courtship reinspire him with the least Spark of Desire; which so incenses her, that in Revenge she cries out a Rape; the *Mufti* hears and descends; but *Antonio*, on his Approach, promising *Johama* to amend his Conduct, she excuses him to her Husband. After they have left him, *Morayma* appears, who offers to run away with him, and bring with her the Value of twelve hundred thousand Crowns, if he will swear to marry her. He readily agrees, but while she goes in to fetch the Treasure, and *Antonio* to provide Horses for their Escape, the *Mufti*, not perfectly satisfied with his Wife's Behaviour, as to *Antonio*, disguises himself in the Habit of a Slave, and walks

walks under her Window: *Morayma* returning, runs to her Father, whom she takes for *Antonio*, and puts the Casket into his Hands. All is now betrayed; but *Antonio*, coming that Moment, seizes the *Musti* by the Throat, and is going to bind and gag him in an Arbour while they make their Escape. The Bustle of this Adventure alarms *Johayma*, who seeing *Antonio* and *Morayma*, and not knowing her Husband in that Disguise, calls out to the Servants to take Arms, and stop some Thieves that are in the Garden. On the Noise *Morayma* obliges *Antonio* to fly for his Life, and he is no sooner gone than the Servants appear in Search of the supposed Villains. *Morayma* tells them she has found one, presenting her Father to them, who dares not discover himself for Fear of scandalizing his Function, and while they are beating him, she runs after *Antonio* with the Casket under her Arm.

Antonio having quitted the Garden, finds the whole Town in an Uproar, and seeing the Captain of the Rabble, puts himself under his Protection, just as *Benducar* according to *Almeyda's* Request presents her to the People. That Princess with an admirable Presence of Mind, relates to them what *Benducar* has done, the Proposal he has made to her, and her Detestation of it; then commits herself and Cause entirely to them. *Antonio* is of great Service to her at this critical Juncture by influencing the Captain of the Rabble in her Favour; and *Benducar* is stung to the Soul to find himself thus circumvented by a Woman.

Dorax, in the mean Time being recovered of the Agonies of his double Poison, convinced of the foul Play offered him, sets *Sebastian* at Liberty, and both of them at the Head of the Christians, and those *Africans* well affected to the Noble Renegado, secure the Citadel, and afterwards hasten to the Market-Place, where they found *Almeyda* in the Hands of the Populace. 'Twould be too tedious to set forth the Transports of these Royal Lovers to see each other safe; but the first Demonstrations a little over, *Sebastian* seeing himself from a Captive become a Conqueror, and in Possession of what he valued more than Life or Liberty, his dear *Almeyda*, knows not how sufficiently to express his Thanks to *Dorax*, to whom alone he owes all these invaluable Blessings; but he declines the Gratitude he offered, and says there is but one Way to recompence his Service. The King entreats to know it, and with a solemn Vow assures him of the Grant, whatever it be. *Dorax* then desires all but themselves may leave the Place, which being complied with, he discovers himself to be *Alonzo*, repeats his Wrongs, and avows his Purpose in saving him from the Sentence of *Muley Moluch*, was only because his Vengeance had been imperfect, if he had fallen by any other Hand, or doomed by any other than himself; then tells him that all the Recompence he demands is a fair Combat, and that he will accept of, nor be satisfied with ought else. *Sebastian* is shock'd, but at the Remembrance of his Vow, all other Considerations subside: They are just going to fight, when the King mentioning that Rival's Death, for whom he had been rejected, *Dorax* draws back his

Arm

Arm to know in what Manner he fell. The Royal Antagonist complies, and informs him that he died in Battle, and in Defence of him; and withall, that the Lady, whose Beauty had first made them Foes, tho' compelled to marry the other, had never yielded to share his Bed, but lived devoted to the Memory of *Alonzo*.

This Intelligence converts the late inflexible Soul of our gallant Renegado into Tendernefs and Repentance: He forgets all that seem'd Injustice to himself, and owns he has been but too guilty. *Sebastian*, in his turn, confesses he did ill so far to urge his Nature, and never was a more perfect Reconciliation: Every Thing has now the Face of Joy: *Morayma*, having got safe to the Castle, puts herself under the Protection of her beloved *Antonio*: *Almeyda* being proclaimed Queen of *Barbary*, that Realm is to be added, in her Right, to Don *Sebastian's* Title. *Alonzo*, to make the King's Happiness compleat, presents *Alvarez* to him, whom since their Captivity he has not seen; but this intended Blessing proves the severest of all Curses: *Alvarez* perceiving the great Tendernefs between *Sebastian* and *Almeyda*, and not knowing they were already married, to prevent the Perpetration of that Crime, reveals the fatal Secret of the Queen's Birth, and confirms the Truth of what he says by the Rings they wear, and other Evidences too strong to be denied: Both are seized with an unspeakable Dispair; *Almeyda* swoons, *Sebastian* is going to fall upon his Sword, but it is withheld, and Reason and Religion getting the better of those

F 3

violent

violent Emotions, they resolve to part for ever, and to pass the Remainder of their Days in Penance. *Sebastian* retires among the Hermits, and *Almeyda* to a Monastery in *Tercera's*. *Muley Zeiden* is made King of *Barbary*; *Benducar* executed for his Treasons, half the *Musti's* Treasures confiscated and given to *Antonio*, who with *Morayma* returns to *Portugal*, as does also *Alonzo*, in order to reconcile himself to the Church, and be at last happy in his Love.

That the whole Story of this Tragedy is fictitious, is greatly to the Praise of the admirable Author, not only as it shews a vast Fertility of Invention, but also affords a Moral necessary to be reflected on by all the gay Part of the World.



Don *QUIXOTE*,

A Comical HISTORY.

PART I.

By Mr. DUFFEY.

THIS Comedy is taken from the excellent Romance, which bears the same Name, written by *Michael Cervantes*: The Hero of it is of the *Mancha* in *Spain*, a Gentleman of good natural Parts, and well educated, but has his Brain so much turn'd by a constant Reading of Books of Chivalry, that he looks on all the fabulous Stories contained in them as real Facts; and burning with Desire to follow those glorious Examples, resolves to set up for a Knight Errant, and wander through the World in Search of Adventures; and having perswaded a poor foolish Neighbour of his, called *Sancho Pancha*, to leave his Family, and go with him as his Squire, they march forth together; the one accoutred in some Pieces of old rusty Armour, and mounted on a lean Horse, and the other on *Dapple* his Ass, with a little Wallet for Provision.

F 4

The

The Play begins with their Entrance into the pleasant Fields of *Montiel*, where a Windmill appearing at a Distance, Don *Quixote* imagin'd it a Giant, no less formidable than *Briareus* with his hundred Hands, and would needs give a Proof of his Courage by encountring it; he draws his Sword, and endeavours to pierce the Body, but is whisk'd about by the Sails, and must have had his Neck broke, had he not fortunately been flung into a Fish-pond, out of which, with some difficulty, he got safe to an Inn. But this Disaster making no Abatement in his Frenzy, he thought it had fallen on him only because he set out unqualified, and had not received the Honour of Knighthood; and taking the Inn for a Castle, and the Host for the Lord of it, desires in a most courtly Manner, that he will do him that Favour. The Inn-keeper being a merry facetious Fellow, humours his Folly, and prepares every Thing for the mock Ceremony, according to the Laws of Romances.

In the mean Time *Perez*, a Curate of *Mancha*, having been inform'd that his Niece *Dorothea* had quitted her Father's House, for the Love of *Fernando*, a young Nobleman, who had debauched, and afterwards forsook her, and now lived disguised among the Shepherds, came to *Montiel* in search of her. *Nicholas* a merry Barber of the same Town accompanies him, and as they knew Don *Quixote* was there, they contrived together how they might bring him back to his House, and work, if possible, some Cure on him.

They come to the Inn just as Don *Quixote* is going to be dub'd Knight of the ill-favour'd Face, and
assist

assist at the Solemnity. Soon after, a Funeral, with a great Procession of Priests and Shepherds passing by the Inn-Door, they all run out to see it. This was the Body of a young Student, called *Chrysothem*, who died for Love of *Marcella*, a beautiful Shepherdess of those Parts, which was conducting to the Grave by his dear Friend *Ambrafio*.

As they are performing the last Obsequies, *Marcella* appears, and, instead of expressing any Concern, triumphs in the Power of her Charms, and laughs both at the Folly of the Deceas'd, and the Upbraidings of the Living; at which *Ambrafio* is so incensed, that on her offering to quit the Place, he bids the Shepherds hold her till he vents the utmost of his Rage in Reproaches; but Don *Quixote* looking on this as a wonderful Adventure, and worthy of his Sword, draws on those who attempted to stay her, and puts them all to Flight, being unarm'd and in no Condition of Defence.

Among the Troop, however, that were present at this Funeral, *Perez* spied his Niece *Dorothea*, and having obliged her to relate the Truth of her Story, is beginning to think by what Means he can best be able to oblige *Fernando* to perform his Promise, when *Nicholas* informs him, that that Nobleman is just alighted at the Inn-Door, and has brought with him a Lady in the Habit of a Nun; on which *Perez* and *Dorothea* place themselves in the next Room to which these new Guests are conducted, the better to observe their Behaviour.

This Lady was called *Lucinda*, she had been betrothed to *Cardenio*, the intimate Friend of *Fernando*,

who bringing him to visit her, unhappily made him his Rival. *Fernando* had so little Honour as to solicit her Parents, and so much Wealth as to prevail with them in Prejudice of *Cardenio*; they would have forced her to marry him, but to avoid it she fled to a Nunnery, whence by a Strategem he recovered her; *Cardenio* was raving mad on the Mountains of *Scirra Morena*; and *Fernando* little regarding his Misery, or the Tears of *Lucinda*, was resolute to ravish her, now in his Power, if she yielded not to be his Wife. *Dorothea* from her Concealment was Witness of all his Importunities, and when she found a fit Opportunity, rush'd into the Room and put a Period to them. *Fernando* was at first no less enraged than surprized to see her in that Place; but her Love, her Grief, and the meek Remonstrances she made, at length rouz'd all that was honourable in his Soul; and Gratitude triumph'd over wild Desire. He begg'd *Lucinda*'s Pardon for the Interruption of her Wishes with *Cardenio*, and the intended Violence on her Virtue; and made *Dorothea* ample Amends for her late Sufferings, by marrying her immediately.

But while these Things happened within the Inn, Don *Quixote* without Doors had Adventures on Adventures; the first that offered was a Barber, who being going to shave a Customer, had put his trimming Bason on his Head to defend him from a Shower of Rain: Don *Quixote* taking it into his Head that this was the Golden Helmet of *Mambrino*, which he had somewhere read of, assaults the poor Barber, and takes away his Bason. Being in Possession of this precious Treasure, as he esteem'd it, he thought him-
self

self qualified to undertake the most Heroick Deeds : And soon after meeting a Crew of Rogues going to the Gallies, under the Conduct of two Officers, he sets them free, and puts the Officers to flight ; for this Service, he exacts from them a Promise of repairing immediately to *Tobosa*, and that they will present themselves before *Dulcinea*, his imaginary Mistress ; and acquaint her with what he has done in Honour of her Beauty ; which they refusing, with Laughter at the Proposition, he strikes one of them ; on which they all run to a heap of Stones, and pelt both the Knight and the Squire in so unmerciful a Manner, that they lie for some Time Motionless ; but having a little recover'd from this Misfortune, a worse immediately beset them : The mad *Cardenio* happens to pass that way ; Don *Quixote* thinks him an extraordinary Person, and unwarily doing something to provoke his Frenzy, is thrown down by him in his raving Fit, and not only himself, but poor *Sanebo* is beaten, kick'd, and spurn'd by him till they are almost dead.

Perez and *Nicholas* being now introduced by *Dorothea*, into the Company of *Fernando* and *Lucinda*, the Recovery of *Cardenio* is their common Care : Persons are employed in search of him, who soon bring him to the Inn, and by Repose, and the Care of able Physicians, he recovers his Senses : Don *Fernando* confesses his Crime, receives his Pardon, and performs the Office of a Father, in giving him his dear *Lucinda's* Hand. These four Lovers being now as happy as the Possession of their Wishes could make them, they all join with *Perez* and *Nicholas*, in a
Strategem.

Strategem to reclaim Don *Quixote* from this wild Way of Life ; and believing the surest Way will be to fall in with his Romantick Humour, *Dorothea* is drest up for the Princess of *Micomicona*, driven from her Kingdom by a monstrous Giant ; Don *Fernando* as her Gentleman Usher, and *Nicholas*, as her Squire. She falls at Don *Quixote*'s Feet, entreating him to go with her and destroy the Giant ; he readily complies, and when they seem preparing to depart, two Women, drest like Inchantresses, and the Inn-keeper, as *Merlin*, come in, declaring that the Princess must not yet be restored ; then their Attendants, in the Shape of Furies, bear a great Cage, into which they thrust Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* ; and in this Manner carry them home, where we must leave them, till the Author is pleased to resume this delightful History in the Second Part.



Don *QUIXOTE*,
A Comical HISTORY.

PART II.

By Mr. DUFFEY.

ALL the Endeavours of Don *Quixote*'s Friends being too weak to curb the Romantick Extravagancies of his Nature, he again left *Mancha*, and, attended, as before, with his Squire *Sancho Pancha*, made a second Excurſion: Having ranged about the Fields and Woods ſome Time, he was taken Notice of by a Grandee, call'd Duke *Ricardo*, who having before been told of his Follies, was reſolved now to have ſome Sport with them; accordingly he invites him to his Caſtle, receives and entertains him there, with all the Ceremonies which are deſcrib'd in Books of Chivalry; but contrives all the while with *Ambraſio* and *Cardenio*, what Tricks may be played with him to render him more diverting: Don *Quixote* himſelf was aiding to their Invention, by telling them, that his Peerleſs Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*, was enchanted;

chanted ; on which they dress up the Page, to represent that imaginary Beauty, and *Manuel*, the Duke's Steward, for *Merlin* ; who coming down in a Machine, salute Don *Quixote*, and inform him, that there is no way to break the Spell, but by *Sancho's* giving himself three hundred Lashes with a Whip. *Sancho* having a mortal Aversion to Pain, will not be prevailed upon till the Duke promises to make him Governor of an Island, called *Barrataria*, for that Act of Humanity : Our Squire is not Proof against this Bribe to his Ambition, and consents to undertake the Penance, only desires Permission to inflict it at his own Time ; which being granted, the Inchanter and Inchanter disappear. *Sancho* is now made Governor of the Isle of *Barrataria*, and every Thing is preparing for his Departure, in a Manner becoming his high Quality ; when a Plot is set on Foot to put a Stop to his Preferment. As the Duke, Dutcheß, Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, and all the Court are sitting in a great Hall, solemn Musick is heard at a Distance ; then enter *Manuel*, Vail'd and Habited like a grave Matron, with a Train born up by three Pages, and attended by a great Number of Servants in antick Dresses : The pretended Lady kneels to Don *Quixote*, tells him she is the Countess of *Trifaldy*, in the Kingdom of *Candaya*, that having been Governess to the young Princess *Antonomasia*, Daughter to Queen *Mangunsa* ; she had by her great Vigilance hindred her fair Charge from falling into the Snares laid for her by the Giant *Malambruno* ; and in Revenge he had made a great Beard grow on her Face, and on all the Ladies who had been any way Instrumental in preventing

preventing the Success of his Designs. She then lifts up her Vail, and shews a Beard of a most enormous Size: Don *Quixote* is grieved for her Misfortunes, and begs to know in what Manner he can serve her; on which the Servants bring in a Table with a Brazen Head standing on it, telling him it is endued, by *Merlin*, with the Power of Speech, and that it has already directed them to travel into *Spain*, in search of the illustrious Don *Quixote*, and promised that in his Presence it will give Instructions for removing the Charms of *Malambruno*. The Duke and all the Company seem amazed, and on questioning the Head hear this Injunction: That the same Night between the Hours of Twelve and One, Don *Quixote*, and his Squire *Sancho Pancha*, repair to some open Place, where *Merlin* will send an enchanted Horse, on which they must both Mount, and be carried through the Regions of the Air to the Kingdom of *Candaya*. *Sancho* is so enraged at this Impediment to his Grandeur, that he snatches the Head off the Table with a Design to break it in Pieces, and discovers a Boy, who conceal'd under it has given these miraculous Answers. The Trick being thus discover'd, *Manuel* and the rest run off, and the Duke and Dutcheß pretend to be extremely angry at this intended Imposition on their Guests.

Not being able to think immediately on any other Obstacle, they are obliged to let *Sancho* go to his Government; he sends for his Wife *Teresa*, and his Daughter *Mary the Buxom*, to Share with him in his good Fortune; but never poor Wretches were made so miserable by Grandeur as these Three. *Manuel*,
in

in the Character of a Civility Master, would neither suffer them to speak, or move, in a Manner Natural to them, and *Pedro de Reveio*, the Physician, stood by the Table, and whenever they were about to eat, order'd the Dishes to be taken away, on Pretence the Food was either too heavy for Digestion, or too light for true Nourishment: In fine, they were almost starved in the four Days *Sancho* continued to Rule; at the End of which they pretended an Invasion, and so frighted *Sancho*, that he and his Family ran away, leaving all their fine Cloaths behind them.

In this Time the Duke and Dutcheß having sufficiently diverted themselves with Don *Quixote's* Extravagance, contrived this Means to get rid of him. The Page drest in Armor, with a formidable Pair of Whiskers, and mounted on one of the Duke's best Horses, knocks at the Gate as a strange Knight, and challenges Don *Quixote* to break a Lance with him in Honour of their Mistresses. Our Hero accepts the Combat, the Conditions of which were these; That whoever was vanquished, should be obliged to acknowledge the Beauty of the other's Mistress Superior to that of his own, and refrain from the Use of Arms for a whole Year.

Don *Quixote* was presently unhorsed, through the Weakness of poor *Rosinante*, and consequently judg'd overcome. So obliged by the Laws of Arms, which he would not violate for the World, to return home, and live in Peace for a Year.

During

During his Stay at the Duke's Palace, all the Servants had been employed in humouring his Follies, except one, who was Master of the Shepherds, and had too many Affairs of his own to be able to mind any other: He was passionately in Love with the beautiful Nymph *Marcella*, and being slighted by her, attempts to ravish her, *Ambraſio*, Nephew to the Duke, and a Hater of Woman-kind, ſince the Death of his dear Friend *Chryſoſtom*, in the firſt Part, happily prevents the Perpetration of this Villany, though he deteſts the Perſon he preſerves. This generous Action ſo wins on her coy Soul, that ſhe becomes immediately enamour'd of him, confeſſes her Paſſion, and being ſlighted, nay, deſpiſed by him, falls mad. A kind of Poetical Juſtice for the little Regret ſhe had expreſt for the untimely Fate of *Chryſoſtom*: Which, with the Departure of Don *Quixote*, concludes this Second Part of his Adventures.



Don *QUIXOTE*,

A Comical HISTORY.

PART III.

By Mr. DUFFEY.

THE tedious Year of Don *Quixote's* Suspension from his belov'd Occupation being now expired, he again, with his old Squire *Sancho Pancha*, sets out in search of Occasions to shew his Valour. *Carasco*, a young Student of *Salamanca*, and *Basilus* his Friend would needs accompany him some Part of his Way, not only for the Sake of Diversion, but to make him Instrumental in a Plot they had contrived. *Basilus* had been long contracted to a Beautiful young Virgin, call'd *Quitteria*; but *Camacho*, a rich Farmer, being also her Suitor, her Father was determined to wed her to the latter; and the next Day to that of Don *Quixote's* beginning his Progress, was to be that of the Celebration of their Nuptials. Don *Quixote* and his Company were not a Quarter of a League from *Mancha* before they met a Cart with a Lion in it, sent by the Governor of *Oran*, as a Present

sent to the King. Our Knight Errant looking on this Beast as sent by some Inchanter, to try his Prowess, would needs combat with it; and to that End bids the Carter open the Cage; the poor Fellow, as he had good Reason, represents to him the Danger of tempting a hungry Lion. *Carasco* and *Basilus* endeavour to persuade him, but all to no Effect; he vows to kill the Carter if he disobey; on which he pulls out the Pin that fastens the Cage, and then climbs with *Sancho* up a Tree, while *Basilus* and *Carasco* run to another Place of Shelter. The Lion being either very sleepy, or seized with a more than ordinary Fit of Laziness, took not the Advantage offered him of Liberty, but only turn'd himself about, and lay down quietly in his Cage. Don *Quixote*, contents himself with having dared the Fury of the Beast, and tempted him no farther. On which the Carter comes down and fastens the Cage. *Basilus* and *Carasco* return and magnify the Courage of our illustrious Errant, who from this Time quits his Name of Knight of the *Ill-favoured Face*, for that of *Knight of the Lion*:

The two Friends now prevail on him to return to *Mancha* for that Night, and accompany them the next Day to *Camacho's* Wedding: He consents, and the rather, because *Mary the Buxom* is to be married at the same Time. But before that Time they acquaint him with their Design, to recover *Quitteria* for *Basilus*; he approves their Plot, and assures them of his Assistance, which was executed in the following Manner.

Just as the Ceremony was going to be performed, *Carasco* comes in weeping and beating his Breast, tells them, that his dear Friend *Basilus* has run a Sword through his Body, and cannot live three Minutes, nor will be Confess'd till he has spoken to the Bride. At the Persuasions of the Company, *Camacho* suffers him to be brought in: He appears with the Sword above five Inches out at his Back, and bloody; a Friar is with him, who entreats him to confess, but he still refuses, unless *Quitteria* will give her self to him for the little Time he has to live. On the Assurance that he must die the Moment the Sword is pulled out of his Body, *Camacho* suffers their Hands to be joined by the Priest, which is no sooner done, than *Basilus* starts up, and laughing draws the Sword from a Trunk that was artificially placed under his Cloaths. Every Body is amazed at this Trick, but *Camacho* swears he shall not carry her so, and with his Friends is going to force her from him, when Don *Quixote* draws his Sword, and compelling *Sancho* to do the same, they, both assisted by *Carasco* and the Bridegroom, fall on *Camacho* and his Party, and beat them off.

Basilus being now happy in his dear *Quitteria*, and *Carasco* blest in the good Fortune of his Friend, they begin to think of diverting themselves with Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*. *Quitteria* has a young and very beautiful Niece, call'd *Altisidora*, whom they prevail on to counterfeit a most violent Passion for Don *Quixote*; and in the mean Time dress up two Creatures to represent *Dulcinea* and *Merlin*; the former upbraids Don *Quixote*, for not having compell'd
Sancho

Sancho to give himself the three hundred Lashes, in order to disinchant her : The Knight assures her of Obedience, and that his Constancy for her is unshaken ; but this being the Wedding-Day of *Mary the Buxom*, *Sancho* has made himself so very drunk, that his Master thinks it not a fit Time to propose the Stripes. But resolving to leave *Mancha* that Night, with much ado he gets him upon his As, but while he is going to mount *Rosinante* himself, *Lopez* and *Gines de Passimonte*, two of the Thieves he had freed as they were conducting to the Gallies, having ever since lurk'd about the Country in Disguise, set up a great Howl, like that of Dogs ; Don *Quixote* supposing some new Adventure in Hand, runs to discover whence the Noise proceeded : *Lopez* leads him a Dance through Brakes and Briars, while *Gines* takes *Sancho's* As from under him, and puts him aside on some Stakes of Wood he pulls out of a Hedge for that Purpose : *Sancho* all the Time so found asleep, that he feels nothing of the Matter. Don *Quixote* returning, and seeing the strange Metamorphosis of the As, concludes it the Malice of some Inchanter.

Not being able to prosecute his Journey by reason of poor *Sancho's* Debility, he goes with *Carasco*, *Basilus*, *Quitteria*, *Altisidora*, and *Sancho's* Family, to see a Poppet-Show, which being the Story of Don *Gayferos* and *Melifindra*, he soon imagines it a real Event ; and perceiving that his Brother Knight Errant is like to be worsted by the Moors, draws his Sword, and cuts all the Poppets to pieces, and breaks the whole Motion. The Master of the Show being

Gines

Gines de passimonte in Disguise, he knows how to reckon his Loss, so as to make it very Expensive to Don *Quixote*: However, being now convinced of his Error, he pays chearfully what is demanded; and thinks of nothing but persuading *Sancho*, who is now a little more sober, to fulfil the Disinchantment of *Dulcinea*; but *Carasco*, to heighten the Sport, having hinted to *Teresa*, as if the As was gone through the Knight's Connivance; and she communicating these Insinuations to her Husband, he grows into so ill a Humour, that he plainly refuses to obey his Master's Injunction; on which Don *Quixote* offering to beat him, he struggles with him, throws him down, and getting a-stride on him, is going to make him feel the Weight of his Fist, when all the Company come in and catch them in that Posture. The Shame of being overcome by his own Squire, strikes so terrible a Damp to the Heart of Don *Quixote*, that he falls sick immediately, is carried to Bed, where he makes a whimsical Will; and the Author unwilling to turn his Comedy into a Tragedy, concludes without letting us know whether his Disease was of a mortal kind or not.



Æ S O P,

A COMEDY.

By Sir JOHN VANBURGH.

THE Hint of this moral Entertainment was taken from the *French* of Mounſieur *Burfault*, and is highly improved, and modelized by the *English* Author; but the Inſtruction, as well as Diversion of it, conſiſting chiefly in the Fables ſpoken by *Æſop*, to the various Perſons that come to him for Advice, there is little Room for Buſineſs, or Variety of Plot.

Æſop, by his conſummate Wiſdom alone, raiſed himſelf to the higheſt Degree of Favour with King *Cræſus*; but being entirely free from both Ambition and Avarice, he made no other Uſe of it than to gain Permiſſion to travel through the Kingdom, correcting the Errors of the Great, and informing the Judgments of the Ignorant. In his Progreſs he calls at *Syzicus*, where being entertained at the Houſe of *Le-archus* the Governor, he ſeems much pleaſed with the Beauty of *Euphronia*, his Daughter; the Praises he beſtows on her flatter the old Man with a Hope
that

that he will marry her, and therefore charges her to omit nothing which may encourage such an Intention in him. This Lady is much in Love with, and no less beloved, by a young Gentleman, called *Oronces*, and the Thought of exchanging him for a Man so deformed in his Person as *Æsop*, is worse than Death to her.

Æsop, easily perceiving what was the old Man's Ambition, makes a formal Courtship to *Euphronia*, and notwithstanding the Disdain she treats him with, and the Assurance she gives him that her Heart is already disposed of, demands her of her Father: *Learchus* charmed beyond Measure at the Thoughts of being Father in Law to the King's Favourite, enforces her Compliance. She weeps, she begs; but all in Vain: *Oronces* is like a Man bereft of Reason: He goes to *Æsop*, remonstrates the Injustice he does their Loves, but finding his Words ineffectual, challenges him to fight. *Æsop* laughs at his Behaviour, and answers him with a merry Fable. The afflicted Lover has then Recourse to *Learchus*, endeavours to move him by soft Complaints; but the old Man continuing inexorable, the other is so far transported as to draw his Sword, on which the Governor sends him to Prison.

The Hour appointed for the Marriage of *Euphronia* being arrived, *Æsop* appears in the Dress of a Beau, as a Reproach to the Sex for being taken with exterior Ornaments. The Priest being come, and every Thing prepared, *Æsop* desires his Rival may be Witness of his Happiness. *Oronces* on this is released and brought to the Temple. The Marriage Rites begin, and
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when

when the Priest is going to joyn the Hand of *Æsop* with that of *Euphronia*, he steps aside, puts *Oronces* in his Place, and says 'tis he who alone is, and ought to be the real Bridegroom. The Lovers fall on their Knees to *Æsop*, testifying the Sense they have of his unbounded Generosity; he wishes them a long Series of Happiness, but severely chides *Learchus* for his Tyranny over his Child, and the Ambition which occasioned it; nay seems to threaten him with the Loss of his Government, as being a Person unfit to rule a great City, who made so ill an Use of his Power over his own Family; but *Euphronia* solicits his Pardon, and for her Virtues Sake he forgives her Father's Faults. This, with some Cautions to new wedded Couples, by Way of Fable, finishes what this Comedy presents us with of *Æsop*.

FAIR PENITENT, A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

THE Republick of *Genoa* was once happy in a Minister no less eminent for his Services in the Field than Cabinet; but, as distinguish'd Merit is al-

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ways

ways the Mark of Envy to shoot her keenest Arrows at, a powerful Faction, as he grew in Years, was raised against him : Malice, and a Thousand Artifices too numerous to insert, got the better of open Sincerity : This great and good Man was displaced, and his most mortal Enemy put into his Employments. The Crowds which before attended his Levee, now transferred their Homage to his Successor ; but this was an Inconstancy of Fortune he could well have born, had no other Inconvenience but the Loss of Grandeur been the Consequence of his Dismissal from publick Business ; but he had been so far from profiting by his Posts, that he had greatly imbezzled his paternal Estate to support the Dignity of his Character without Prejudice to the Commonwealth ; in fine he was so very poor, that tho' he pass'd the Remainder of his Days in the most private Manner imaginable, he was obliged to go in Debt, even for common Necessaries, and his Corpse being seized after his Death had been denied the Rites of Funeral, had not his only Son, the pious *Altamont*, yielded up himself as a Redemption. *Sciolto* a rich and worthy Nobleman beheld this Act of filial Love with Admiration, and having paid the Sums demanded, began to consider how he might farther recompence such Virtue : He was a Widower, and too far advanced in Years to think of a second Bride-bed : The only Blessing left him of his Marriage-State, was a Daughter of consummate Beauty, and no less admirable Accomplishments ; he had observed *Altamont* had long regarded her with a Lover's Eye, tho' the ill Fortune of his Family would not permit

mit

mit him to declare a Passion for the Heirefs of such immense Possessions. This tender Father, and generous Patron, therefore thought he could not make his beloved Daughter more happy, than by giving her a Husband, such as *Altamont*, nor any where find so worthy an Inheritor of his vast Possessions, as him who had delivered himself up as a Ransom for a Father who was no longer in a Condition to reward, or even to thank such filial Piety. But because he would leave him nothing to wish for in the Possession of *Calista*, he gave to *Horatio*, this noble Youth's dearest Friend, and who had married his Orphan Sister, a Sum of Money to supply the Deficiencies of his narrow Fortune. Such unbounded Favours must needs have their due Effect upon a Soul so grateful as was *Altamont's*; but had he given him Worlds, he had looked upon them all as trifling nothings, when compared to the infinitely more precious Blessing of being the Husband of *Calista*.

Happy would they both have been if her Sentiments had any Way corresponded with her Father's Commands, or her Lover's Hopes; but, unfortunately for them all, she had long since settled her Affections on *Lotbario*, a young Nobleman, and the Son of him who had supplanted the Father of *Altamont*: To him she had yielded up her Heart and Honour, and the Sentence of some horrid and immediate Death had been less shocking to her, than the Thoughts of being married to another.

The chief Characters thus disposed at the Beginning of the Play, admirably prepare, and raise our Expectation

pectation for the Catastrophe ; which is brought on by the following Incidents.

The Day appointed for the Celebration of these unequal Nuptials being arrived, *Altamont*, with Rapture, welcomes the long-wish'd for Morn: *Calista*, with no less Horror sees it dawn upon her: She had with Tears, with Swoonings, with all the Eloquence of Love and Grief importuned *Lothario* to marry her, which he at first evaded, and afterwards plainly refused, and she is now all Fury and Distraction ; yet still retains so much of her former fatal Weakness for him, as to solicit one more Interview, and imagines she shall be more at ease when she has vented the Bitterness of her Soul in Reproaches on him. To this End she sends *Lucilla* her Confident, with a Letter to him: *Horatio*, happening to pass that Way is a little surprized to see the Woman of *Calista* in private Conference with the avowed Enemy of *Altamont*, but much more so, when, *Lothario* having dropped the Letter, as he was putting it hastily into his Pocket, he takes it up and reads the Contents, which fully explain the Love and Dishonour of his Friend's Bride.

Never were the Workings of a great and perfect Friendship more naturally decipher'd than in the various Agitations of *Horatio's* Soul at this Discovery: At first all Fire on the Injustice done to his dear *Altamont's* faithful Passion, then all Ice on the Remembrance that the fair Offender was Daughter to the generous *Sciolto*, to whom they both were so greatly indebted: He could not resolve to wound the Soul of that tender Father with the Knowledge of his Daughter's

ter's Shame; and much less can he break the faithful Heart of *Altamont* with Intelligence so ruinous to his Love and Honour. *Lothario*, the Destroyer of their common Happiness, is alone judged the worthy Victim of his just Revenge: He therefore hastens after him, and having found him, upbraids him with having forged a Letter in *Calista's* Name, and purposely dropping it to throw an Asperision on that Lady's Fame: *Lothario*, insolent by Power, impetuous by Nature, vain of his Conquest over the undone *Calista*, and pleased to triumph over *Altamont*, avows all that has passed between him and the Daughter of *Sciolto*, and declares he will make it so publick in *Genoa*, that her Husband's Dishonour, and her easy yielding shall be the common Topick of Mirth. *Horatio* in this no longer attempts to curb his Indignation, but the Place they were in being improper to take an honourable Satisfaction, they agree to decide the Business the next Morning.

Lothario gone, *Horatio* begins to reflect that before that Time he will see *Calista*, the Appointment made by her in the Letter being before that Hour; to prevent therefore any farther Injury to *Altamont*, he resolves to speak to her, to charge her with her Crime; and, if possible, call back her Soul to Virtue, by setting forth the Unworthiness of him she has so unjustly preferred. An Opportunity of finding her alone most fitly offering, he prosecutes his Design in the most gentle Terms imaginable: But the Haughtiness of her Nature not suffering her to endure the least Rebuke, she answers in such a Manner as obliges him to confute her with her own Hand-writing: She

snatches the Letter from his Hand, tears it in Pieces, and, having thus destroyed all Evidence of her Fault, reproaches him as an Incendiary ; and *Altamont* coming that Moment into the Room, and finding her in this Disorder, she swears tho' the Ceremony of the Church has passed, never to be the Partner of his Bed, till he has abjured all Friendship, all Society with *Horatio* : His partial Fondness of her, and Obligations to *Sciolto*, make him not doubt the Justice of her Rage : He quarrels with *Horatio*, provokes him to fight, and the Combat had perhaps been fatal to one or both of them, had not *Lavinia*, the Wife of *Horatio*, and Sister of *Altamont*, run between their Swords, and obliged them to desist, but is wholly unable to bring them to any Reconciliation. *Altamont* vows never to see *Horatio* more, and that generous Man, struck to the very Soul at the ill Requital his Integrity has received, resolves to leave *Genoa* for ever.

Lothario, at the appointed Hour, is conducted by *Lucilla* to *Calista's* Chamber, where, as she was reproaching his Ingratitude, *Altamont* comes suddenly in, and surprises them ; convinced now of her Guilt, his own Dishonour, and the Wrong he has done his Friend, he fights with *Lothario*, and kills him.

Sciolto is no sooner apprised of this dreadful Event, and the Cause of it, than he goes to stab his Daughter, but is with-held by the still tender and forgiving *Altamont*. In the mean Time *Rossano*, the Friend of *Lothario*, has raised the Populace, and *Sciolto's* House is threatened with Destruction, if the Death of *Lothario* be not revenged ; and meeting *Horatio*, whose Attachment

tachment to *Altamont* is well known, they fall upon him, and had made him the Sacrifice of their Fury, had not *Sciolto's* Servants and Dependants, who by this Time had arm'd themselves, rush'd forth and preserved him. *Altamont* mourns the Injustice he has done so true a Friend, asks, and receives from him Pardon; but *Sciolto* going out soon after, in order to appease the People, is slain by some of *Lothario's* Party; which when *Calista* hears she stabs herself, having first testified a sincere Repentance for her Crime. The Wealth of *Sciolto* is by his last Breath bequeathed between *Altamont* and *Horatio*; but whether the former is in a Condition to enjoy his Part, the Author has not inform'd us, his Spirits being sunk by these Misfortunes, so as to leave us dubious of his Recovery from a Swoon, in which he is carried off; and which ends the last Scene of a Play too touching for an Audience, not wholly divested of Humanity, to be Spectators of, without, in some Measure, sympathizing with the represented Woes.



FATAL MARRIAGE,

O R,

Innocent Adultery;

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SOUTHERN.

THERE are two different Plots in this Play, the one serious, the other Comic; but because they have not the least Connection with each other, I shall give the History of both apart; and first for the Tragedy.

Biron, the eldest Son of a Nobleman of *Brussels*, called *Baldwin*, being passionately in Love with, and beloved by *Isabella*, a young Recluse, had at length found Means to steal her from the Monastery: They were married, and in some Time after obtain'd Forgiveness from the Church; but her whole Fortune being settled on the Nunnery, *Baldwin* was incensed beyond a Pardon, and to separate his Son, and if possible divide his Affections also from a Woman whom

whom he had an implacable Aversion to, he obliged him to go to the Siege of *Candy*, where being taken Prisoner, he remained in Slavery the Space of seven Years. He frequently wrote to his Father, entreating his Forgiveness and Redemption; but a Report having been spread of his Death, *Carlos* his younger Brother intercepted all Letters that came from him, and answered them himself, that their Father would do nothing for him, in Hope that the Thoughts of such Barbarity in a Parent might indeed put an End to his Life, and he remain sole Heir of Count *Baldwin's* Title and Estate. *Biron* had a Son by *Isabella*, but this unnatural Brother still took Care to fill his Father's Ears with such Investives against the unhappy Mother, that for her Sake he resolved the Child should have no Advantage from his Birth.

That unhappy Lady was all this Time driven to the utmost Straits, even for the common Necessaries of Life: She had wearied out her own Friends, and was at last compelled to seek Relief from the old Count; but that inexorable Man, looking on her with double Aversion since the supposed Death of his Son, thrust her out of Doors, and turned away his Porter, and an old Woman, who had been Nurse to *Biron*, for no other Fault than having given her Admittance. As this Misfortune was fallen on them on her Account, the pitying Heart of *Isabella* would not suffer her to refuse them Part of the little she was Mistress of; so that her Family, and her Wants encreasing, she was on the Brink of being carried to Prison by her merciless Creditors, when *Villeroy*, a Gentleman of

Rank and Fortune, who long had solicited her Love on the most honourable Terms, stood in the Gap between her and Ruin : He entirely discharged all her Debts, made her again Mistress of her Liberty and Goods, of both which these inhuman Wretches were going to deprive her ; and knowing the Delicacy of her Soul, conferred this Favour without the least Mention of his Love, or Hope of a Reward.

This generous Action was not without its Effect, tho' she could not love any living Man as she did *Biron* dead : She highly esteemed the Friendship of *Villeroy*, and almost wish'd she could present him with a Heart he was so worthy of : *Carlos*, who all this while had pretended Friendship to her, that he might with the more Facility betray, and ruin her, represented the Behaviour of *Villeroy* in the most advantageous Colours : The old Nurse remonstrated the helpless Condition of herself and little Son, the Miseries to which they would be again reduced ; and that the only Way Heaven pointed out for their Deliverance was in giving him a Father, and herself a Husband. These Arguments which had so much the Appearance of Reason, joined with her own grateful Sense of the Bounty of *Villeroy*, made her at length yield to marry him, tho' at the same Time she owned that her more tender Sentiments were all deceased with *Biron*. He rejoiced in the Condescension on any Terms, and doubting not but his Love and Constancy would in Time gain an equal Return from her, they were married the same Evening, and the next Day the Wedding made publick.

Unhappy

Unhappy Expedition! had *Isabella*, to her seven long Years of mournful Widowhood added but one Day more, she had received an ample Consolation for her Sufferings; but having been guilty of a known Crime, in marrying *Biron*, she was now to be punish'd by committing another which she knew not of.

Biron, by unexpected Means released from his Captivity returns; the Sight of him turns *Isabella's* Brain, in her Starts of Passion she attempts first on her own Life, then on his; but utters nothing that can inform him of the Cause. His old Nurse, however, relates the Story to him, on which he resolves to die; but first writes a Letter to his Father, upbraiding him, for he suspected not his Brother, for concealing from *Isabella* that he still lived.

Carlos had immediate News of his Arrival, and well knowing that if he saw their Father, all his Treachery in intercepting his Letters, and persuading *Isabella* to marry, would be reveal'd, resolves to murder him: To this End, having provided three Ruffians to assist him in the Deed, he goes disguised to the House of *Isabella*, and asks to speak with *Biron*, who coming to him, he finds a Pretence to draw him to the Street, where they all set upon him; in that Instant *Villeroy*, who has all this while been absent on some Business, comes home, attended by several Servants; and seeing this unequal Combat, takes the weaker Side; *Carlos* and two of the Ruffians escape, but the Third is secured by *Villeroy*, while his Servants lead *Biron*, who is mortally wounded, into the House.

Villeroy,

Villeroy, little suspicious of what had happened, runs immediately to his dear *Isabella*, whom he finds just ready to plunge a Dagger into her Breast: He prevents her, but becomes little less distracted than her self at her Behaviour: *Biron* soon follows him into the Room, and not having had an Opportunity to send the Letter, before mention'd, to his Father, entreats *Villeroy* to deliver it, and expires the Moment after.

Villeroy sends for Count *Baldwin*, who presently comes, with *Carlos* and several Friends: They accuse *Villeroy* of the Murder, but he is clear'd by the Russian, whom he seized, and being put to the Rack, confesses he was hired by *Carlos*, to do the dreadful Deed, and that he was with them, and assisted in the Perpetration of it. *Villeroy* then gives the Letter to *Baldwin*, which also lets him see how that unnatural Monster knew and conceal'd his Brother's Slavery: Detected in his Guilt he attempts not to deny it, and is carried to Prison, there to wait the Sentence of the Law.

Isabella's Frenzy growing stronger on her, she stabs her self; *Villeroy* stands in need of all his Religion and Philosophy, to keep him from taking the same violent Course to follow her to another World; and Count *Baldwin*, full of Remorse for his Cruelty to *Isabella* and *Biron*, transfers all that Stock of Tenderness he should have blest'd them with, to their Orphan Son, who, warned by the Example of his Parents Fate, 'tis to be hop'd, avoided the Errors which drew on their Misfortunes; for, besides the general Moral of this Story, which is very excellent,
there

there are others couch'd in every particular Character, no less worthy of Observation, and answerable to the Intent of Tragedy.

But I come now to the Comedy.

An old Man, named *Fernando*, is married to a young Wife, a Lover of Pleasure, but such only as is innocent: His Jealousy, however, permits her to enjoy none, nor ever lets her go out of Doors without him: He has a Son call'd *Fabian*, and a Daughter *Victoria*, by a former Marriage; but he will neither allow the one a Sufficiency to live like a Gentleman, nor provide a Husband for the other, for fear of being obliged to give her a Fortune. This ill Usage of his Family, makes them all join in Plots to deceive and persecute him. *Julia* his Wife encourages the Gallantries of *Carlos*, meerly to give him Pain; and *Fabian* brings *Frederick*, who is his Sister's Lover, every Day to the House; on which *Fernando* turns him out of Doors, and vows to disinherit him. *Frederick*, having now no Means to come at *Victoria*, writes a Letter to her, persuading her to run away with him, and promising to be under her Window at Night, with a Ladder of Ropes for that Purpose; but not being able to find any way of getting it deliver'd, his Man *Jaquelin* has the following Stratagem: They see *Fernando* coming down the Street; on which *Frederick* runs to him, pretends to whisper him about a Mortgage, while *Jaquelin* pins the Letter on his Back. The old Man goes directly home, and *Victoria* takes off the Paper: She is charm'd with the Contrivance of her Lover, and resolves to be punctual to the Assignment.

Fabian

Fabian in the mean Time procures a Fryar's Habit, and pretends to have taken a Religious Order, on which, his Father believing he will now have no occasion for any Money, is reconciled to him, and permits him to come to his House, by which Means he hopes to be Instrumental in making him a Cuckold, and also forwarding his Sister's Escape.

At the appointed Hour *Victoria* dresses her self in Men's Cloaths, and having slipt a Night-Gown carelessly over them, comes into the Balcony. *Frederick* and *Jaquelin* are below with the Ladder of Ropes, which having thrown up to her, she is about to descend, when her Father, thinking he hears a Noise, steals softly behind her, arm'd with a Blunderbuss, pushes her from the Balcony, and comes down in her Stead. As *Frederick* is about to receive his supposed Mistress, the old Man presents the Blunderbuss, but is soon disarmed by the disappointed Lover, on which the other is going in to raise his Servants; *Victoria* this while opens the Street Door, and is coming out in her Man's Cloaths: *Fernando* meets her, and taking her for a Thief, or one that has a Design upon his Wife, cries out Thieves and Fire. *Victoria* runs to *Frederick*, and begs his Protection, without discovering her self, he grants it, and they make their Escape before *Fernando* can get any Assistance. The young Lady diverts her self with trying the Love and Constancy of *Frederick*, by railing against her self, and finding him such as she wishes, consents to marry him as soon as she shall see the Success of a Plot her Brother has in Hand for their common Advantage.

Fabian

Fabian being a distant Relation of *Villeroy's*, prevails on him to invite their whole Family to his Wedding: *Fernando* is not so out of Humour at the Loss of his Daughter, since he has got rid of her without parting from his Money, as to refuse going: *Victoria* is also there in her Man's Cloaths, and teazes her Father, by seeming very sweet upon his Wife; but the main Drift of their Design is this; they give the old Man a sleeping Draught, which is to keep his Senses, as it were enchanted, for the Space of twenty-four Hours: As soon as it has taken Effect, they put him into a Tomb in the Monastery, and all the Time beat him most unmercifully, and *Jaquelin*, with several others in the Shape of Furies, torment him as he is between sleeping and waking, making him believe he is in Purgatory; and that the Cruelties they inflict on him are the Punishments for his Jealousy of his Wife, and Covetousness to his Children. When the Draught has near ended its Operation, the same Persons change their Habits, and appear like Fryars in a Procession praying for his Soul. He is strangely amazed and frightened on his waking, to find himself in a Tomb and Winding Sheet, and having some Remembrance of what he has suffered, believes he has really been dead: The pretended Fryars assure him of it, and that it is the Piety of his Family, and their generous paying for great Number of Prayers to be said over him, that has redeemed his Soul from Purgatory. On which he becomes a new Man, and promises his Wife all the Liberty she can desire; settles half his Estate on *Fabian*, and gives *Victoria* a handsome Fortune. Which

Conver-

Conversion, with the whimsical Manner of bringing it about, is highly agreeable to those who think the chief Merit of a Play is to excite Laughter.

H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK;

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

HAMLET King of *Denmark*, thought himself less happy in the Possession of a great Kingdom, than a beautiful Wife, named *Gertrude*: The Histories of those Times make mention, that he did nothing without consulting her, and that his Love encreasing with his Years, arrived at length to such a Degree of Fondness, as might almost be term'd Dotage. The Returns she made were equal in Appearance, but in Reality such as are shocking to Imagination, a Queen could have been guilty of: She first yielded up her Honour to *Claudius*, the Brother of her Husband, but more inferior to him in Personal Qualities than he was in Dignity; and, a very few Days after the Death of *Hamlet*, married,
and

and had him Crown'd King in Prejudice of her own Son, young *Hamlet*. Whether she was privy to the Murder of her Husband, is uncertain; but all Accounts agree, that he was poison'd by *Claudius*, with the Juice of *Hebony* being poured into his Ears, as he lay sleeping in an Arbour; and her Behaviour, both before and after this unnatural Action, gives but too much Room to suspect she had a Hand in it.

Prince *Hamlet*, tho' far from guessing the foul Play offer'd to his Father, beheld his Mother's Marriage with Horror and Amazement; fain would he have retired from Court, and return'd to his Studies at *Wittenberg*, but the Queen's positive Commands detain'd him; and believing the Discontent he labour'd under proceeded from being put by his Succession, she endeavoured to dissipate it, by Assurance that he should Reign after *Claudius*.

The Play begins with the Surprize some Gentlemen upon Guard are in, at the Sight of an Apparition, on the Platform, arm'd Cap-a-pee, as the deceas'd King was wont to be, when going to Battle: This they communicate to *Horatio*, the most intimate of *Hamlet's* Friends, who unwilling to give too much Credit to such Reports, will not be convinc'd but by the Testimony of his own Eyes: To that End he accompanies those who watch'd the next Night, and beholding the same awful Form they had describ'd, exactly resembling that of the Royal *Dane*, was struck with the utmost Consternation: He had however, Courage and Presence enough of Mind, to adjure it to reveal the Cause of its appearing; but it making no Answer, he acquainted Prince *Hamlet* with

with what he had seen. All that could be felt by a dutiful and loving Son, on such an Occasion, was experienced by this young Prince; and flattering himself that the Ghost would reveal to him somewhat that might be improper to be made known to others, he goes with *Horatio* to the Platform; where, as the Clock struck Twelve, the amazing Fantom appears before his Eyes, and on his speaking, beckons him to follow: He obeys, and being come to a fit Distance from being overheard, the Tremendous Shade relates at full the Story of his Fate, and urges him to Revenge; which *Hamlet* promising, it vanishes away.

To conceal the true Cause of the Horror of his Mind, after this Event, he counterfeits a Frenzy: The King and Queen send for *Roseneraus* and *Guldenstern*, two of his Fellow Students, to divert his Melancholy, and if possible, sift out the Occasion. *Polonius*, the King's Chamberlain, will needs have it proceed from Love for his Daughter *Ophelia*, whom for a long Time that Prince had address'd in the most tender Terms; but *Claudius* suspected a very different Reason; and was more confirmed in his Conjectures when *Hamlet* bespoke a Play to be performed at Court, in which, the Murder of a King by his own Brother was represented. The Disorder *Claudius* appeared in at this Performance, assured *Hamlet* that the Spirit had not deceived him; and *Claudius* on the other Hand had no Room left to doubt if *Hamlet* was not but too jealous of his Father's Fate.

There

Therefore to remove the Dangers which threaten'd him from this young Prince's Resentment, he resolves to make him away ; but because he thought it impossible to procure the Queen's Consent to the Death of her only Son, he contrives to send him to *England*, attended by *Roseneraus* and *Guildestern*, under Colour of demanding a Tribute, at that Time paid to the *Danish* Crown, but in Reality to have him slain at his Arrival.

Hamlet prepares for his Departure ; but before his Voyage, being alone with his Mother in her Closet, he kills *Polonius*, who had placed himself behind the *Arras*, to overhear their Discourse : This Action furnishes the King with a new Pretence for obliging him to quit *Denmark* ; he embarks with all possible Expedition ; but imagining there were other Reasons for his being sent away, than those of which he was appriz'd, he steals the Commissions, given to *Roseneraus* and *Guildestern*, and having opened them, discovers the Plot laid against his Life ; on which, he writes two others, Exacting from *England*, to put the Bearers to immediate Death, and lays them in the Place from which he had taken the former.

The Ship was soon after chased by a Pirate, and being slow of Sail, they chose rather to trust to Courage than Flight. In the Grapple *Hamlet* boarded the Pirate, and the same Instant the *Danish* Vessel getting clear, made off, and he alone remained Prisoner : On his declaring who he was, and promising to obtain their Pardon, they set him on Shoar at *Denmark*.

While

While this Adventure befel *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, betwixt Grief for her Father's Death, and Horror that he fell by that Hand which she once hoped would have been joined with hers in Marriage, falls mad, and soon after drowns her self. *Laertes* her Brother, returns from his Travels, and vows Revenge for these untimely Deaths: *Hamlet* arrives at *Elfinour* the Moment of the Funeral Obsequies of *Ophelia*, and jumping into the Grave to lament her Fate, has a Quarrel with *Laertes*; but the King, Queen, and whole Court being present, they were soon parted.

After this, the King makes a Property of *Laertes*'s unsatisfied Revenge, to glut his own Hate on *Hamlet*, and having worked him to his Purpose, *Laertes* seems reconciled, and challenges the Prince to play a Bout at Foils, which the other accepting, *Laertes* fights with an envenomed Weapon, wounds *Hamlet*, and in the Scuffle changing Rapiers, *Hamlet* returns the Hurt, and *Laertes* dies by his own Treachery: The King in the mean Time having prepared a poisoned Bowl for *Hamlet*, in Case *Laertes* should fail hitting him, the Queen chances to drink of it, and dies immediately. *Hamlet* apprised by the last Words of *Laertes*, how these Things came to pass, stabs the King with the same Sword by which himself and the Son of *Polonius* had received their Deaths; and of the chief Characters only *Horatio* remains alive to mourn the sad Event.

HENRY

HENRY the Fourth,

The FIRST PART;

With the

LIFE and DEATH

O F

HENRY, Surnam'd HOTSPUR;

An Historical PLAY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

HENRY the Fourth having obtain'd the Crown by the Assistance of the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Worcester*; those ambitious Lords thought that Service as never to be sufficiently recompenced, and were continually repining, though the King scarce ever denied any Thing they asked. Their Arrogance at last arrived at such a Height, that
Henry

Henry Piercy, otherwise called *Hotspur*, Son to *Northumberland*, having been Victorious over the *Scots* in the Battle of *Holmedon*, refused to deliver up his Prisoners, till the King had ransom'd *Mortimer*, who a little Time before had been taken by the *Welsh* Rebels. King *Henry* could not be prevailed upon to grant this; but in Justification of his Refusal, alledges, That he has good Reason to believe *Mortimer* betrayed his Party to *Glendower*, the Head of the *Welsh*, whose Daughter he had married, and that he was no more than a voluntary Prisoner. Whether this was Fact or not, we are pretty much in the Dark; it was, however, a plausible Pretence for the King, to keep at distance from Court a Nobleman whose Presence he feared; because the deposed King *Richard*, at his Death, had declared that he, *Mortimer*, was next in Blood to the Crown.

This Refusal of the King's, joined to their own Ambition, makes the Lords resolve to take up Arms: They enter into a League with *Douglas*, the valiant Scot, and antient Enemy of *England*; and to link the Band of Friendship more closely, release all the Prisoners taken at *Holmedon*, among whom were *Mordake*, Earl of *Fife*, the eldest Son of *Douglas*, the Earls of *Athol*, *Murray*, *Angus* and *Menteith*; and having drawn the Archbishop of *York*, Sir *Richard Vernon*, and many others of the Nobility and Gentry into the Conspiracy, they all repair to *Wales*, where, with *Glendower* and *Mortimer*, they muster all the Forces in their Power. Believing themselves secure of Conquest, to prevent all future Broils among themselves, they divide *England* into three equal

Parts; and the *Tripartite* Monarchy, after King *Henry's* Overthrow, is to be Ruled by *Glendower*, *Mortimer*, and *Hotspur*.

The King received Intelligence of these Preparations with an infinite Concern, and the more so, because his eldest Son *Henry*, Prince of *Wales*, instead of any way assisting him by Counsel or Action, past his whole Time among Companions far unworthy of a Prince, or even an honest Man. Sir *John Falstaff*, the most debauched and dissolute Man of the Age, even *Poins*, *Godsbill*, *Peto*, and *Bardolph*, Wretches who had no other Dependance than Robbery, were of the Number of those with whom this young unthinking Heir of Empire, chose to laugh away his Hours, rather than attend to the serious Business of the State: Nothing therefore from him was to be expected, nothing to be hoped; but Appearances frequently deceive us, and sometimes by being seemingly against our Wishes, add to our Satisfaction, by presenting us with a Blessing we thought farthest off. Buried, as he seemed, in Pleasures of the worst Sort, the Seeds of Glory, Humanity, and every Princely Virtue, were deeply implanted in this young Hero's Breast: The great Fame *Hotspur* had acquired in Arms, raised in him a generous Emulation; and the Rebellion he now headed against his King and Father, fired him with an equal Indignation and Disdain: He longed to pluck the Trophies of Honour from his tainted Brow, and prove, that *Henry Plantaganet*, whenever he pleased to exert himself, knew how to triumph every Way over *Henry Percy*. To this End he falls at the King's Feet, and begs the Command of
the

the Army raised to oppose the Rebels ; but that prudent Monarch, who could conceive but little Hopes from his past Behaviour, thought it not proper to entrust so great a Charge to any but himself ; he gave him, however, the next Post to himself, and having sent *John of Lancaster*, his younger Son, the Earl of *Westmoreland*, and a great Number of the Nobility before, set forth himself, with the Prince of *Wales*, to meet the Rebels, and made *Shrewsbury* the Field of Battle.

Hotspur, *Worcester*, and *Douglas*, were equally on Fire to receive them, though the same Messenger that brought Intelligence of the King's Approach, informed them also, that *Glendower* could not bring up his Forces within fourteen Days, and that the Earl of *Northumberland* was prevented from joining them, by a sudden and most violent Indisposition, which confined him to his Bed : Two such Misfortunes might have damped the fiercest Courage, yet did they continue resolute to die or conquer.

King *Henry*, willing, if possible, to reclaim them by gentle Means, sent to speak with *Worcester*, and as a Security for his safe Return, *Westmoreland* was left Hostage. After having, in mild Terms, reprimanded this Earl for instigating his Nephew to Rebellion, he offers free Mercy to them all, provided they return to their Duty, and threatens the utmost Severity if they provoke him once to draw the Sword of Justice. *Worcester* departs from the Royal Presence, and *Westmoreland* is returned ; but believing that if they should lay down Arms, the King would never be brought sincerely to forgive him, he conceals from

Hotspur the proffer'd Clemency; and carries to him only Threatnings and Revilings: On which, the impatient Youth orders the Signal of Battle to be given, and both Armies engage with equal Fury: For the Preservation of the King, several Noblemen and others take the Field, in all Things accoutred like him, and fall Victims to the destroying Swords of *Hotspur* and *Douglas*; among whom was the Earl of *Stafford*, and Sir *Walter Blunt*: At last the real King *Henry* and *Hotspur* met Hand to Hand; the Combat seems equal for some Time, but the Youth and Vigour of the latter at length gains Advantage, and the King finds himself hardly prest; when the Prince of *Wales* flies to his Assistance, and the King retreating, leaves him to try his Force with *Piercy*; after several Passes on both Sides, the juster Cause is Crown'd with Victory, and *Hotspur* is compell'd to yield all his Laurels with his Life, to the more prevailing Arm of *Henry Plantagenet*.

Sir *John Falstaff*, who had attended the Prince of *Wales* in this Expedition, finding *Hotspur* dead, takes him on his Back, and pretends to have slain him, which occasions some Diversion among the Officers, who know the Cowardice of this old fat Knight; but a particular Account of this, or any other of the Comick Scenes, would be but tiresome in Description, though extremely agreeable in the Representation; I shall therefore omit any Account of them, being no way necessary to the Business of the Play.

Douglas, Worcester, and Vernon were taken Prisoners: The former by the Generosity of the Prince of *Wales* was released without Ransom; but *Worcester* and *Vernon* shared a different Fate; they having deceived the gallant *Peirce* in the Message of the King, and by that Means occasioned his Death, and that of so many other brave Men, were ordered to immediate Execution.

This Victory, with the Orders given for the Removal of the Army to fall on *Glendower*, and *Northumberland*, who was now recovered, and in Arms, is all our excellent Author thinks fit to present us with at this Time.

HENRY the Eighth,

An Historical PLAY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

THE Ascendant Cardinal *Wolsey* gained over his Prince, King *Henry* the eighth, is well known, as also the Means by which he acquired it; but the Motives of his sudden Fall from that Height of Grandeur he had for a long Series of Time enjoyed, compose the Subject of this Play.

King

King *Henry* had been twenty Years the Husband of Queen *Catherine*: He was a Prince exceeding amorous, but naturally inconstant: She grew advanced in Years, and his Love for her decreased in Proportion; but that, which created in him an entire Disgust, was a new Passion he had conceived for *Anna Bullen*, one of her Maids of Honour: For this young Beauty he languished with the most violent Desires, and finding no Hopes of obtaining her, but on honourable Terms, he resolves to part from *Catherine*, and make this Charmer his, tho' by the Ruin of the best of Women and of Wives. Having no Blame to lay on her Conduct, he pretends a Scruple of Conscience, she having before been married to his Brother, Prince *Arthur*, tho' to his own Knowledge, and the Belief of all the World unenjoyed by him. *Wolsey* is the Person he consults on this Affair, who having a Spleen to her, because her Nephew, the Emperor, had refused him the Archbishoprick of *Toledo*, omits nothing that may strengthen him in his Resolution of being divorced from her; and to that End sends to the *Pope*. Cardinal *Campeius* is forthwith dispatched from *Rome*, and joined in Commission with *Wolsey*, to search into this Business: The Queen refuses to be judged by their Tribunal, and appeals to the *Pope* himself: Cardinal *Campeius* is obliged to return without doing any Thing of the Business he came about, nor dares *Wolsey* of himself pronounce the Marriage null, it having before been approved by the whole Consistory. The King is enraged at this Delay, and resolving to be rid of his unhappy Queen, renounces the *Pope's* Supremacy, proclaims himself Head of the Church, and

thro' *Cranmer's* Means, then Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, obtains a Certificate from the Collegiate Churches to prove his Marriage unlawful: That done, divorces himself immediately, and marries *Anna Bullen*.

The Pride of *Wolsey* is stung to the Quick to find the King has ventured to proceed thus far, and well foresees the entire Downfall of Church Government in the Promotion of *Cranmer*, who had ever opposed the exorbitant Power of the Clergy; but he apprehended not that his own Ruin was so near; he had wrote Letters to the *Pope*, advising his Holiness not to be too hasty in dispatching the King's Affair: These were intercepted, and to add to the Royal Displeasure, a Schedule of the Immenſe Riches he had amassed together, being put by some Accident among some Papers he gave the King, convinced his Majesty that he had not been so disinterested a Servant as he had pretended: He therefore complies with the Request which had often been made by both Lords and Commons, suffers him to be impeached, brought to a Trial, and all his Goods confiscated; the Grief of which soon after broke his Heart.

Queen *Catherine* pityed his Fate, tho' he had been the first Cause of her Misfortunes, but died soon after worn out with Cares and Trouble: The Impeachment and Execution of the great Duke of *Buckingham* make also some Scenes in this Play; but they are rather introduced to shew the excessive Power and Influence of *Wolsey* in those Days, than for any Connection they have with the main Business, which concludes with the Birth of a Princess by *Anna Bullen*,
whom

whom they baptized by the Name of *Elizabeth*, and was afterwards one of the most glorious of our *English* Sovereigns.

JANE SHORE,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

AFTER the Death of *Edward* the fourth, his Brother *Richard*, Duke of *Glocester*, was unanimously chosen Lord Protector during the Minority of the young King; but this cruel and ambitious Man had further Views, and aiming at the Crown for himself, raised a formidable Party both among the Lords and Commons, who were ready to abet any Design he should take in Hand: In the first place he caused Scruples to be raised concerning the Lawfulness of the late King's Marriage, and endeavoured to prove that having before been contracted to Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, the Children born of her, whom he had afterward made Queen, could have no Right to reign; and then found one Pretence or other to take off, either by Death or Banishment, all who were any Way attached to the Queen's Interest.

Lord *Hastings* was the only remaining Person, of whose Regard for the Memory of *Edward*, Loyalty to his young Successor, and great Power, the Protector stood in Awe: His Brain was labouring for Means either to bring him into his Designs, or to prevent his being of any Prejudice to them, when the unhappy Woman, whose Story is the main Subject of this Tragedy, innocently assisted his Wishes.

She had been the favourite Mistress of *Edward* the fourth, and by his lavish Love endowed with great Possessions; but was stripped of the greatest Part after his Death, by Order of the Lord Protector, and would perhaps have been deprived of all, if *Hastings*, who was passionately in Love with her, had not been an Advocate for her.

Never Woman was more address'd, more solicited, more worshipped than *Jane Shore* in her Days of Prosperity; but the Scene is now chang'd, the Homage of the Croud ceases with her Power of obliging; and even those of the better Sort, who were not shocked at her Crimes, fly from her Poverty as from a Pestilence: Among the Multitude of her Female Friends, *Alicia*, a young Lady of Quality and Fortune, was all that now remained; and of the Men, as those of such as had no other Views than to do her Service, there was only *Bellmour*, a neighbouring Gentleman, who had been a long and intimate Acquaintance of her Husband's.

The Death of *Edward*, the Misfortunes which ensued, and the Experience of the Vanity of Grandeur made her Look into herself, examine her past Conduct with impartial Eyes, and become a real Penitent.

nitent. Her Return to Piety and Virtue was very much strengthened by the Conversation of the worthy *Bellmour*; but much more so by the respectful Remonstrances of a Person he had introduced into her Service under the Name of *Dumount*, but was in Reality her Husband, Mr. *Shore*, whom she thought dead, and had been buried at *Antwerp*. But that indulgent Man, whose Tenderness for her still lived, caused that Report to be spread, the better to conceal himself, and be the more able to serve and protect her in any Exigence: He had not been long in her Family before an Occasion offered, wherein his Assistance was necessary. Lord *Hastings* presuming on the Service he had done her with the Protector, demanded her Love as the Recompence, which she assuring him she could never grant, he offers to enjoy her by Violence, and is forcing her into her Chamber when the supposed *Dumount* rushes forth to her Deliverance, fights with *Hastings* and disarms him; on which the disappointed Nobleman quits her House in a Rage, and vows Revenge.

This Accident makes *Dumount* and *Bellmour* advise her to rely no longer on his Intercession, but to present a Petition herself to the Protector; which she resolves to do the next Day; but before that Time *Hastings* made appear he had not terrified her with idle Threats; for on a Complaint of his, *Dumount* was seized by Officers and carried to Prison.

Jane Shore bewails, as it deserved, the Misfortune fallen on so faithful a Servant, meerly for the Rescue he had given her; but this seemed as it were but the Beginning of her Woes, and she soon after found that

there was scarce an Ill in the Power of Fate with which she was not to be afflicted.

Alicia has been long the Mistress of *Hastings*, and finding herself of late neglected for the untasted Charms of *Shore*, all the good Will she before had born to that unhappy Woman, is now converted into the extremest Envy and Detestation : Nor is it at all to be wondered at that she, who to gratify her Love had been forgetful of all she owed to her high Birth, her Virtue, and her Reputation, should be, in such a Juncture, forgetful also of the Promises she had made of an everlasting Friendship ; but concealing her Resentment, that she might the more easily fulfil whatever it should dictate for the Ruin of her Rival, she visited her as before, and joined with *Bellmour* in advising her to address the Protector.

Jane Shore, little suspicious of this new Enemy, puts her Jewels, and whatever else she had of Value, into her Custody, believing that if the Hand of Power should seize on all besides, she should never want a safe Asylum in this Lady's Friendship. Having prepared her Petition she shews it to her, and the cruel Creature having before wrote a Letter to the Protector, suggesting to him that *Hastings* was refractory to his Designs, meerly to oblige Mrs. *Shore*, exchanges the Papers, and the poor deceived Petitioner presents with her own Hand the Accusation against herself.

Richard, on reading the Contents, is strangely surprized : He easily believed she that gave the Paper was wholly unacquainted with the Nature of them, and not doubting but it came, by whatever Means
they

they contrived to send it him by that Conveyance, from some Person who wished well to his Projects, resolved to take the Hint, and make Trial of Lord *Hastings's* Humour; but that Nobleman, however blameable in his private Conduct, shewed on this Occasion the most unshaken Loyalty and stedfast Honour, and grew so warm on the Occasion, that the Duke, who was the most artful Man of his Time, was obliged to retract his Efforts, and pretend all he had said was but to sound his Inclinations. He then sends for *Jane Shore*, communicates to her plainly the Intention he has to make himself King, tells her that he is no stranger to the Power she has over Lord *Hastings*, and commands her to exert it for his Interest. This Injunction she is so far from even seeming to comply with, that in his Presence she invokes Heaven to bless the Children of King *Edward*; on which he orders her to be turn'd into the Street, and a Proclamation to be published, making it Death for any to relieve her.

Being now resolute to ascend the Throne, and having got a Majority of the Council, he accuses *Hastings* of having practised, in Combination with the Queen and *Jane Shore*, certain Spells and Enchantments, by which his Arm is withered; all the Lords, tho' they well knew it had been so from his Birth, readily assent to his Judgment, and *Hastings* is put under a Guard, and a Command given for his Execution the same Hour. As he is going to Death, *Alicia* meets him, and not doubting but this Fate is fallen on him through the Paper she caused *Jane Shore* to put into the Protector's Hand, is stung

with so poynant a Remorse, that it distracts her Brain, and she soon after falls into the most raving Madness. *Jane Shore*, in her Distress comes to her House for Relief, but is denied it, and having wandered for three Days without either Repose or Food, at last lies down in a Street, which from her Death is since called *Shoreditch*.

Bellmour in the mean Time having procured Mr. *Shore* his Liberty, and acquainted him with the Calamity fallen on his Wife, that affectionate Husband comes with him to comfort her ; he now has thrown off his Disguise, and she has the Consolation of knowing him, and receiving an entire Forgiveness from him before she dies. Perceiving her faint he offers her some Cordial, on which *Catesby*, a Creature of the Protector's, and the Guard appointed to watch that none relieved her, approach and seize on him and *Bellmour*, as Traitors to the State, because contrary to the Proclamation they had presumed to administer Relief to her : She expires almost the same Moment, and they are carried to Prison ; which makes the last Scene of this affecting Representation.



JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the Death of *Pompey*, the Ambition of *Julius Cæsar*, in assuming a Kind of Regal Authority over the People of *Rome*, occasioned a Conspiracy to be formed against his Life as the only Means to preserve that Liberty, which had made the Name of *Rome* so famous: *Cassius*, *Metellus Cimber*, *Trebonius*, *Decius*, *Cinna*, *Caesar*, and *Cajus Ligarius* were the Chief concern'd in it; but tho' they all were brave and resolute Spirits, they could not agree on the Manner how the Enterprize should be accomplish'd, till *Brutus* joined in the Design, and by the Sanction of his Name and Virtues gave it a double Life and Vigour. The Love he bore to *Cæsar* rendred him unwilling to undertake any Thing against him; but when all other Considerations at length had yielded to the Good of his Country, he is no sooner determin'd, than he goes about the immediate Execution.

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To this End all the Faction are appointed to meet at Midnight in his Garden, and the succeeding Day is fixed for the Death of *Cæsar*, when he was to go to the Capitol on the publick Business. Fix'd as they were, however, and steady in their Purpose, Fortune, or Fate, or something, for which we want a Name, had like to have delayed the so ardently wish'd Effect: Strange Prodigies had all this Night been seen both in the Heavens and on Earth: Fire seemed to rain from above, and shrieking Ghosts ascended from below, and filled the Streets of *Rome* with Horror and Amaze: The Augurs in the Morning Sacrifice drew only sad and inauspicious Omens from the Bowels of the Victims: *Calphurnia*, the Wife of *Cæsar*, dream'd he lay dead and bleeding in her Arms: The Soothsayers had long bid him beware the Ides of *March*, of which that Day was the first: *Artemidorus*, a Man famous for his Predictions, stood in his Way, and would have prevented his Passing to the Capitol; a thousand Warnings conspired to make him think that some impending Danger threatned him. Great as his Courage was, he felt Alarms, which more than once had half determined him to put off the Meeting of the Senate till another Day; but the Faction remonstrating how weak it would appear in him to be swayed by Dreams and Omens, he grew ashamed of his Timidity; and in Spite of *Calphurnia's* Tears, and the Entreaties of those who loved him, he sets forward to the Capitol, where he was no sooner seated than *Metellus Cimber* going toward him, as to present a Petition, plunged a Dagger in his Breast, and was in the same Moment followed

followed by all the other Conspirators, so that he fell oppressed with Six and thirty Wounds.

The Amazement not only of the Senate, in whose Presence this Deed was done, but of all *Rome*, was inexpressible: *Antonius* the most intimate of *Cæsar's* Friends expected to have shared his Fate; but *Brutus* presently dissipated his Fears, and let him know, that as nothing but Rescuing *Rome* from Tyranny could have made him consent to *Cæsar's* Death, so that accomplished, there was no more to be done than to lament him dead, whose Ambition was too dangerous to be permitted Life: *Antonius* on this desires Permission to pay the Funeral Duties over his Body, which in *Rome* was to Harangue the Populace on the Virtues of the Deceased; *Cassius* opposed his Request, but *Brutus* granted it on Condition that he should utter nothing in Condemnation of their Behaviour in this Action; which *Antonius* promising, they all adjourn to the Market-Place, where the Populace being assembled, *Brutus* first mounts the *Rostra*, or Pulpit, and acquaints them with the Motives that drew on *Cæsar's* Fate; then having received a general Approbation by loud Huzza's and Shouts, he comes down, and yields the Place to *Antonius*, who beginning with setting forth the many excellent Qualities of *Cæsar*, by Degrees expatiates on the Cruelty of his Assassination, and at last produces a Will made by *Cæsar*, wherein he has left considerable Donations to every *Roman* Citizen. This turns them in a Moment to the Reverse of what they were before: Revenge for *Cæsar's* Blood is now their whole Cry, they swear they'll burn the Houses of the Conspirators; and meeting *Cinna*, the Poet, who unluckily was of
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the same Name with him collegued with *Brutus* and *Cassius*, mistake him for the other, and without suffering him to justify himself, drag him to instant Death.

The Faction aware of this Misfortune, quit *Rome*, and repaired to *Sardis*, where they raise a very powerful Army. *Antonius*, with *Octavius Cæsar*, Nephew to *Julius*, and *Lepidus*, a Patrician, govern the City conjointly, under the Title of the *Triumvirate*; and have also very powerful Forces, with which they prepare either to attack *Brutus*, or oppose him in Case he marches towards *Rome*.

Brutus is inform'd of their Strength without any Emotions, but receives other Intelligence which is very bitter to him. *Portia*, his Wife, fearing for the Success of his Arms, and terrified at the Preparations made against him by his Enemy, had fallen mad, and in the Absence of her Attendants, having no other Means to come at Death, had swallowed Coals of Fire. As he is musing on this sad Accident in the dead of Night, the Ghost of *Julius Cæsar* appears to him; tells him he is his evil Genius, and will see him again at *Philippi*; where *Brutus* and *Cassius* had just before resolved to march their Forces. The Soul of this great Man was a little shocked, but not daunted at the Apparition; and instead of altering, or delaying his Purpose of going to *Philippi*, he sends immediate Orders to all the Commanders to Decamp by Break of Day.

Octavius and *Antonius* being also on their March, the two Armies meet at *Philippi* and give Battle; after a bloody Struggle, *Brutus* perceives *Octavius's*
Wing.

Wing unable to maintain their Ground, on which he pours the main Body of his Army upon them, who too largely pursuing their Advantage, *Antonius* takes that Opportunity to fall on the Remainder left with *Cassius*, and with a *Corps de Reserve* charges him in the Rear at the same Time, and made a very cruel Slaughter among them; *Cassius* was himself oblig'd to fly, but no farther than a Hill, whence he might discern what was doing on *Brutus's* Side. He sees a great Blaze, and imagining it was occasion'd by their own Tents, set on Fire by the Enemy, dispatches *Tisnius*, an Officer, to learn the Truth. *Pindarus* his Slave, remains with him, who seeing *Tisnius* enclosed by Horsemen, and hearing a great Shout, believes him taken Prisoner; on which, *Cassius* not doubting but *Brutus* is overcome and all is lost, commands *Pindarus* to hold his Sword while he falls upon it; the Slave obeys, tho' with Reluctance, and *Cassius* expires the same Moment. Scarce has his Breath forsook him, when *Tisnius* returns, not being taken, as they supposed, by Enemies, but greeted by Friends; *Brutus* having been Victorious. But there were now no Ears to welcome the Tidings he brought with him; the Grief of which made him plunge his Ponyard into his own Breast, and die by the Side of his General.

Brutus in the mean Time turn'd his Conquering Troops on *Antonius's* Wing, who flush'd with the Success over *Cassius*, give him a warm Reception; and after much Effusion of Blood on both Sides, the Troops of *Brutus* yielded or fled; all that could be expected from a good General, was performed by him;

him; but Fate was on *Antonius's* Side, and, like *Cassius*, to avoid being taken, he fell on his own Sword, even that Sword which had Stab'd *Julius Caesar*. Thus was the Death of that great Man fully revenged, and *Rome*, in losing the Assertors of her Liberty, fell a Prey to Arbitrary Power; no more to rise, no more to be revered as heretofore.

King *L E A R*,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEARE: And alter'd
by Mr. TATE.

'TIS the Depravity of Human Nature, to be ever railing at the Present, and extolling the Happiness of past Ages; but if we turn our Eyes back as far as the Times in which this History was presented on the Stage of the World, we shall find that Ingratitude, Perjury, and Deceit, were Vices no less in Fashion, than in our Days.

While *Britain* was uncorrupted with the Mixture of other Nations, and long e'er the *Danes* or *Saxons* had got Footing in this Island, it was govern'd by a
King.

King, call'd *Lear* ; who being far advanced in Years, took a Resolution to retire from the Cares of State, and having no Male Issue, to divide his Kingdom between his three Daughters, who were at that Time sought in Marriage by the Dukes of *Albany*, *Cornwall*, and *Burgundy*. A Day therefore was appointed to give each of them a Crown and Husband, and all the Nobility of the Kingdom summoned to appear in Honour of the solemn Act.

Few there were of those who wish'd well to their Country, or to the old King's future Peace of Mind, that were pleased with this Change of Affairs ; but *Lear* had ever shewn a Disposition impatient of Advice ; for which Reason none presumed to speak their Minds.

When all the Nobles and great Officers of State were assembled in the Presence-Chamber, the King caused a Map to be brought, in which the three Divisions of his Monarchy were drawn out ; and holding it in his Hand, told his Daughters, That one Part being richer, and more fertile than the others, should be the Portion of her who loved him best ; on which, *Gonerill*, the eldest, was prodigal of her Assurances ; *Regan*, the second, yet exceeded her in Protestations of an eternal Duty and Affection ; but *Cordelia*, the youngest, disclaimed her Sister's Dissimulation, and confess'd, that a Husband would take up some Part of her Tendernefs. This plain Speech so incensed the old capricious King, That he entirely cut her off from all Share in the Monarchy, and parted it between *Gonerill* and *Regan*, who were immediately after married to *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
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The Duke of *Burgundy*, seeing *Cordelia* Dowerless, relinquished his Suit, and took his Leave of the Court, to the great Satisfaction of that young Princess; who having been most long and faithfully beloved by *Edgar*, Son to the Earl of *Gloucester*, had behaved in the Manner I have said, on purpose to preserve her self for him, chusing rather to be no Queen, than be the Wife of *Burgundy*. She saw her Sisters triumph without a Pang, and lamented only the Necessity of incurring her Father's Displeasure; who was now so set against her, that he condemn'd the Earl of *Kent* to perpetual Banishment, only for speaking in her Behalf too freely. This indeed was the last Act of Power executed by the infatuated Monarch; for he gave all into the Hands of *Gonerill* and *Regan*, reserving only for himself a Train of an hundred Knights, who, with him, were to sojourn at the Palaces of the new Queens, one Month in each alternately.

Kent had but three Days Time allowed him to prepare for his Departure; but that truly honest and loyal Subject, presaging some of those Calamities which afterwards befel his Royal Master, could not resolve, ill treated as he was, to withdraw from a Place, where alone he might be able to render him Service: He therefore disguises himself so as not to be known, and under the Name of *Cajus* gets admitted as one of his Retinue.

Edgar, in the mean Time, experiences the utmost Excesses of Joy and Sorrow: He was all Extasy at the Behaviour of *Cordelia*, and to see himself delivered from so dangerous a Rival as the Duke of *Burgundy*:

Burgundy: He now flattered himself with being at the End of all his Wishes; but when he thought himself most near, a Delicacy in the Nature of that Princess threw a Bar between him and his Hopes, which was the more dreadful to him, as it was the least expected. She praised his Constancy, confessed her own Affection, but at the same Time assured him, that the Pride of Blood would not suffer her to marry, and be dependant on her Husband's Fortune, therefore commanded him to think no more of Love, or ever see her Face again. This was a Turn of Fate he scarce had Courage to sustain, and he, perhaps, had yielded up his Life with the Hope of what was yet infinitely more dear, had not a second Misfortune, not less cruel or sudden, divided the Current of his Affliction, and gave a kind of sad Diversion to its Force.

The Earl of *Gloucester* had a Bastard Son named *Edmund*; who was a perfect Master in the Art of Disimulation, and had so far insinuated himself into his Father's good Opinion, that he, at least possessed an equal Share with *Edgar*, in his Affection. Finding the Influence he had gained, he so far improved it as to render his Brother suspected of ill Designs; he represented him as ambitious, bloody, and capable of the most unnatural Attempts; and to prove the Truth of these Accusations, forges a Letter, as from *Edgar* to himself, tempting him with the offer of Half *Gloucester's* Estate, if he will consent to murder him privately. When he has shewn this to the Earl, he runs to *Edgar*, tells him, that some Villain has incensed their Father against his Life, and advises him
to

to fly his Presence, till Time shall make a full Discovery of his Innocence of the Crimes laid to his Charge. *Edgar* deceived also by his seeming Sanctity and Zeal to serve him, falls into the Snare by thinking to avoid it. His Flight confirms the Earl of the Truth of *Edmund's* Reports; and to make it yet more certain, that wicked and designing Traitor gives himself a slight Wound in the Arm, pretending he received it from his Brother, on his dissuading him from his unnatural Enterprize.

This accomplishes entirely the End at which he aim'd: *Edgar* is disinherited, proclaim'd a Traitor, and Proscribed; and himself declared the Heir of *Gloucester*.

Edgar in his Retirement hears this News, and having no other Way to escape, yet loth to die under these base Imputations, puts on the Habit and Behaviour of a Lunatick, and thus disguised lives unknown and unregarded in the Woods and Forests, while the perfidious Author of his Miseries riots in the full Enjoyment of all his ambitious Soul could wish: High in the Favour of his Father, and indulging his looser Pleasures with no less than Royal Beauty: *Gonerill* and *Regan* had each of them courted him to their Embraces, and he, by Turns, enjoyed both.

But during these Transactions, King *Lear* was fatally convinced of the Folly he had been guilty of in parting with his Power: His two imperious Daughters no longer treated him as their Father, but their Subject; they lower'd the Number of his Attendants, first from an hundred to fifty, then to twenty-five, then

then to ten, afterward to five, and at last are scarce willing to allow him one: *Kent*, who still follows him under the Name of *Cajus*, is put into the Stocks for tripping up the Heels of one of *Gonerill's* Gentlemen, who had behaved in a disrespectful Manner to the King. To such a Pitch does their Ingratitude at length arrive, that the unhappy Father, no longer able to support the Contempt thrown on him by these unnatural Monsters, resolves to quit their Sight for ever; and leaving with them his severest Curses, departs the Palace of *Gloucester*, where they were then, and flies into the Woods, chusing to associate with Beasts, as less Savage than Wretches, such as they, in Human Form.

It was in the most dreadful Storm the angry Heavens ever poured down, Thunder, Lightning, Hail, Rain and Wind, blended their several Forces to make a Night of Horror, when the unhappy King exposed himself to open Air; and having once quitted the Palace, *Gloucester* was forbid on Pain of Death, either to court him back, or follow him with any Relief; a Barbarity so shocking to a King and Father, joined with the Tyranny these haughty Sisters exercised over the Common-wealth, alarmed the Noble-minded Earl, and he resolved, if possible, to restore Things to their Primitive Condition. To this End he writes to the Duke of *Cambray*, who regarded the Duke of *Cornwall*, with inveterate Hate, praying his Assistance to reinstate the King, and pluck down the Arrogance of the two Female Furies. These Dispatches, as well as the Purport of them, he entrusts to *Edmund*, who glad of this

this Opportunity to step at once into the Earldom of *Gloucester*, delivers them to *Regan*; on which the Earl is condemn'd as a Traitor to the Government, and after having both his Eyes pluck'd out, is thrust out of his own Palace to beg or starve; while the wicked *Edmund* is instated in all his forfeited Wealth and Titles.

At the same Time *Cordelia* hearing of her Father's Sorrows, and that he wander'd in the Woods, accompany'd only by his faithful *Cajus*, went, with one of her Women, in search of him; *Edmund* burning to enjoy her, and having Intelligence of her Design, hires two Ruffians to pursue and seize her, designing, when they should have conveyed her to a Place proper for that Purpose, to Ravish her; but her good Angel prevented this execrable Project from taking Effect; the Villains, 'tis true, easily overtook her; but as they were about to force her along with them, her Cries reach'd the Ears of *Edgar*, who immediately rushed out, and with a Staff he had in his Hand, puts them both to flight. *Cordelia* is at first no less frighted at the Appearance of her Deliverer, than she had been before with the Ruffians; but he knowing her, made himself also known, and obtains from her, in his Rags, a Blessing, which as *Gloucester's* Heir he solicited in vain; she tells him, that they are now on an Equality, and being both wretched Vagrants, she may plight her Troth to him without a Blush, or the least Consciousness of being too far obliged to an Excess of Passion. He is now as happy as the Reflection on the King's Griefs will give him Leave to be; and

Cordelia being overmuch fatigued with travelling so far on Foot, and in so terrible a Tempest, composes her self to sleep in his Hovel, while himself and her Woman, watch by her.

When she awakes, he acquaints her that the King, by the Earl of *Gloucester's* Means, has been conveyed to a little House hard by ; and then on her Desire conducts her thither, where having left her, he returns to the Wood and meets his Eyeless Father : This is a Sight which leaves no Room for any additional Affliction ; he has however the Consolation of preventing him from doing any Violence to himself, and persuading him to shew himself to the *Populace*, whom the Knowledge of his Wrongs, the Cruelties practised on the King, and the imperious Behaviour of *Gonerill* and *Regan*, induce to take Arms. *Edgar* puts himself at their Head, and prepares to attack the imperious Queens, who having also raised Forces, *Edmund* is made General, the Duke of *Albany* not being willing to accept it, and *Cornwall* being dead of a Wound he had received from one of his own Servants, whom he had struck for advising him not to proceed with so much Rigour against *Gloucester*.

The Armies join, and after a cruel Struggle *Edmund* won the Field of Battle. *Lear* and *Cordelia* were made Prisoners ; and *Edgar* having now no other Resource, disguised accompanies a Herald, who, in the Name of an unknown Champion, challenges *Edmund* to single Combat, accusing him of Treason. *Edmund*, who wants not Courage, accepts the Challenge, and *Edgar* appears in his own Shape ; a consciousness

Consciousness of Guilt now alarms the hitherto successful Villain; but the Duke, and both the Queens being in Presence, he braves it out, fights, and is slain by *Edgar*. *Gonerill* and *Regan* seem to outvie each other in their Lamentations over him; but *Edgar* having given a Letter he had intercepted from *Gonerill* to the fallen Traitor, she endeavours to silence her Complaints by the Sight of that Evidence of her dishonourable Passion; at first she raves, but Death soon puts a Period to her ill-used Power: Both she and *Regan* jealous of each other, have been by each other poisoned, and it is but a few Moments that either of them survive their darling *Edmund*. *Albany* convinc'd of the Injustice offer'd to the King, goes with *Edgar* to the Prison, where he is confin'd; they arrive in that Moment, when the Executioner, by Order of the late Queens, is going to put an End both to his Life and that of *Cordelia*. As the Duke was a Stranger to this Decree, he considers the Proceedings of his Wife with the more Detestation, and struck with a true Remorse for the Part he has been drawn to act in them, restores the Kingdom to *Lear*, who bestows it, with *Cordelia*, on *Edgar*, and resolves to pass the Remainder of his Days in Privacy with *Gloucester* and his faithful *Cajus*, whom he now knows for the Earl of *Kent*. How far this Catastrophe is consonant to Truth, I will not pretend to determine, our History of those Times being very obscure; but it is certainly agreeable to that Poetical Justice, which in Representations of this Kind ought always to be strictly observed.

LOVE for LOVE,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

SIR *Sampson Legend* has two Sons, *Valentine* the Elder is a well educated Gentleman; *Ben* the Younger has something amphibious in his Character, being Half Home-bred and Half Sea-bred: The one has disoblighd him by an expensive Manner of Living; he therefore resolves to disinherit him, give all his Estate to the other, and marry him to an aukward Country Girl, call'd Miss *Prue*, Daughter to Mr. *Forefight*.

This *Forefight* is an illiterate old Man, peevish and positive, very Superstitious, and a Pretender to Astrology: He is lately married to a second Wife, who is young, gay, and has Wit enough to despise her Husband. Her Sister, Mrs. *Frail*, is a Woman of much the same Character, and lives in the House with her; as does also *Angelica*, Niece to *Forefight*, a young Lady of a considerable Fortune in her own Hands, and is passionately beloved by *Valentine*,

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whom

whom she in secret approves, but has hitherto concealed her Inclinations.

The Characters are thus disposed at the opening of the Play, when *Valentine* having contracted several large Debts, is obliged to confine himself to his own Lodgings for fear of being confined in a worse Place by his Creditors: His Impatience, however, of getting abroad to see *Angelica*, prevails above all Considerations of his future Interest; and he consents to make a Deed of Conveyance for the whole Estate to his younger Brother, that he may receive four thousand Pounds immediately to secure his Liberty. On this Condition Sir *Sampson* sends the Money to him by his Steward; and he renews his Addresses to the Lady, who continues still as much on the Reserve as ever. Sir *Sampson* presses him to sign the Conveyance, but on the Advice of Mr. *Scandal*, a Man of Wit, and his most intimate Friend, he pretends a sudden Disorder in his Head, and afterwards a downright Frenzy.

Ben, in the mean Time, is brought into the Company of Miss *Prue*, but they seem agreed to dislike each other; he is much taken with Mrs. *Frail*, who knowing he is to have the Estate, endeavours to draw him in for a Husband; and the Girl is charmed with Mr. *Tattle*, a Fop, whom Mrs. *Frail* has artfully introduced to her Acquaintance, on purpose to make the rough Sailor appear more disagreeable to her. Old *Forefight* imagines all these cross Accidents happen, because they did not consult a lucky Hour to make the first Motion of the Match, and grows so ill upon it, that he is obliged to be put to Bed, while

Scandal

Scandal and his Wife take that Opportunity of making him a Cuckold.

Mrs. *Frail* perceiving that the Madness of *Valentine* would hinder him from signing the Conveyance, and being told he was incapable of knowing any Body, bribes *Jeremy*, his Man, to pass her upon him for *Angelica*, and get them married together: The Fellow, who is subtle, and in all his Master's Plots, seems to consent to all she desires; on which she discards *Ben*, and thinks her self certain of both his Brother and Estate. *Jeremy* acquaints *Scandal* with the Promise he has made to Mrs. *Frail*, on which he tells *Tattle* as a great Secret, that *Angelica* is going to be married to *Valentine*; and *Jeremy* immediately after confirms the same, and makes an Offer of putting him in his Master's Place: *Tattle* is overjoyed at the Thoughts of obtaining such a Beauty and Fortune, and swears he will highly recompence *Jeremy* for such a Service. The Appointment is made, *Tattle* is to be in the Habit of a Friar, and Mrs. *Frail* to be Vail'd like a Nun; for so, says *Jeremy*, the Parties are agreed to be disguised. The Strategem succeeds; *Tattle*, supposing he gives his Hand to *Angelica*, binds himself in the indissoluble Bonds of Marriage to Mrs. *Frail*; and Mrs. *Frail*, not doubting but she plights her Faith to *Valentine*, vows an eternal Love and Duty to *Tattle*.

Valentine and *Scandal* are very merry in private on this Adventure, but their Gaiety was but of short Continuance: *Angelica* having discovered that *Valentine* was not really mad, resolves to shew him Trick

for Trick, and encouraging old Sir *Sampson* to flatter himself that she had an Inclination for him, he addresses her for Marriage; she seemingly consents, a Day is fix'd for the Celebration of their Nuptials, and the News immediately reaches *Valentine's* Ears. He was now in Reality almost as mad as he had feigned to be, and in spite of the Persuasions of *Scandal*, and the Entreaties of *Jeremy*, flew to *Forefight's* House, where he finds his Father sitting with *Angelica*; both their Words confirm the Truth of what he has been told; and now regardless of every Thing, he confesses he had but pretended Madness to delay signing the Conveyance, but was now ready to do it, since he had lost in *Angelica*, all for which he valued an Estate. Sir *Sampson* then gives him the Parchment, but as he is just going to set his Name, *Angelica* snatches it suddenly from him, and tears it in Pieces; declaring she had counterfeited a Kindness for his Father, only to make Trial of his Love and Constancy, which, since she found inviolable, she would now reward with her Person and Fortune. The Transport of *Valentine*, the Congratulations of *Scandal*, and the Rage of Sir *Sampson*, at this unexpected Turn, is the Conclusion of this diverting Comedy.



MACBETH,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

MACBETH, Thane, or Earl of Glamis, and *Banquo*, joint Generals under *Duncan* King of Scotland, having gain'd a compleat Victory over the Norwegians, were on their Return home; when on a Barren Heath they were accosted by three Witches, who stop their march, and greet them with strange Predictions. They tell *Macbeth* he shall be Thane of Cawder, and King hereafter. To *Banquo* they promise a long Succession of Monarchs in his Posterity; then disappear, nor will hold farther Converse, as if to reveal more was not permitted them.

The Generals are surprized; but much more so, when a Moment after they see the first Part of the Prediction verified: A Messenger from the King congratulates their Victory, and gives *Macbeth* the Title of Thane of Cawder; that Peer, who had before enjoyed it, being convicted of High Treason, and condemned to lose his Head. This Promotion proved

fatal to the Virtue of *Macbeth*, the flattering Prophecy run ever in his Mind, and setting the Glories of a promised Crown full in his View, he thought of nothing but the Means to attain it, which in a short Time presented themselves.

The King, who was pleased with all Occasions of doing him Honour, would needs make him a Visit at a fine Castle he had at *Inverness*: He was attended by *Malcolm* and *Donalbin*, his two Sons, the *Thanes* of *Fife*, *Lenox*, *Ross*, *Angus*, and many other Lords and Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber; but *Macbeth* not having Apartments for them all, none slept in the Castle but the King and two Princes, and those who were of their immediate Attendants.

From the Moment of his Entrance, his ambitious Host resolved he should depart no more, and being strengthen'd in this bloody Purpose by his Wife, he entered the Chamber of the Royal *Duncan* at dead of Night, and having plunged a Dagger in his Breast, besmeared the Swords and Hands of two Gentlemen, who were sleeping in an outer Room, to make them seem the Murderers.

When the next Morning the Peers came to pay their Duty to his Majesty, *Macbeth* accompanied them to the Apartment, and on the Discovery of the horrid Deed, was the loudest of them in Exclamations: So far transported did he seem by his Rage, as to kill the two Waiters without suffering them to speak, as supposing them to have been guilty of their Sovereign's Death. That done, he suggested to the Lords, that those Wretches he had slain had been suborn'd by some who were too nearly allied, and there-

therefore too impatient for the Crown: *Malcolm* and *Donalbin*, by a precipitate Flight from the Castle, brought upon themselves a Suspicion of Guilt; and those who before had been best affected to them, knew not what to think.

The young Princes, however, believing that whose-ever Work the Murder was, the fatal Steel would not be dropt till all the Impediments to Sovereignty were removed, thought it their best Way to shelter themselves, at least for a Time, in Foreign Realms: *Malcolm* retired to *England*, and *Donalbin* to *Ireland*; where, in spite of the Rumours industriously propagated by *Macbeth*, and his Adherents, great Numbers daily flock'd to them.

On their Absence, and suspected Guilt, *Macbeth*, as next of Blood, succeeded to the Throne; but being arrived at the Height of all his Wishes, Content was a Stranger to his Breast: The same Prediction which promised him a Crown, had also promised it to *Banquo's* Children, and having experienced the Truth in one Part, did not doubt but the other would equally be made good; and this Thought gave him an Anguish of Soul which all his exterior Grandeur could not dissipate: Resolving, however, to baffle Fate it self, if possible, he invited *Banquo*, and his only Son *Flean*, to a Banquet, but ordered Ruffians to Way-lay and Murder them as they came to Court: The Design succeeded against the unhappy Father, but the Son escaped and fled to *Malcolm*, who had obtain'd Permission of *Edward*, King of *England*, to raise Forces for the Recovery of his Kingdom. This

News preyed like a Vulture on his Breast; to encrease his Horrors, *Banquo's* Ghost appeared before his Eyes in the Manner as he had fallen beneath the Murderers Swords; his Wife struck with a too late Remorse, run mad and died. *Mackduff* the *Thane of Fife*, and many other Lords, left *Scotland*, and repaired to *Malcolm*, and every Hour brought with it the News of some new and alarming Event; yet did not all these Evils make him harbour the least Thought of Penitence, or giving up his usurped Dominion to the rightful Owner, but rather served to harden him in Blood. On the first Intelligence of *Mackduff's* Behaviour, he caused his Lady, and two innocent Children, to be massacred in their own House, and went on destroying, murdering all whom he but suspected did not approve his Actions.

Hearing that *Malcolm*, with the revolted Peers, and a great Army, were enter'd *Scotland*, he musters what Forces he was able, to oppose them; but Fear, which is ever inseparable from Guilt, rendring him doubtful of even his best Friends, he has Recourse to the Witches for a Fore-knowledge of the approaching Event; they tell him, That his Power should continue till *Birnam Wood* should come to *Dunfinane Castle*, and as to his Life, *he could be slain by none of Woman born*. This Prediction so much re-assured his Hopes, that without taking any Measures to repel the Enemy before they gain'd too great a Head, he contents himself only with fortifying *Dunfinane*, where he then resides.

But,

But, as it will ever be with all unwarrantable Searchers into Futurity, he is in a short Time fatally convinced of the Error of depending on such Prognostications. *Malcolm* had ordered his Soldiers, as they passed through *Birnam* Wood, to pluck down each a Bough, and carry in their Hands, thereby to conceal their Numbers from the Tyrant's Knowledge; so that the Wood seemed to the amazed Eyes of *Macbeth*, to come, indeed, to *Dunfinane*: Enraged, despairing, he now quits the Castle, resolving to trust only to his Courage, and is slain by *Mackduff*, who was not *born*, but ript untimely from his Mother's Womb. The Death of this Monster of Cruelty, and the Proclaiming *Malcolm* King, is the Conclusion of the Tragedy.



MAN of MODE,
 O R,
Sir Fopling Flutter;
 A COMEDY.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

THE Merit of this Theatrical Representation consists almost wholly in the Wit and Spirit of the Dialogue; for though at the opening the Scene, the contrary Designs and Views of the chief Characters seem to promise an infinite deal of Contrivance to bring so many different Aims to their desired Event; we find nothing done for the Attainment of them, but what might very well have come within the Compass of a single Act.

That Character which most attracts the Attention of an Audience, is call'd *Dorimant*, a Man of Rank and Fortune; and, if we take the Description of him given by the other Persons of the *Drama*, a
 Gentle-

Gentleman of an uncommon Share of Wit; but in my Opinion the greatest Proof he affords us that he is so, is an artful Manner of seducing Women, and then triumphing in their Misfortunes: *Medley* is his intimate Friend but has no other Business in the Play than to ridicule all who do not happen to fall in with their Way of Living: Sir *Fopling Flutter* himself, who gives the Title to this Performance, has little more to do in it than to expose the Follies of a travell'd Fop: What Plot there is lies among the under Parts, according to the vulgar Proverb, *Those who say most do least*. But as it has been, and still is, a celebrated Comedy, 'tis fit I give what Account the Incidents afford.

Dorimant has an Amour with a Woman of Quality, called *Loveit*; but his Passion for her not outliving the Gratification, he transfers his Addresses to *Belinda*, a young Lady of her most intimate Acquaintance: She knows the Inconstancy of his Nature, sees her Friend in the utmost Distraction at his Perfidy, yet risques being reduced to the same Situation, by putting herself into his Power, having no other Security for his Fidelity than his Promise of never seeing *Loveit* more. 'Tis possible indeed he would not have swerv'd from a Resolution so agreeable to his own satiated Inclinations, had not that Lady, in Hopes to recover him by Jealousy coquetted with Sir *Fopling Flutter*, which so much piques his Vanity, that to prevent the Town from believing he could ever become indifferent to a Woman that had once loved him, he practises all his Arts to oblige her to confess the Tenderness she has for him, and again expose herself to his Contempt, and the Ridicule of the World.

But

But the Ruin of *Belinda*, and the Triumph over *Loveit* does not so wholly engross his Thoughts, but that he has Time for other Amusements; *Harriot*, a young Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, is the reigning Mistress of his Soul, and not doubting but those Charms which had been fatal to so many of her Sex, would have their wonted Effect on her also, takes all Opportunities of getting into her Company.

This Lady came to Town, with her Mother, Lady *Woodvill*, in Order, as she pretended, to be married to a young Gentleman, called *Bellair*; but in Reality only to enjoy the Pleasures of the Town. The Match having been agreed on by the old People without consulting her Inclinations; she has too modest a Spirit to approve any Thing, meerly because it is her Duty to do so. *Bellair* is as little desirous of this *Hymen* as herself, tho' for a different Motive: He is in Love with, and beloved by *Emilia*, a Lady of a small Fortune, and for whom he therefore durst not avow his Passion to any but herself, and Lady *Townly* his Aunt, at whose House they frequently meet: *Harriot* and he however soon understand each other, and make a mutual Promise that, whatever shall be the Consequence, never to join in Wedlock.

Old *Bellair* coming to Town, to be present at the design'd Nuptials of his Son and *Harriot*, happens to lodge in the same House with *Emilia*, falls in Love with her, and resolves, if he can get her Consent, to make her his Wife: *Harriot* at the same Time is charmed with *Derimant*, and, because her Mother, having heard his Character, dreads his very Name as dangerous to the Honour of Womankind, passes him

him on her for Mr. *Courtage*, a sober Gentleman that detests the Gallantries of the Town: He acts his Part so well, that the old Lady is extremely pleased with his Conversation; and Things being brought to this Crisis, *Bellair* ventures to marry *Emilia*, and Lady *Townly* interceding for them to her Brother, the old Man is ashamed to appear too far incensed at his Son for doing what he would gladly have done himself; and gives them his Blessing. The supposed *Courtage* being discovered to Lady *Woodvill* by *Loveit* to be *Dorimant*, and *Harriot* confessing a more than ordinary Affection for him, he has Permission to attend them into the Country, in order to conclude that Match; *Loveit* resolves to shut herself up in her House the Remainder of her Days as a Penance for her past Conduct: The false Step *Belinda* has made is kept a Secret, nor has she even the Mortification of thinking she shall lose her Lover; *Dorimant*, in Spite of his Passion for *Harriot*, and intended Marriage, telling her they must meet again: *Medly* and Sir *Fopling* are left to the Continuance of their Darling Passions, and thus concludes a Play, which, for the Sake of the many Beauties contained in it, 'twere to be wished had a better Moral.



Measure for Measure,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

BEfore *Vienna* was made an imperial Seat, it was governed by a Duke named *Vincentio*, a Prince of many excellent Qualities, but of too mild a Disposition to put some Laws in Execution with that Rigour, which is necessary to deter from the Breach of them. Among others they had a Statute that made it Death for any Man to debauch a Virgin: This had lain dormant since the Time *Vincentio* had begun to rule, and the Vice spread in Proportion as the Fears of Punishment decreased, 'till at last it became too general to be looked upon even as a Disgrace.

The Duke perceived, and was greatly troubled at the ill Effects of his Lenity; but believing that an Enquiry into Crimes he had so long neglected, would appear harsh and tyrannick in him, he bethought him of a Strategem, which might revive those wholesome Laws, and at the same Time make not the least
Estrangement

Estrangement in his Peoples Affections to him. He pretended Business in *Poland* required his immediate Presence, and having deputed Lord *Angelo*, one, who had the Reputation of the most strict Justice and Sobriety, and Lord *Escalus*, an old experienced Nobleman, to hold the Reins of Government till his Return, goes privately to a Convent, where making no other Confident of his Designs than one Friar, on whose Fidelity he could rely, he remains concealed, and disguised like one of that Order, goes every Day about the City observing what pass.

He found *Angelo* exercised his Authority in the Manner he wished: The most secret Enormities escaped not his Penetration, nor his nearest Friends, when found guilty, the Punishment their Crimes incurred; but the Case, which appears to him most remarkable, is that of *Claudio*; this Gentleman being contracted to a young Lady called *Julietta*, and the State of their Circumstances not permitting a publick Declaration of their Loves, he had prevailed on her to grant the Rights of Marriage without the Ceremony: She was with Child by him; the Amour was discovered, and he condemned to lose his Head. The worthiest Persons in the City entreated for him, but the inexorable *Angelo* was not to be moved, and gave Orders for his Execution the ensuing Day. The Duke highly commiserates this Delinquent, but being willing to be satisfied how far he was deserving of Mercy, gets himself concealed in an Inner Room, where he might overhear what Discourse passed between him and his Sister, a young and very beautiful Lady, called *Isabella*, whom as his last Resource
he

he has perswaded to come from a Monastery, to solicit his Pardon.

But how great is his Surprise when he finds that the seeming Saintlike *Angelo* has himself endeavoured to corrupt the Virtue of this innocent Virgin, and makes her Brother's Life the Price of her Consent! He now resolves that *Claudio* shall not die, and at the same Time that he preserves the Life of that Offender, to oblige *Angelo* to do Justice to a Person he has injur'd, and whose Story has but lately come to the Knowledge of the observing Duke.

Some five Years past he had been solemnly contracted to *Mariana*, a noble Maid, but her whole Fortune with her Brother being lost at Sea, he basely quitted her, and to excuse the sordid Motive of his doing so, pretended he had heard Reports to the Prejudice of her Honour: To this Lady the Duke immediately repairs, and having perswaded the Sister of *Claudio* to feign Compliance with *Angelo*, on Condition he would permit her to be brought to his Bed without any Light, sends the other, who was his betrothed Spouse in her Stead to consummate the Contract.

The Strategem succeeds, *Angelo* suspects not it was any other than *Isabella*, who had fill'd his Arms, and having satiated his Desires begins to think what was proper for his better concealing that Crime in himself which he so rigorously punished in others: He knows *Claudio* is a Man of Spirit, and to prevent any Revenge he may hereafter take on him for the Dishonour of his Sister, sends an Order to the Provost to have him privately executed before Break of Day. *Isabella* is informed of this unexpected Decree, and runs
imme-

immediately to the supposed Friar for Advice. The Duke is shock'd almost beyond the Power of concealing himself longer at this second Villany of his Deputy : He bids *Isabella* be of Comfort, and after preparing a Letter as from himself, shews it the Provost, letting him see it is the Duke's Pleasure that *Claudio* be preserved, but without the Privy of *Angelo* : The Provost obeys, and cutting off the Head of a young Man, who died that Day in Prison, sends it to *Angelo* instead of *Claudio*'s.

The cruel Deputy is now at Ease, he depends on the Modesty of *Isabella* for concealing her own Shame ; and is indulging himself in the most pleased Security, when he receives from the Hands of that Friar, whom the Duke has all along trusted with his Disguise, Letters from his Master, importing that he is on his Return, and commanding both himself and *Escalus* to meet him on a prefix'd Day without the City Gates, and there deliver up their Commissions.

Isabella and *Mariana* are in the mean Time instructed by the seeming Friar how to behave, and as soon as the Trumpets proclaim the Duke's Arrival, the former throws herself at his Feet, entreating Justice on Lord *Angelo*, who having betrayed her Virtue by the Promise of Pardon for her Brother had afterward caused him to be executed. The Duke seems not to credit her Information, and bids her produce some Evidence, on which she desires Father *Lodowick* may be called ; he is sent for ; but no such Person being found, that Friar, who was in the Bottom of the Affair, comes in his Room, and vouches for the Truth of her Complaint ; but *Mariana* appears the same
Moment

Moment and invalidates his Evidence, by confessing that it was she herself, who having been contracted to Lord *Angelo*, slept with him on that very Night, in which *Isabella* pretends to have been dishonoured by him. *Angelo* is amazed how all these Things come to pass, but denies both the one and the other of their Informations. The Duke pretends to be more and more incensed at these contradictory Aspersions on a Person of *Angelo's* known Virtue, and telling him that he leaves him to be Judge in his own Cause, and to allot what Punishment he thinks proper for the Offenders, withdraws, and throwing of his Ducal Robes, once more assumes the Friar, and returns to the Tribunal, just as *Angelo* is about to pass Sentence on his innocent Accusers. He offers to prove that all they have urged is true, on which *Lucio*, a Court Sycophant, thinking to gain Favour, cries out he knows this Friar to be a Villain, that he has suborned these Women to accuse Lord *Angelo*, and that he has heard him speak contemptibly of the Duke's own Person. *Angelo* and *Escalus* then both join in ordering him to the Rack till he confesses the Truth of all: The Provost offers to seize him, and *Lucio* assisting plucks off the Hood which discovers the Duke's Face to the whole Assembly. *Escalus* is amazed, *Angelo* confounded, and now perceiving that it is in vain to dissemble his Guilt, falls on his Knees, and begs immediate Death; and the whole Mystery being now unravell'd, the Duke obliges him to marry *Mariana*, ask Pardon of *Isabella* for his intended Violation, and submit to Death. He does so with a real Penitence and Resignation; but *Mariana* and *Isabella* both interceding

terceding for him, and *Claudio*, whom the Duke has privately sent for, joining in their Entreaties, his Sentence is remitted.

Lucio, who had falsely accused the Duke in the Person of the Friar, for those very Speeches which himself had utter'd, is taken into Custody, and condemned to marry a common Courtezan, by whom he some Time since had a Child: *Claudio* is made the joyful Husband of *Julietta*, and the beauteous Mind and Form of *Isabella* rendering her worthy of a Prince's Bed, the Duke rewards her Virtue by making her his Wife: Lord *Escalus*, and the honest Provost receive those Praises their Integrity deserved, and the People of *Vienna* in general partake of those Blessings which Subjects never fail of when they have a Sovereign who is just in his own Nature, and suffers not his Ear to be wholly engross'd by any one Person.



MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR,
A COMEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

THE Scene of this Play lies in *Windsor*, where Mr. *Ford* and Mr. *Page* are near Neighbours, and live in a very great Intimacy with each other: This Friendship of the Husbands occasions one no less sincere between the Wives, insomuch that tho' they dwell in two Houses they seem but as one Family; nothing of Moment ever happening to the one, without being immediately communicated to the other. Mr. *Page* has a Daughter, called *Anne*, whose Beauty join'd with the good Fortune her Father is able to give her, attracts a great Number of Admirers, among whom is *Cajus*, a *French* Doctor, whose Addresses are approved by the Mother on the Account of the Interest he has at Court: Mr. *Slender* a foolish Country Squire,

'Squire, encouraged by the Father, because he has a good Estate, and can make a handsome Settlement; and Mr. *Fenton*, a young Gentleman of small Fortune, but beloved by *Anne* for his agreeable Person and Accomplishments. The Hopes of Doctor *Cajus* are also supported by his Housekeeper, Mrs. *Quickly*, who pretends to have a great Influence over Mr. *Page's* Family, and gets Presents from all the Lovers by Turns, for her Interest. Justice *Shallow*, a Neighbouring Gentleman, and a Relation of *Slender*, espouses his Suit, and gets Sir *Hugh Evans*, a *Welsh* Parson, to second his Endeavours against *Cajus*; but *Fenton* is without any other Friend or Mediator than the young Girl's Affections: He has however the Consolation of seeing his two Rivals, by their different Interests, obstruct each other, and the bestowing of *Anne Page* on either, differed from Time to Time.

While the Lovers are thus employed, the two Wives happen on a Matter of Diversion, which very much engrosses their Thoughts. Sir *John Falstaff*, a Fat, lewd, vain, cowardly, avaritious Knight, knowing that *Page* and *Ford* have the Character of wealthy Men, flatters himself with being able to get both their Wives for his Mistresses, and by that Means also unlade their Coffers of some Part of the Treasures contained in them. To this End he sends Love-Letters to them both, which they shewing to each other, find exactly the same, Word for Word, and differing in nothing but the Names.

Affronted to have their Virtue thus attack'd, they agree to be revenged on him by a Way which shall
make

make some Sport for themselves. Mrs. *Ford* answers his amorous Billet with a seeming Compliance, and appoints him to come to her House between Ten and Eleven o'Clock the same Morning, her Husband being to go abroad at that Hour.

The old Debauchee rejoices in his imaginary good Success, but having disoblighd two of his Companions they in Revenge inform Mr. *Ford* of the Design he has upon his Wife, who being naturally inclined to Jealousy resolves to find out on what Encouragement: For this Purpose he disguises himself, and getting the Innkeeper, where *Falstaff* lodged, to introduce him to his Acquaintance, by the Name of *Broom*, pretends to be in Love with *Ford's* Wife himself, and makes the Knight an Offer of what Money he shall demand, to bring him into her Company. *Falstaff* swallows the Bait greedily, promises to do all he requests of him, and to prove that he has a Power over her, shews him the Letter she has just before sent to him.

Ford applauds his own Ingenuity in thus discovering the Falshood of his Wife, and resolves to expose her to the Ridicule of the Town, and then be divorced. At the appointed Hour *Falstaff* comes to Mrs. *Ford*; she receives him with a seeming Extacy; but before they can exchange many Words, Mrs. *Page*, as it was agreed on between them, comes hastily in, and informs Mrs. *Ford* that Somebody has incensd her Husband with Jealousy, and that he is just entring to search for a Gallant, whom he is resolved to murder, if found in the House: On this they thrust him into a great Buck-Basket with foul
2
Cloaths,

Cloaths, and order two of the Servants to carry the pretended Linen to a Laundress at *Datchet Mead*.

Mrs. *Page*, however, had spoke a greater Truth than she imagined, for they had no sooner pack'd up the Knight, but Mr. *Ford*, accompanied by her Husband and several other Neighbours, came indeed to search the House; they met the Basket carrying out, but being informed 'twas Linen, let it pass. No Man being found, *Ford* begins to grow ashamed of his Jealousy, asks his Wife's Pardon, and invites the Company to come next Day to go a Birding with him. In the mean Time he goes again in the Name of *Broom*, to Sir *John Falstaff*, who tells him the whole Story of the Buck-Basket, with this Addition, that Mrs. *Ford* had made a second Appointment with him, to come the next Morning; which now convinces the jealous Husband that his Wife is really false, and makes him resolve to prove her so.

It was really Truth, that Mrs. *Ford*, and Mrs. *Page*, willing to mortify him yet more, had sent him such a Summons; but before the Time of his Appointment arrived, *Ford* had inform'd *Page* of all he had heard from *Falstaff*; he told it to his Wife, and she communicated it to her Friend, who was almost as much offended at her Husband's causeless Jealousy, as at the Knight's impudent Addresses, contrives to play them both a Trick. *Falstaff* is no sooner entered, than the Alarm is given of Mr. *Ford*'s Return, who on that is obliged to consent to be drest up like an old Woman of *Brainford*, who used to come to see her Maid, and passed for a Fortune-teller: The Buck-Basket is again prepared, and when *Ford* appears with

with all his Friends, in order to detect his Wife in her Guilt, the Servants, according to the Cue she has given them, open the Door to carry it out; he commands them to set it down, and not doubting but the Knight is in it, plucks out all the Linen; finding himself disappointed there, he goes into the House, searches all the Rooms, and seeing the supposed old Woman, whom he hated, and took for a Bawd, beats Sir *John* unmercifully, and turns him out of Doors. All the Neighbours laugh at him, and reproach him for his unjust Suspicions; and when his Wife thinks her self sufficiently revenged by their Persecutions, she lets him into the whole Secret, how Mrs. *Page* and her self contrived these Strategems to punish the Attempt made on their Virtue by that old Lecher. Every one applauds their Conduct, and *Ford* is entirely cured of his jealous Humours. After this they all agree to plague Sir *John* yet farther; Mrs. *Ford*, and Mrs. *Page*, are to Lure him to *Windfor* Forest at Midnight, and the rest of the Company are to be drest like Fairies, and pinch and torment him till he forswears all Efforts against the Chastity of Women. The Contrivance is no sooner formed, than they go about the Execution of it; and the two Wives having played their Part, and *Falstaff* accepted of the Invitation, they prepare for his Reception.

All this Time Mrs. *Page* had been strenuously labouring to get her Husband's Consent for their Daughter's Marriage with Doctor *Cajus*, and he as earnestly endeavouring to gain her Approbation of *Slender*; but neither of them being able to convince the other,

both resolve to take the Opportunity of this Mid-night Ramble, to bring about what they desire: *Anne* is as well as the rest to personate a Fairy, and to be drest in White for that End. *Page*, therefore, bids *Slender* steal her privately away, and carry her to *Eaton*, where a Chaplain should be ready to meet them. Mrs. *Page* makes her wear a green Habit, and by that, tells Doctor *Cajus* he may distinguish her, and lead her to the Deanery, where she will appoint a Parson to wait for them. *Anne* receives the different Commands of both her Parents, and pretends a ready Obedience; but seeing that there is a Necessity for her to disoblige one of them, she thinks it best for to take this Opportunity of following her own Inclinations, and goes off with Mr. *Fenton*; having drest up two Boys, one in White, and the other in Green, to deceive *Slender* and the Doctor.

Sir *John Falstaff*, who by the merry Wives Advice, had disguised himself like *Herne* the Hunter, a Spirit, supposed to walk in a certain Part of the Forest, is frightened, almost out of his Wits, by the seeming Fairies; who after their Fill of terrifying him, discover themselves, and taunt him with the most bitter Mockery. In the midst of their Mirth, *Slender* returns, lamenting that he has taken a great lubberly Boy for *Anne Page*: The Doctor immediately follows with the same Complaint; and as they are amazed what is become of their Daughter, she appears with *Fenton*, and both fall on their Knees, entreating Blessing and Forgiveness. Neither *Page* or his Wife have any ill Nature in their Composition, and are easily brought to reconcile themselves to

what is without a Remedy ; and so ends this diverting Comedy.

MITHRIDATES,
King of PONTUS;
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. LEE.

OF all the Princes whom the *Romans* endeavour-
ed to subject to their All-conquering Power,
none resisted with greater Bravery, than *Mithridates*,
King of *Pontus*: A Prince not inferior in Courage, and
Greatness of Soul, to any of the antient Heroes ; and
had he known but half so well how to regulate his *Passions*,
as to conduct his Troops, 'tis scarce probable
his Dominions would ever have been converted into
Roman Provinces ; but those internal Rebels join-
ing with his Enemies, he fell, at last, not con-
quer'd, but betrayed. The Manner *how*, is livelily
represented in the Tragedy now under Considera-
tion:

Mithridates, by divers Queens, had five Sons ;
but the three eldest having fallen Victims to his Jealously

lousy of their Ambition, there remained only *Ziphares* and *Pharnaces*; the former had all the Virtues of his Father, the latter all his Vices. *Ziphares* bravely fought his King and Country's Battles, and by repeated Victories humbled the *Roman* Pride: *Pharnaces* remained in Court, and by all manner of Artifices strove to blast the envied Glories of his Brother, to render his Actions suspected, and in fine to estrange him from their Father's Heart; but *Mithridates* knew too well the Value of such a Son, to be easily moved against him; and all the Insinuations of the other, seconded by his two Creatures, *Pelopidas* and *Andravvar*, were in vain, till an unforeseen Accident favoured their Attempts, and ruined not only that unhappy Prince, but all *Pontus* with him.

It was not only an innate Hatred of Virtue in general, which made *Pharnaces* so much the Enemy of his Brother, but a boundless Ambition and Impatience to step into the Throne; to attain which, he would not have scrupled even to destroy that Life which gave him Being; *Ziphares* was the first Impediment, and he imagin'd, that could he once remove him, he should, by throwing the Odium on his Father, incense the People so far as to render it easy for him to compass his Wishes. Love and Despair also concurred to add new Rage to his Ambition; he adored *Monyma*, the Daughter of *Palemone*, a Tributary King of *Ephesus*; his Father became his Rival; she was brought to *Sinope*, in order to be made his Bride; and the Play opens with a Description of the Preparations for that Ceremony.

'Tis not to be doubted, but all had been offered that seem'd feasible to prevent this Match ; but the Will of *Mithridates* was uncontrollable, and there remained but one Resource for *Pharnaces* and his Friends. *Tryphon*, High Priest of the Sun, was Brother to *Pelopidas* ; him they have brought into their Party, and by his Contrivance, just when the King has given his Hand to *Monyma*, the Image of Victory falls down and breaks in Pieces : A Priest seems seiz'd with a Prophetick Spirit, and denounces Woes upon the Match, and various other counterfeited Prodigies are practis'd to deter *Mithridates*, who depends much on Omens, from suffering the Ceremony to proceed. To add yet greater Strength to this Strategem, they had fill'd his Ears with the Praises of a new Beauty, call'd *Semandra*, Daughter to *Archelaus*, a brave and experienced General : They knew she was the Mistress of *Ziphares*, and were also inform'd, that Prince intended to beg the King's Permission to marry her, and hoped the powerful Charms of this Lady, would have such an Effect on the natural Inconstancy of *Mithridates*, as to eclipse those of *Monyma* ; and by this Means preserve that Lady for *Pharnaces*, and turn the Misfortune, with which he now was threatn'd, wholly on his Brother.

These cruel and designing Men were not deceived in their Expectations : *Ziphares* no sooner presents the amiable *Semandra* to the Eyes of *Mithridates*, than all the Beauties he had seen in his half-wedded Queen vanish, and he can now think nothing lovely but the Daughter of *Archelaus* : Not all the Victo-

ries

ries won by his Son seem worthy of so rich a Re-compence, nor of the Sacrifice he must make of his own Wishes, in resigning her to him. Dissembling, however, as much as possible, the Motive of his Refusal, he accuses *Archelaus* of a treasonable Audacity, in aspiring to match his Daughter with the Heir of Empire: Reproaches *Ziphares* with a Meanness of Spirit unworthy of his Birth; and to divide their Loves, compels *Semandra* to attend his Queen till he shall provide a Husband more suitable to her Circumstances.

To represent the Grief of *Ziphares*, at so dreadful a Disappointment of his expected Happiness, would be impossible; therefore I shall only say, that he regrets it as becomes both a Son and a Lover, resolute neither to oppose his Father's Will, nor survive the Loss of his Mistress.

Pharnaces on the contrary flies to the Apartment of *Monyma*, endeavours to inspire her with a Desire of revenging his Father's Coldness, and a Willingness to reward the Flame with which himself so long has languished; but finding all he can urge on either of these Subjects ineffectual, resolves to ravish her, and communicating his Intentions to *Pelopidas* and *Andravarr*, they presently contrive this Project to give him an Opportunity. They fall at *Mithridates's* Feet, and with horrid Oaths attest, that they have heard *Monyma* attempting to seduce the Loyalty of *Pharnaces*, and offering her Love and Person as the Reward of his Rebellion; both which, say they, the generous Prince refused. On this, the furious King orders her Imprisonment, and commits the

Care of her to *Andravar*, which was all that wicked Son and his Associates desired.

Semandra is all this while persecuted by the unwarrantable Passion of *Mitbridates*, but all his Efforts serve only to make her Love and Constancy to *Ziphares* more conspicuous: At the same Time News arrives, that the *Romans*, about to renew the *Pontick* War, have sent a great Army into *Asia*, under the Command of *Glabrio*; on which, *Ziphares* still retaining his former Duty and Affection to his Father, begs he may try his Force once more against these Invaders of his Country; old *Archilaus* burying the Remembrance of his Wrongs in the Consideration of the present Danger, entreated also a Renewal of his former Commission; and this Behaviour, joined with the Prayers and Tears of *Semandra*, had somewhat in it so touching, as awakens all the nobler Faculties of *Mitbridates's* Soul: He blushes to think he could be capable of even a Wish to injure so excellent a Son, and loyal Subject, and that Glory which he had ever pursued, though sometimes with mistaken Steps, representing to him how shameful it was for a Monarch to suffer himself to be drown'd in Pleasures, at a Time when publick Cares claimed his whole Attention, he resolves to resign *Semandra* to her first Vows, how dear soever the Conflict should cost him.

The Joy of *Ziphares* and *Archelaus* at so happy a Change, is easy to be conceived, and the former having received *Semandra* from his Father's Hand, with the most binding Assurances of being joined to her for ever on his Return from the Wars; begins his March, with that General, against the *Romans*, whom
soon

soon encountering, the Armies come to a pitch'd Battle; and *Ziphares* gains as compleat a Victory as the utmost Thirst of Fame could desire.

Laden with Spoils, and full of glorious Wounds, he returns to *Sinope*, impatient to receive the Praises of a Father and a Mistress: The Princes and great Men meet him without the City Gates; the Citizens forsake their Dwellings to strew Flowers before him; the Populace behold him as their Guardian God, and are scarce with-held from paying him Divine Honours. Never were Welcomes more sincerely given; never was Joy more Universal, except in that only Place where most he wished to find it.

But while he had been thus prodigal of his Blood in the Service of his Country, his own Destruction was compleated by those very Persons who reap'd the Benefit of his Toils. *Pelopidas* and *Andravar*, in his Absence, by bringing *Mitbridates* to behold *Semandra* sleeping, by constant Praises of her Beauty, and a thousand other Artifices, reviv'd his Passion for that unhappy Maid; and when they found his Virtue, and the Promises he had made his Son, still maintained an equal Combat with the guilty Flame, they invented Intelligence to lessen the Merit of his Actions; Fate seem'd, indeed, to join in their Endeavours; *Stratonice*, the Mother of *Ziphares*, instigated by a fatal Tendernefs, promoted the Ruin of him: Fearing for the Event of Battle, she privately sent Ambassadors to *Rome*, and yielded up *Inora*, the richest Fort in *Asia*, to their Power, on Condition, that whatever happened, the Life and Liberty of her darling Son should be untouched. *Pharnaces* and his

Faction were soon inform'd of this Transaction by their Spies, and immediately communicating it to the King, gave all their other Assertions the Shew of Truth. The Congratulations also on the Prince's Return, the Triumph forced on him by the People, served not a little to enhance the Rage and Jealousy of a Monarch naturally suspicious; and these Emotions being continually kept warm, and aggravated by the Insinuations of *Pelopidas*, and *Andravar*, he resolves no longer to do a Violence on himself, for the Sake of a Son, who now seems so unworthy of his Love.

With these Thoughts, he commands *Semandra* to be brought into the Temple, and though she obstinately refuses to give her Hand, he compels the Priest to pronounce Sacred Rites; and, after the cruel Villains, *Pelopidas* and *Andravar*, have drag'd her to his Chamber, by Force enjoys her.

Thus is *Ziphares* torn from all his Hopes; Undone beyond all Possibility of Retrieve; He would not have survived the Loss, but *Archilaus* having no other Way to save him from himself, swears to kill *Semandra* the Moment he shall attempt any Thing against his own Life; and by this Means forces him to remain in a World, which no longer is capable of affording him ought but Objects of Dispair, of Grief, and Horror.

Pompey, to revenge *Glabrio's* Defeat, is now advancing towards *Sinope* with a powerful Army: *Mithridates*, stung with the most cruel Remorse for the Wrong done to poor *Semandra*, whose consummate Grief has near turned her Brain, begins to ima-
gine

gine his Son has been unjustly accused, and fees, too late, the Artifices practised on him, when going to *Monyma's* Apartment, he discovers that she is fled to *Pompey's* Camp, to avoid the Persecution of *Pharnaces's* Love. He has not Leisure now, however, to inflict the Punishment the Crimes of those Traitors merit from his Hands, *Pompey* is almost at his Gates, and he puts himself at the Head of his Troops, in order to repel him, if possible. But the wicked *Pharnaces* knowing *Monyma* was retired to *Pompey*, and not doubting but all would be laid open, persuades the Army to revolt, having first made a Covenant with the *Romans*, That *Monyma*, and Half his Father's Empire, should be the Reward of his Treasons. *Ziphares* has vowed no more to draw his Sword in Battle, nor can *Mithridates* expect more Service from a Prince he has so cruelly undone; so that deprived of that Bulwark of his State, his Peoples Hearts in general, and the greatest Part of his Soldiers by *Pharnaces*, the *Romans* gain an easy Victory.

While *Mithridates* is fighting without the Walls, *Pelopidas* and *Andravar* attempt to murder *Ziphares* within; but tho' he wishes to die, he scorns to fall by Villains Hands; and pursuing them in the Dark, is met by *Semandra*, whom he mortally wounds unknowingly: On the Discovery of what he has done, he swallows Poison, and outlives her but a few Moments. *Mithridates* falls a Sacrifice to numberless Wounds, but has this Comfort in his Fall, to have *Pharnaces*, *Andravar*, and *Pelopidas* in his Power, whom, before he expires, he orders to be thrown

from the Top of a high Tower, in Sight of *Pompey* and the *Roman* Legions. A piece of Poetical Justice, which, if omitted, could not have been attoned for by all the Beauties of the Play.

T H E
MOURNING BRIDE,
A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

WHILE the several Kingdoms which now compose the Monarchy of *Spain*, were each of them govern'd by a Prince of their own, they lived in almost a continual Variance. *Valentia* and *Granada* had that implacable Hatred for each other, that it was entailed from Father to Son, for many Generations, and become no less Hereditary than their Crowns. The Subjects of both cried aloud for Peace, but their Sovereigns, instigated by Ambition and Revenge, were deaf to all Complaints, till *Anselmo*, King of *Valentia*, a Prince of a milder Disposition than his Predecessors, was moved with the Calamities

ties of his Country, and propos'd to put a Period to the War, by a Marriage between *Alphonso*, his only Son, and *Almeria*, sole Daughter of *Manuel*, King of *Granada*, and Heirefs of that Monarchy.

But these Salutary Offers being rejected, the War was renew'd with greater Fury than ever. *Anselmo* gain'd a very great Victory, and brought the Princess of *Granada*, Prisoner to his Palace: The Noble Treatment she received in the *Valentian* Court, and the excellent Qualities of *Alphonso*, made so tender an Impression on the Heart of this young Princess, that it could only be equal'd by the Passion her Beauty had inspired in him. *Anselmo* and his Queen beheld their mutual Affection with Pleasure; and repeated their Offers of Accomodation with *Manuel*, but that haughty Prince, burning with Revenge for his late Defeat, refused to give Audience to the Ambassadors; and having mustered his whole Force, gave a second Battle to *Anselmo*, in which he was so successful as to put the *Valentian* Army entirely to the Rout; and pursuing his Victory, led his Troops even to the Palace Gates, which he caused immediately to be fired, seeming not to regard if his own Daughter perished in the Flames, provided he destroyed *Anselmo* and his Race at the same Time.

The good old King had obliged his Queen, Son, and the Princess of *Granada*, to embark on board a Vessel, that whatever should happen to himself, they might escape the Rage of Conquest; then rush'd forth at the Head of his remaining Troops, and combating an unequal Force, was taken Prisoner.

The

The Manner in which the rest of the Royal Family had quitted *Valentia*, being betrayed to *Manuel*, he sent out Gallies in Pursuit of them. *Alphonso* perceiving the Danger they were in, entreated the Princess would put it out of her Father's Power to separate them, by marrying him that Moment; the Queen seconded his Petition, and *Almeria*, who truly loved him, consented. The Ceremony was scarce performed, when a violent Storm arose, and drove their Vessel on the Coast of *Africk*; where, bulging against a Rock, it was dash'd to Pieces.

This Misfortune of the *Valentian* Ship instructed the Pursuers to avoid the Danger; and one of the Gallies was so fortunate as to come near enough the Wreck, for the Men on board her to save *Almeria* when she was just sinking. *Alphonso* and a Noble *Valentian*, call'd *Antonio*, were thrown on the Shoar by the Force of the Waves; but the Queen and all the others perish'd.

When *Manuel* had perfected the Conquest of *Valentia*, he returned home fatiated with Revenge and Glory, and leading Captive his mortal Foe *Anselmo*. His Daughter, thus miraculously preserved, soon followed him, tho' with the most consummate Grief for the supposed Loss of her dear *Alphonso*; and which afterwards received as much Addition as it was capable of, by seeing her Father treat, with the utmost Inhumanity, a King, his equal, and who had behaved to her with so much Tenderness.

In the mean Time a Fate besel *Alphonso*, far different from the Imagination of either his Friends or Enemies. The Sands on which he was cast, were in
the

the Dominions of *Albucacim*, King of *Morocco*; whose Queen being then walking, attended by her Women and Eunuchs, was Witness of the Misfortune the Vessel had sustain'd, and saw the two Noble Wrecks thrown almost at her Feet. At first she was induced only by the Compassion of her Nature, to order Means should be applied for their Recovery, but when the Endeavours of those employed were successful, and the Prince regain'd Breath enough to address himself in Thanks to his generous Protectress, she was in a Moment possess'd of a Passion for him, which neither her Virtue, nor her Duty was strong enough to repel. She made him be carried to the Palace, and pass'd him on the King for *Osmyr*, Prince of *Fez*, her Kinsman. His Magnanimity of Deportment soon rendred him no less esteem'd by *Albucacim*, than beloved by *Zara* his Queen; and he let not slip the Advantages the Sentiments of both afforded, to endeavour the Restoration of his Father: He prevailed with *Albucacim* to invade *Granada*; but tho' they had a great Number of Troops, and he did Things which could be instigated by nothing but the Reasons he had to desire Death or Conquest, they were overcome by *Manuel*: *Albucacim* was slain in Battle, and himself, with *Zara*, and *Antonio*, and a great Number of Moors, made Prisoners, and carried in Triumph to *Granada*, the Day succeeding that, in which the good King of *Valentia*, having lingred many Months in a cruel Captivity, had finish'd his Days and was interr'd.

This

This distressful Crisis the Poet has chose for the Opening his Tragedy. *Almeria* mourning *Anselmo*, whose fresh Loss reminds her of that more terrible one, she imagines she has sustained in the Death of *Alphonso*: *Alphonso*, concealed under the Name of *Osmyn*, lamenting both his Parents, the supposed Death of his dear *Almeria*, his enslaved Country, his own Chains, and the Disappointment of his hoped Revenge: *Zara*, a Princess of great Virtues, tho' too violent in her Passions, reduced from Sovereignty to Bondage; and despairing that all she has done and suffer'd for *Osmyn* will ever be sufficient to warm him into that Tenderness for which she languishes. The chief Characters being thus disposed give an ample Field for the beautiful Incidents, with which the Play abounds.

To add to the Calamity of *Almeria*, her Father injoins her to marry *Garcia*, Son of *Gonsalez*, the Prime Minister; but she resolves rather to make Choice of the Grave, and takes a solemn Vow never to wed again; after which she goes to *Anselmo's* Tomb, intending there to repeat it.

Manuel having been charm'd with the Beauty of his fair Captive *Zara*, releases her and all her Train from their Bonds; *Osmyn* (that is *Alphonso*) being among the Number, employs the first Moments of his Freedom in Visiting his Father's Remains; being enter'd the Monument he throws himself upon the Leaden Coffin, to pay there those filial Duties his Misfortunes had deprived him of when living. Scarce had he began his pious Rites, when *Almeria*, believing she spoke only to inanimate Stones, repeats his Name with such an Emphasis that he is alarm'd, starts from
the

the Tomb, rushes forth, and gives and receives a mutual Surprize: He sees *Almeria*, she sees him, and each beholding in the other the dear Person so long and with so much seeming Reason believed dead, was too great, and too sudden a Turn of Fate for Sense or Nature to sustain; and they are sinking in each others Arms, when *Antonio*, free'd also under the Name of *Hely*, comes to their Relief, tho' little less amazed than *Alphonso* had been, to find *Almeria* living. *Alphonso* feels an Aggravation of Astonishment to see his Friend, whom he imagined slain in the late Battle. But the first Emotions such surprising Events occasioned being a little over, and the Means of their several Preservations made known, all their late Agonies of Mind are now converted into the most perfect Joy the Circumstances of their Affairs would permit. *Almeria* is obliged to retire on the Approach of *Zara*, who hearing where the supposed *Osmyn* was retired, comes in Search of him. She upbraids him with what she has done for him, and his Want of Gratitude; the Coolness of his Replies incenses her so far as to make her accuse him to the King of having presumed to address her on the Score of Love; on which the impatient *Manuel* commands he shall be confined in the Dungeon where *Anselmo* died.

Zara soon after repenting of her Injustice solicits the King to release him, and having obtained the Royal Signet for that Purpose, comes in Person to the Prison, where *Almeria* has just before enter'd; the Sight of that Princess, and the Confusion she observes in both their Faces, fires her afresh with Jealousy and Rage, she immediately changes the Purpose of her coming,

coming, and instead of giving *Osmyn* Liberty, orders he shall be more closely confined, and no Person whatever suffered to have any Communication with him.

While these Things were transacting, *Antonio* had entered into a League with some powerful Malecontents, to whom he declared that *Alphonso* was still living; and every Thing being prepared for their Flight, they left *Granada*, and were now raising an Army in *Valentia*. Intelligence of all this is brought to *Manuel*, and as *Osmyn* is known to be the Friend of *Hely*, he is supposed to have a Hand in the Conspiracy: Which Suggestion is confirmed by *Zara*, who has no other Pretence but that of his being a Traitor, to cover the sudden Change of her Humour; and on this *Manuel* signs an Order for his Death.

But *Zara* now experiences that Love is the strongest of all Passions. All her Revenge for neglected Beauty, subsides as soon as she is inform'd of this Sentence; she thinks no more of any Thing but how to avert it, and by the Assistance of her faithful Eunuch *Selim*, contrives the following Strategem. She tells the King that she has received Information that his Guards are corrupted, that some among them are resolved to rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death, and advises that Execution may be done in Private by her Mutes. The King consents, and Orders are given that none but such as are sent by *Zara* shall have Admittance to the Prisoner. By this Means she hopes, when Night shall favour her Design, to set him free. News arriving that *Alphonso* had been saved on the Coast of
Africk,

Africk, she no longer doubts if *Osmyn* and *Alphonso* are the same, therefore resolves to be as speedy as possible in releasing him, well knowing the King, when apprised of this Secret, would not suffer him to live an Hour.

The dreadful News of *Osmyn*'s Condemnation being brought *Almeria*, she throws herself at her Father's Feet, conjuring him to spare his Life, calling him *Alphonso*, and her Husband. The King not comprehending her Meaning, thinks her disordered in her Senses, and leaves the Room ; but *Gonzalez*, who is present, being reproached by her as the Person who has discovered *Alphonso*, the Secret is unwarily betrayed to him. Things being come to this Extremity, the artful Statesman forbears to acquaint the King, fearing he might, in Compassion to his Daughter's Despair, be brought to pardon *Alphonso*, and by that Means *Garcia* would lose all Hopes of *Almeria* and the Crown. Prompted by his Ambition he resolves to murder *Alphonso* privately, before it could be divulg'd to the King that he was any other than *Osmyn*: To this End he orders *Alonzo*, a Creature of his to procure him the Habit of one of *Zara*'s Mutes, none other being permitted to see him.

Zara sends a Letter to *Alphonso* by a Mute, telling him she is now acquainted with the Secret of his Birth, but that he may depend on her for his Freedom that very Night: The King attended by *Alonzo* meets this Mute, who discovering a Guilt in his Countenance, and an Endeavour to conceal something, *Manuel* commands *Alonzo* to force him to a Discovery of his Errand: *Alonzo* follows him, and soon returns
with

with the Letter which the poor Mute had yielded with his Life. The Letter he gives the King, and having stripp'd the Body carries the Habit to *Gonsalez*.

The whole Mystery, not only of *Osmyn's* Quality, but *Zara's* Inclination and Design being now unravell'd to *Manuel*, raises in his Soul a perfect Tempest of Rage and Indignation; he raves, curses, and strikes *Perez* the Captain of his Guards; but afterwards bids him go that Moment and put an End to the Life of *Alphonso*, and afterwards send his Habit to him. *Perez* promises Obedience, but in Revenge of the Blow, sets free *Alphonso*; and, to favour his Escape, carries the Robe and Turbant he wore as *Osmyn*, to the King, as an Assurance his Desires were fulfilled.

Manuel, now thinking to detect and upbraid *Zara*, when she should come to set *Alphonso* free, disguises himself in the Habit of *Osmyn*, and takes his Place in the Dungeon, waiting the Approach of that Princess; at the same Time, *Gonsalez* attired like a Mute, comes to the Prison, and deceived by the Dress, plunges his Sword into his Royal Master's Breast.

Alphonso, having now joined *Antonio*, and the Army levied in his Name, enters *Granada*, and is proclaimed King of *Valentia* by the Soldiers as he passes. *Garcia*, hearing the Alarm, seeks hastily for the King, but neither his Majesty nor *Gonsalez* being in the Palace, *Alonzo* conducts him to the Dungeon where he knew the Latter was gone. On their acquainting him with the Approach of *Alphonso*, and his endeavouring to convince them of the contrary by as-
suring

firing them that he had that Moment slain him with his own Hand, *Garcia* runs into the inner Part of the Prison, where examining the Body he finds it to be the King's. In this Exigence *Alonzo* cuts off the Head, and hides it, to prevent the Soldiers being disheartned at this horrid Accident, and they all go to oppose the Enemy.

Zara, in the mean Time, perceiving her Mute did not return, imagined she was betrayed ; and if so, it would be impossible to save *Alphonso* ; she therefore resolves to die with him, and comes to the Dungeon for that End, attended by two Mutes, each bearing a Bowl of Poyson ; and finding the Body, mistakes it for *Alphonso*, and drinks the Poison.

Almeria hastens to take a last Farewell of her dear Lord ; and deceived, as *Zara* had been, is going to drink off the other Bowl, when *Alphonso*, *Antonio*, and their Party enter victorious with *Garcia* Prisoner.

Gonsalez and *Alonzo* are slain in Battle, confessing with their last Breaths the Motives which drew on this sad Catastrophe. *Valentia* and *Granada* were from this Time united ; and thus ends the Play.



OE D I P U S,
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

*J*ocasta, the Wife of *Laius* King of *Thebes*, having brought into the World a Prince, the Oracles were immediately consulted, according to the Custom of those Days, who all agreed in this dreadful Answer, *That the Royal Infant was fated to kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.* On which the troubled Parents resolved to put him out of the World before he should be in a Condition to fulfil such a Prediction: *Phorbas*, Master of the rural Sports was appointed for the Executioner, and to that Purpose the Queen delivered to his Hands the ill starr'd Babe.

Phorbas, being a Man of a gentle and compassionate Nature, undertook this Office with Reluctance; but not daring to disobey, he carried the Prince to Mount *Cithæron*, where as often as he attempted to perform the cruel Deed, the innocent Smiles of the sweet Victim stopp'd his Hand: While he was labouring under this Conflict between Pity and Obedience, *Ægeon* a *Corinthian* Lord, with whom he had been long acquainted

quainted, happened to pass that Way : *Phorbas* looked on him as sent by Heaven for the Preservation of this Prince, and weeping begg'd he would receive that Child, and breed him up without desiring to be informed any Thing concerning him. *Ægeon* grants his Request ; and *Phorbas*, on his Return to the Queen, assures her that, not being able to plunge his Dagger in the Offspring of his Master, he has left him exposed on Mount *Cithæron* in such a Manner as his tender Age could not support many Minutes. *Jocasta* is satisfied with this, and the Affair is no more thought on at *Thebes*.

Polibus at that Time reigned in *Corinth*, and being Childless, and, by Reason of his Age, without the Hopes of Issue, *Ægeon* presented to him this Prince, advising him to adopt and educate him as his own. The King approved of what he said, and giving him the Name of *Œdipus* proclaimed him for his Son and Heir of his Dominions : Few there were that knew any Thing to the contrary, and those who did, mentioning it only in *Whispers*, the young *Œdipus* was far from suspecting he had any other Parents, than the Royal *Polibus* and *Merope*, till at a Wedding-Feast, some Words arising between him and a young Nobleman, he told him he was a Foundling, not the King's Son : This stuck so deeply on the Prince's Mind, that tho' the other was afterwards obliged to retract his Words, and ask Pardon by the King's Command, he could not rest without a greater Certainty of his Birth ; to obtain which he went to the Oracle at *Delphos* ; and was commanded to enquire no farther, for 'twas his Fate

to kill his Father, and pollute his Bed. To avert this Doom, he resolved to return no more to *Corinth*, but wander in distant Realms till he should hear that *Polybus* and *Merope*, were both laid in Earth. Some Years he past in various Courts, and no Prince excelling him in Valour, Wisdom, Temperance, Magnanimity, and every Kingly Virtue, where-ever he went, a general Love and Admiration followed him. On his Travels, it was his ill Fortune to meet *Laius*, who, with a small Retinue, was taking the Air on the Frontiers of *Thebes*, some Dispute arising about giving Way, it came to Blows, and *OEdipus*, without suspecting him for the King of that Country, slew him, as his Attendants did all his Followers, except one, who was that very *Phorbas*, to whom the Prince owed his Preservation, and who on his Knees beg'd Mercy; *OEdipus* gave it, and posted on without thinking farther on what had happened, and little supposing how fatally one Part of the Oracle, he so industriously avoided, had been fulfilled.

After the Death of *Laius*, a Monster, call'd the *Sphinx*, appeared in *Thebes*, laying Half the Country Waste; *OEdipus* no sooner heard of it, than prompted by his high Courage and Generosity he hasted thither, destroyed the Monster, and redeem'd the Land.

The *Thebans* thought they could never sufficiently recompence their Deliverer, they offered him their Queen and Kingdom; and the Beauty of *Jocasta* made him readily accept the one, that he might enjoy the other. The Nuptials and Coronation were in

a short

a short Time solemnized, and he was in Possession of his Father's Throne and Bed.

He now hoped the Oracle was averted, and expected to live quietly, in a Place where he could be in no Danger, either of Paricide or Incest; but Heaven would not suffer this guilty and unguilty Prince to take any true Repose; a fearful Plague fell upon Man and Beast, and that once populous Town became a perfect Desert: *Adrastus*, Prince of *Argos*, with a great Army invaded his Territories, and home-bred Factions disturbed the Quiet of his Subjects, and every Day alienated their Affections from him. Yet did not all these Troubles prevent him from playing the Part of a most excellent King; he strove, by the best of Laws, to restrain the Violence of the Headstrong, and to win them into Duty, by an easy, affable and obliging Behaviour; and rallying as many Troops as the terrible Disease would permit, went in Person at the Head of them, to oppose the *Argyans*: His Enterprize was successful, he overcame them with little Loss on his Side, and brought *Adrastus* Prisoner of War to *Thebes*.

But while he was thus gloriously employed abroad, *Creon*, the Brother of *Jocasta*, was labouring to ruin him at home: This Prince was subtil, bloody, and ambitious: He had been betrothed to *Eurydice*, Daughter of *Laius*, in her Nonage, and there seemed nothing wanting to obtain her, and by that Means the Crown, but the Death or Deposing of *Oedipus*; all Manner of Artifices were therefore practised by him and his Instruments, to persuade the People to revolt; and he was pretty near accomplishing his
Desire,

Desire, when the Return of *Oedipus* with Victory converted all their late Repinings into Acclamations of Joy.

On which *Creon* dissembles his Resentment till a more fit Opportunity, seems to turn with the Tide, and is one of the foremost in Congratulating the Man he hates. With this Incident the Play begins, and the Discourses held thereon, letting us into great Part of the foregoing History, admirably prepare our Attention for what is to come.

Oedipus triumphs as a Conqueror, but as a King feels all the Calamities of his People: He finds himself deprived of his best Friends, and *Thebes* of her most worthy Citizens, and those that remain, in the Anguish of their Souls imploring that Help from him which Heaven alone can give. Willing to do every Thing in his Power, he sends to consult the *Delphick* Oracle; which answers, That the Plague now reigning shall not cease till the Blood of *Laius* is fully expiated. As this cannot be done without discovering the Murderer, *Tiresias* the Prophet, invokes the Deity he adores, to reveal to him the dreadful Secret; which being granted, he declares, The Person who took the Life of *Laius*, is the next of his Blood. On hearing this, *Creon* in Malice to *Eurydice*, for her Contempt of him, and Love for *Adrastus*, accuses her as guilty of the Paricide in Conjunction with that Prince, and endeavours to prove it by the Prophet's Words, as she is the next of Blood to *Laius*. The Lovers answer this cruel Assertion, with a Courage becoming of their Innocence; but *Oedipus*, *Jocasta*, and the whole Court, stand amazed.

mazed, and knew not what to think : The Populace cry out for immediate Execution on them, hoping the Plague would then cease ; and all is in Tumult and Confusion, till *Tiresias* assures them, that the God within him reproves the Sentence, and promises to raise the Ghost of *Laius* for a further Explanation of this Matter : On this they grew more calm, and *Eurydice* and *Adrastus* are committed to the Prophet's Care, who places them in the Temple, under a Guard of Priests, while he prepares fit Sacrifice for the infernal Powers, in order to oblige them to unfold the Mystery.

'Tis now Midnight, and all the Horrors which Nature, when most disturbed, or Prodigies beyond her Power can inflict, distract the Minds of the unhappy *Thebans* : Gigantick Images appear in the Air ; the Sky seems all o'er Blood ; Comets of enormous Size scatter whole Sheets of Fire ; the Crack of bursting Clouds, accompanied by the Groans of Ghosts, amaze and terrify the waking Senses ; while portentous Visions menace the Sleeper with some dire Event.

Yet even this Night, when all the Elements are in Confusion, as if the End of Nature were approaching, does *Creon* enter by a secret Passage the hallowed Dome, where *Eurydice* and *Adrastus* are confined ; and resolute to satisfy his Revenge and Love, by murdering the one, and ravishing the other, has just attack'd the Prince, when *Hemon*, Captain of the Guards, comes unexpectedly to his Relief, and obliges *Creon* to quit the Place.

The Infernal Ceremonies ended, and the Ghost of *Laius*, by *Tiresias's* Power, compelled to appear; he unravel's the *Ænigma* of *OEdipus's* Birth, and the fatal Accomplishment of the Oracle, which had pronounced him the Murderer of his Father, and Polluter of his Mother; but none being present but *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*, and the Brotherhood of Priests, *OEdipus* will not believe himself the guilty Person; and, instigated by *Creon*, accuses *Tiresias* of being suborned by the Prisoners, on which *Adrastus* is taken from his Custody and confined in a Dungeon.

OEdipus, however, continues strangely disquieted, he thinks it utterly impossible that himself was the Murderer of *Laius*, yet cannot he, in his cooler Moments, be brought to believe *Adrastus* guilty: At last remembring to have heard one of the Train that attended *Laius* when he fell, remained alive, he orders that Man, who they told him was called *Phorbas*, to be searched out, and brought to Court, hoping he might be able to give some Description of the Person or Persons who attack'd the King. *Creon*, in the mean Time taking Advantage of these Distractions, sends his Creatures among the People, to inform them, That the Prophet and the Gods had pointed out *OEdipus* as the Destroyer of their King, and Author of all their Woes; on which an Insurrection ensues, and the tumultuous Croud pressed even to the Palace, crying, down with *OEdipus*. *Adrastus* hearing the Alarm, found Means to escape from Prison, and putting himself by the Side of *OEdipus*, vowed to die with him, or quell the Rebels. But there was little Need of his Assistance; *OEdipus* no sooner shewed himself

himself than they all fled or yielded; but the Generosity of this Action more than ever convincing him of the Innocence of *Adraſtus*, ſerved to render his Perplexities ſtill greater.

Immediately after arrives *Ægeon*, Ambaſſador from *Corinth*, to entreat *OEdipus* to take Poſſeſſion of that Crown, King *Polybus* being dead; but this Prince reſuſes to accept it, or ever to return while *Merope* is living: On communicating his Reaſons, *Ægeon* acquaints him, that *Polybus* was not his Father, nor *Merope* his Mother, but that he received him from the Hands of *Phorbas*. *Phorbas* being now brought to Court, is confronted with him, and the whole dreadful Truth revealed, not only that he was the Son of *Laius* and *Jocasta*, but alſo, that he ſlew his Father. On the fatal Conviction *OEdipus* offers to fall on his Sword, but is with-held by *Adraſtus* and the reſt; after which, in Extremity of Deſpair, he plucks out both his Eyes, and being kept from all other Means of Death, threw himſelf from the Battlements of the Palace. *Jocasta* ran diſtracted, and having killed the Children ſhe had by *OEdipus*, ſtab'd her ſelf with many Wounds, of which ſhe expired.

Eurydice and *Adraſtus* deſigning to depart for *Argos*, are met by *Creon* and his Party, who taking the Princeſs Priſoner, threatens to plunge his Dagger in her Breſt if *Adraſtus* does not reſign his Sword; his Fears for her oblige him to Compliance with the Villain's Demand, and is killed by him, as alſo *Eurydice* in the Struggle: *Adraſtus*, to revenge her, ſtabs *Creon* with a Dagger he had concealed, and with

their Deaths ends the Business of this celebrated Tragedy.

O R P H A N,

O R, T H E

Unhappy Marriage;

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. OTWAY.

ACASTO, a Gentleman of a considerable Family in *Bohemia*, having signalized himself in his Youth by many important Services, both in the Field and Cabinet, received all the Honours due to such exalted Merit, or that a wise and grateful Government could bestow; till growing pretty far advanc'd in Years, and new Persons coming into the Administration of publick Affairs, he was rejected in a Suit for the Sake of a Person no way worthy to have enter'd into a Competition with him. This Affront making him see the Instability of Courts, he quitted the great World, and retired to a Mansion he had in the

the Country, taking with him all his little Family, which consisted only (for he was then a Widower) of two Sons, one Daughter, and a young Orphan Maid, whose Father having been the most intimate of his Friends, he dying, had bequeath'd to his Care ; whom the good *Acasto* educated with the same Care and Tenderness as his own. When *Monimia*, for so she was call'd, arrived at those Years capable of giving and receiving a soft Impression, *Castalio* and *Polydore*, the Sons of *Acasto*, became equally enamoured of her : They were both Gentlemen of uncommon Accomplishments ; but there was a kind of an Audacity in the Behaviour of *Polydore*, which made her Virtue shrink at his Approach, while she listened with Pleasure to the humble and respectful Passion of *Castalio*, till her whole Soul became devoted to him, and she not lived but in his Presence.

In this Situation has our Author disposed his Characters, and the easy and natural Manner in which he makes them discover their Sentiments at the Beginning of the Play, serves very much to Interest an Audience for the Catastrophe.

Never was there a more perfect Friendship than between the two Sons of *Acasto* ; *Castalio* exercised no Right of Eldership over *Polydore*, and *Polydore* regretted not being the last born, since it was *Castalio* had the Advantage : From their Infancy they had communicated their Wishes, nay, their very Thoughts to each other ; and when unhappily they commenc'd Rivals for *Monimia*'s Love, neither of them attempted to make a Secret of it to his Brother : They lament-

ed that the Parity of their Sentiments should make them desirous of a Blessing, which neither could possess without giving Pain to the other ; but resolved, that which ever should be happy enough to obtain her, it should make no Disunion between them. In this Manner did they live, till *Monimia* having confessed an Affection for *Castalio*, he feared to wound his Brother with Intelligence so unwelcome, and from that Time began to be more reserved in speaking of her. *Polydore* observes this Change in his Behaviour, and presses him to reveal, if his Love for *Monimia* would sway him so far as to marry her : *Castalio* is a little startled at the Question : He has that very Morning obtained her Consent, and his Father's Chaplain is won upon to join their Hands ; the Fears that *Polydore* will betray him to his Father, makes him deny this Truth ; and to convince his Brother, vows he never had a Thought of becoming her Husband. *Polydore* seems satisfied, but being informed by a Page that waits on *Monimia*, that there is a more than ordinary Tenderness between them, he thinks *Castalio* has used him ill, in concealing the Progress of his Affection from him, and that he is now at Liberty to circumvent him, if possible.

The Marriage Ceremony over, *Polydore* over-hears *Monimia* make an Appointment with *Castalio*, to come to her Chamber at Midnight, and a Signal being agreed between them, resolves to supply his Place. The Stratagem succeeds, he is admitted to *Monimia's* Bed, and there enjoys those Caresses from the deceived Maid, which Sacred Rites had made the Due of *Castalio*. The impatient Bridegroom comes a Moment

Moment after, and finding no Access, accuses *Monimia* of the Follies of her Sex; imagines, that having secured him for a Husband, she no longer regards him with that Affection she before pretended; looks on himself as made a Property, either of her Vice or Pride, and works himself by these Reflections up to such a pitch of Rage, that he resolves to hate and shun her Sight for ever. *Polydore* quitting *Monimia's* Arms by Break of Day, to prevent Discovery, she rises earlier than was her Custom, and meeting *Castalio*, who had not been in Bed, flies to embrace him with all the Eagerness of transported Love. He pushes her from him, upbraids her with Arrogance, with Artifice, with Deceit; and when she presses him to reveal the Cause of this most cruel Charge, and hangs upon his Breast, swearing he shall not go till he has spoke what 'tis disturbs him, he flings away, and leaves her Breathless and half dead with Anguish on the Floor.

Chamount, the Brother of *Monimia*, who had been absent a long Time in the Service of the Emperor, and was lately returned, and at *Acasto's* House, soliciting the Love of his fair Daughter *Serena*, surprises his Sister in this Agony. He had suspected somewhat between her and *Castalio*, but was eased of his Fears by the Chaplain, who after he had enjoined him Secrecy, informed him they were married, and now to see her in this Storm of Grief, renewed his Discontents. She scruples not to unburthen her Breast to this dear Brother of its whole sad Load; and the Impatience of his Nature not enduring she should have been thus treated, he seeks *Castalio*, and

not finding him, relates all to *Acasto*, who, tho' too much disgusted, that an Affair of such Moment, as the Marriage of his eldest Son, should be transacted without his Consent, to give any Satisfactory Answer to the Upbraidings of the hot *Chamount*, could not excuse the Behaviour of *Castalio*, to a Bride so worthy of his Love: He therefore goes in search of him, to reproach his want of Duty in a double Capacity, first to himself, and after to *Monimia*. He finds him just as *Chamount* and he being met, were about to decide the Justness of their Cause by the Point of the Sword, with some Difficulty he prevents their fighting, but can find no Expedient to reconcile them.

Polydore, in the mean Time, vain of his Conquest over the undone *Monimia*, no sooner sees her, than his Behaviour to her unriddles the whole Mystery of *Castalio's* Indignation, by making her understand he had deceived his Brother, and enjoyed her in his Stead: Let any virtuous Wife, let any Woman who truly loves, and is beloved, imagine what she must feel at such a Discovery; yet inexpressible as is her Despair, it exceeds not that which seized the Soul of the late gay *Polydore*, when she informed him it is the Wife of his Brother, whom he had polluted: Both vow to die, and are punctual in the Performance: *Monimia* swallows Poison; and *Polydore* provokes his Brother to draw his Sword, then runs upon it; and after repeating the shocking Occasion of this Procedure, expires. *Castalio*, unable to support Life, stabs himself, bequeathing his Birthright, with *Serena*, to the Brother of his beloved *Monimia*. *Acasto* lives to
mourn

mourn the sad Catastrophe; and thus ends a Play, which rarely fails to send the Spectators away without Tears.

ORONOKO,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE.

OROONOKO, Prince of *Angola*, a Kingdom of *Africk*, being privately married to a young Lady whom he passionately adored, had not long enjoyed the Sweetness that happy Love affords, before the Charms of *Imoinda*, for so she was called, reaching the King's Ears, she was sent for to Court, where having no other Way of avoiding his Embraces, she was obliged to confess her self the Wife of his Son, and then Pregnant by him. The Tyrant started at Incest, but enraged at the Impossibility of ever satisfying his Desires, he resolved at least to be revenged on him who had debarred him, and render his Son's Passion not less unhappy than his own. To this End, he secretly agreed with a Captain who traded to *Angola* for Slaves, and the unfortunate *Imoinda* was put on Board, and carried to *Surinam*, where she was bought

for the Use of the Lord Governor, by Mr. *Blandford*, a worthy *English* Gentleman.

Tho' *Oroonoko* was as sensible of this Misfortune as the most passionate Lover, and tender Husband could be; yet as it was irremediable, and inflicted on him by a King and Father, he sustain'd it with the Fortitude becoming of a great Hero, and the Resignation of a Son and Subject; never neglecting any Part of his Duty; but, as they were continually engaged in War, fought his Battles with the same Ardor as before, and seldom fail'd of Conquest.

Among the other shining Qualities of this Prince, he had a laudable Curiosity of examining into the Customs and Manners of Foreign Nations: Those of *Europe* seem'd extremely pleasing to him, and whenever any Ships from that Quarter of the World put in at *Angola*, he was sure to make Invitations to the Captains or Owners, on purpose to have Discourse with them. Captain *Driver*, Master of a Vessel from *Surinam*, by frequent Voyages was well known to him, and the affable Reception he was always honoured with by that Prince, made him think it would be easy to accomplish a Strategem which Avarice had put into his Head. Being desirous to quit the Sea, and to make the most of this last Voyage, he invited the Prince on Board, who having never been in a Ship, readily consented, and brought about twenty of his Attendants with him: The Villain had provided an Entertainment, and having rendered as many of them Defenceless as he could with Liquor, gave Orders to his People to hoist Sail, and was out of Sight of *Angola*, before *Oroonoko* suspected

ed any Thing of the Treachery practiced on him. 'Tis easy to conceive in what Manner a Prince like him must resent such Usage ; but it was in vain to oppose a Number so unequal, and being deprived of all Relief was compelled to submit to his Fate, and be carried to *Surinam*, at that Time in Possession of the *English*. The Captain's first Design was to bring him to *England*, and expose him for a publick Shew, but finding he wanted only an Opportunity of Revenge, thought it afterwards best to get rid of him, and the Fears which conscious Injustice inspired in him, as soon as he could.

The *English* Colonies abroad have been always looked upon as proper Places for Women of crack'd Fortunes and Reputations to procure Husbands in: With this Design came two Sisters, called *Charlotte* and *Lucy Weldon* to *Surinam*; the eldest having a good Share of Sense passed for a Man, thinking in that Disguise she should have the better Opportunity of passing off her Sister, and by making an Acquaintance with the Men discover who was most proper for a Husband for herself, when the Plot should be ripened enough for her to own her Sex. The Remains of their Fortnne permitting them to go over in a handsome Manner, they soon got into the best Company ; but the Persons who seem'd most particularly fond of their Conversation, were Mr. *Stanmore*, an eminent Merchant, and Mrs. *Lackitt*, the Widow of a wealthy Planter, who had divided his Estate between her and a foolish Son, who was also under her Direction. This Son is pitch'd upon by *Charlotte* for a Husband for *Lucy*, and *Stanmore* for herself; and their Contrivance

trivance to bring these Aims to Perfection, with the Arrival of *Oroonoko*, and his being brought in Chains to the Market for Slaves begins the Play.

The graceful Person, Majestick Port, and Royal Robes of this Prince draw all Eyes upon him with Admiration, and the Captain, on relating the Means by which he surpris'd him, as great a Detestation. He happens as well as *Imoinda* had done, to fall to the Lot of the Lord Governor, and *Blandford*, as the Agent of that Nobleman in his Absence, takes him under his Charge.

This worthy Man endeavour'd by all Manner of Ways to soften his Captivity, and assured him that when the Governor should come to *Surinam*, he would exert his utmost Interest with him for restoring him to *Angola*: The Prince thanked him for these obliging Proofs of Friendship, but in his Heart could scarce be brought to depend on any Promises made him by a *Christian*; of so great Prejudice to the Propagation of the true Religion is it for a base Professor to be known among those, whose Ignorance rather than Wilfulness makes them of a contrary Faith. *Blanford*, however, to divert his Melancholy, carried him one Day to see a beautiful Female Slave whom he had in Trust as well as himself for the Lord Governor; he told him she was Mistress of uncommon Charms; that the Deputy Governour, tho' the proudest Man in *Surinam*, thought it no Shame to languish at her Feet; that all the Slaves adored her, and forgetting the Hardships of the Day, neglected their needful Repose, and pass'd great Part of the Night in entertaining her with little Sports of their contriving. *Oroonoko*
was

was wholly unmoved at all he said, and accompanied him in this Visit rather in Complaisance to him than to himself; all his Admiration of Beauty having ceased with the Loss of his dear *Imoinda*. But how striking is the Scene! How thrilling to the Soul, when we behold him finding in this fair Slave his ever dear, ever adored *Imoinda*; for it was she, who under the Name of *Climene*, had attracted such universal Admiration. Happy in each other's Sight, they no longer regret the Loss of Grandeur or of Liberty; and bless the Slavery that restores all that either of them thinks truly dear.

To add to the Felicity of *Oroonoko*, *Blanford* brings *Aboan*, one of those who was betrayed to Slavery with him by Captain *Driver*; but little imagined how fatal a Kindness it would prove. This young Nobleman impatient for his own Fate, but much more for that of his Prince, had spirited up the Slaves to seize on a Ship then in the River, and all together make their Escape. He communicates this Design to *Oroonoko*, and in the End prevails on him to head the Enterprize. The same Night is appointed for the Execution, but being betrayed by one who seemed most Zealous in the Cause, the Deputy Governour came upon them with his Powers, and offering Pardon to all who lay down their Arms; the unhappy Prince sees himself forsaken by all but *Aboan*, on which being obliged to yield they are conducted to separate Prisons, and *Oroonoko* again torn from his Friend, and dear *Imoinda*. The generous *Blanford* is infinitely troubled at an Accident which so much disappoints the good Designs he had formed in Favour of the
Royal

Royal Slave ; but the Deputy Governour is as much overjoyed, because it affords him an Opportunity of renewing his Addresses to *Imoinda*.

While the serious Characters are thus employed, *Charlotte* perceiving she had made, as *Mr. Weldon*, a more than ordinary Impression on the Widow *Lackit's* Heart, counterfeits an equal Share of Passion for her, but pretends at the same Time that she is under a Vow of seeing her Sister *Lucy* disposed of before she marries ; on which the impatient Widow proposes her Son *Daniel* ; *Weldon* agrees, and the Wedding is immediately celebrated. That done, *Weldon* consults with *Jack Stanmore*, who is younger Brother to the *Stanmore* beforementioned, and has a long Time made Court to Mrs. *Lackit* ; and it is agreed between them that *Weldon* shall marry her, and contrive it so that *Jack Stanmore* may be put to Bed instead of the Bridegroom. Every Thing succeeds as they would have it, and Mrs. *Lackit* gives to the supposed Mr. *Weldon* a Thousand Pounds the next Morning. *Charlotte* being in Possession of this Money thinks herself now a sufficient Fortune for the elder *Stanmore*, and discovers herself to him in this Manner : She tells him that a Cofin of hers is lately arrived from *England*, that she should be proud it were a Match between them, and that if he likes her on her Arrival, she will deposit a thousand Pound in his Hands as her Portion. *Stanmore* is unwilling to take the Money, but *Charlotte* saying she has Business which calls her farther into the Country, and knows not what Accidents may happen, he is prevailed with to keep it till the Kinswoman arrives. *Charlotte*, after this, throws off her
Man's

Man's Apparel, and appears with *Lucy* as a Lady just arrived: *Stanmore* is charmed with her; acquaints her with what her Cofin *Weldon* left for her in his Charge, and offers his Service to her on the Foot of Courtship. To find he liked her as a Woman was all she wished; she gives him her Hand, and seeing no Occasion for farther Diffimulation, confesses herself to be that Mr. *Weldon* he had so long conversed with, and relates to him the whole Story, with the Motives of her acting in that Manner. The News of all this is immediately brought to Mrs. *Lackit*, who is strangely surprized, but *Charlotte* clearing up the whole Affair also to her, she is glad to accept of *Jack Stanmore* for a Husband.

Poor *Imoinda* is all this Time a Prisoner in the Deputy Governour's House, who finding it impossible to gain her Consent to his Desires, is attempting to enjoy her by Force, when *Blanford* comes in and rescues her: He fights with him, and while they are engaged *Imoinda* takes the Opportunity of escaping to the Prison where her Husband is confined. She informs him what has happened to her, on which he concludes that Death alone can save her from Dishonour, and resolves to put an End to both their Woes, by dying together: *Aboan*, whom they have whipped, appears before them in this Crisis all cut and gash'd with cruel Rods, he strengthens the Prince in his Determination to die, by telling him there is no Hope of any Mercy from Christians; then, as to shew them the Way plunges a Dagger in his Breast: *Oroonoko* and *Imoinda* follow him by the same Weapon; but the wicked Deputy with his Party rushing

in upon them before *Oroonoko* expires, Rage supplies him with a Return of Strength sufficient for Revenge on that cruel Author of his Miseries: He stabs him to the Heart, and enjoys in the Agonies of Death a Satisfaction to see him breath his Last. A Catastrophe truly mournful in itself, but much more so as it is heighened by the most tender and affecting Language, and set off with all the Embellishments of Poetry which a Dramatick Piece will admit, without going beyond Nature.

O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR *of* VENICE:

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

OF what Country or Extraction *Othello* was, neither our Author, nor *Giraldi Cinthio*, from whom he took the Story, have thought fit to inform us: All that can be learned of him is, that he was a
very

very valiant Commander; and having done many signal Services to the Republick of *Venice*, arrived at length to be General of the whole Army. The Fame of his great Atchievements, and that honest Openness of Soul which appeared in all his Words and Actions gained him the Affection of the beautiful *Desdemona*, only Daughter of *Brabantio a Magnifico*, and equal in Power and Wealth to the *Dogue* himself. She quitted her Father's House by Night, and was privately married to him, none being trusted in this Affair but *Jago* his Ancient.

Jago was a Villain, revengeful, cruel, and designing, but had the Artifice to vail those Vices under the Appearance of their opposite Virtues: He bore the noble *Moor* most deadly Hate, because he had preferred, in Prejudice, as he imagined, of his superior Merit, *Cassio* to be his Lieutenant, and continued in Commission under him for no other Reason than to have the better Opportunity to ruin him. This Marriage with *Desdemona* presents a pleasing Prospect to his mischievous Imagination: He immediately communicates the Secret of it to *Rodorigo*, a foolish Gentleman, who has long been doatingly in Love with *Desdemona*; and they go together to alarm *Brabantio* with the News, not doubting but his Interest with the Senate will be sufficient to separate the new wedded Pair, and perhaps bring *Othello* into Disgrace.

This Discovery, which happens immediately after the Marriage, opens the Play, and by the Manner in which it is made, lets us into the Characters and Dispositions of the chief Persons concerned in the
Drama.

Drama. *Brabantio* enraged, and distracted for the Preservation of an only Child, goes with *Officers* to seize *Othello*; but the Moment before their Entrance into his Quarters, Messengers have summoned him to the Senate-House; *Brabantio's* Presence is also required, on which he alters his Purpose, resolving to accuse and confront him before the *Dogue*.

But this is not a Time in which any Complaints against *Othello* can be encouraged: Intelligence is arrived that the *Turks* are going to besiege *Cyprus* with a great Fleet: There was a Necessity of sending Forces to repel the Efforts of the Enemy; and *Venice* afforded no Man equal to that Command but the illustrious *Moor*. The Voice of the whole Senate therefore perswaded *Brabantio* to Moderation, and *Desdemona* avowing her Love to her Husband, and entreating Permission to accompany him in his Expedition, cleared him of all foul Practices, and he was honourably acquitted.

The Confusion those of *Cyprus* were in, demanding an immediate Relief, *Othello* was obliged to embark the same Night, leaving *Desdemona* to the Conduct of *Jago*; who, tho' enraged, not daunted at the ill Success of his Designs in *Venice* remained resolute to pursue the same in *Cyprus*, believing *Roderigo* might be a proper Tool to fashion out his pernicious Work: To this End he pretends, that tho' *Desdemona* had some secret Reasons for marrying the *Moor*, she loves him not, and flatters him with the Hopes of receiving from her the utmost Proofs of Favour, on Condition he will accompany them to *Cyprus*. By these Kind of Insinuations *Roderigo* is prevailed upon

to sell his Estate, great Part of which he lays out in Jewels, for Presents to *Desdemona*, and entrusts *Jago*, who has promised to be his Solicitor, to deliver them to her.

Being all arrived at *Cyprus*, where they found no Business for their Arms, the *Turkish* Fleet being all dispersed and lost in a Storm; the first Work in which *Roderigo* is employed by *Jago*, is to quarrel with *Cassio* on the Watch, whom, being unhappy in his Liquor, he has also prepared for that Purpose: The Motives for this Piece of Villany are, First, That if *Cassio* is kill'd he succeeds him in his Post; if *Roderigo* falls, he is certain of never being call'd to Account for the Jewels he has defrauded him of; and if the Adventure prove mortal to neither, the Skirmish will infallibly incense *Othello* against *Cassio*. To bring *Roderigo* to it, he tells him, that he has just discovered *Desdemona* to be passionately in Love with the Lieutenant, and that he can hope for no Return from her, till that formidable Rival is dispatched.

The Event answers to one Part of *Jago's* Expectations; the Antagonists, his Artifices have made so, meet and fight: The Citizens are alarm'd at the Clash of Swords; *Montano*, Governor of *Cyprus* before *Othello*, is wounded in endeavouring to part them; and *Othello*, so much offended at this Behaviour in *Cassio*, that he cashier's him. But this is not sufficient for the Malice of *Jago*, he sees the Man who was preferred before him, unhappy and disgrac'd; but *Othello*, whom he hates much more, is still untouched with Care or Grief. From this late Accident,

dent therefore, he forms a Plot to bring about the Master-piece of his Designs; he persuades *Cassio* to petition *Desdemona*, to exert her Interest with her Husband for restoring him to his Post: Her gentle Nature, always pleased with doing good, readily undertakes the Office, and takes all Opportunities of performing what she has promised. The perfidious *Jago*, in the mean Time, by Shrugs, Grimaces, and half Sentences, inflames the *Moor* with Jealousy, and renders every Thing she says in Favour of *Cassio*, as the Dictates of a Criminal Passion: When urg'd by *Othello* to explain the Meaning of his ambiguous Words, he tells him, with a well counterfeited Reluctance, that to his certain Knowledge, *Cassio* has enjoyed *Desdemona*: To give Credit to this monstrous Assertion, he brings *Othello*, where he overhears *Cassio* boasting of a Mistress's Favours, and then by many Circumstances, makes the Woman mention'd by him, seem no other than *Desdemona*; and afterwards, by the Means of a Handkerchief which *Othello* had given her on their Wedding Day, and which, he obliges *Emilia*, his Wife, to steal from her, he conveys it into *Cassio's* Pocket; which brings to Perfection the horrid Scheme he had so long been hatching in his Brain.

Othello now resolves that both shall die, and charges *Jago* to get *Cassio* dispatch'd: In the mean Time, Orders arrive from *Venice* to recall *Othello*, and depute *Cassio* in his Room: If any Thing could have added to the Rage of this deceived *Moor*, it would have been this Turn of Fortune; but doubting not that *Jago* would revenge him on this supposed Rival of
his

his Love and Honour, he seems little to regard the Latter. *Jago* is indeed industrious enough to perform what he has promised; and still making *Roderigo* his Instrument, he works him up to attempt the Murder of *Cassio*, by telling him, that *Othello* intended to remove to *Mauritania*, unless some Accident impeded; and then proposed the Death of *Cassio*, who was to succeed him, as the only Expedient; *Roderigo*, on this, watches *Cassio*, and as he comes out of a House late at Night, attacks and wounds him; the other draws in his own Defence, they fight, and both fall: A Cry of Murder; on which, several People gathering about the Body, *Jago*, who is all this Time within hearing, comes forward, and pretending to revenge *Cassio's* Hurts, stabs *Roderigo*, whom he finds not quite dead.

While the Streets of *Cyprus* are thus stain'd with Blood, *Othello*, in the Citadel, strangles his innocent Wife as she lies in Bed; *Emilia* coming into the Room the same Moment, and seeing the dreadful Deed, cries out Murder; the Room is immediately fill'd with Company, and the *Moor* relating the Motives which led him to commit this Murder, *Emilia* confesses that she stole the Handkerchief at her Husband's Request, but ignorant for what Reason he seem'd so desirous to have it in his Possession. *Jago*, on this, is brought in, she persists in her Evidence against him, and he kills her. *Cassio* and *Roderigo* having been put under the Surgeon's Care, the Wounds of the former are found not mortal, and the latter lives long enough to reveal the Villany of *Jago*. Thus is this Monster of Wickedness fully detected,
and

and *Othello* convinced how fatally he has been deceived; which unable to support, he falls on his own Sword, and *Jago* is Sentenced to the most cruel Death the *Cyprian* Laws have Power to inflict, tho' looked upon by all, as too mild for Crimes such as have been committed by him.

PHÆDRA,

AND

HIPPOLYTUS;

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

P*Hædra*, the Daughter of *Minos*, succeeded him in the Throne of *Crete*; she was first married to *Arsamnes*, but after his Death, *Theseus* rescuing her Dominions from the Invasion of a barbarous Prince, received for Recompence her Crown and Person. *Hippolytus*, his Son, by a former Marriage, came to do Honour to his Father's Nuptials: The
z
Sight

Sight of this Prince inflamed *Phædra* with the most violent Desires; she gave her Hand to the Father, but her Heart was all devoted to the lovely Son: All the Efforts she made for extinguishing this Passion, served but to render it more strong: She loath'd, she flew her Husband's Presence; and even refused him those Rights of Love which Marriage had made his Due. Amazed, and grieved at this sudden Alteration, he press'd, he sued, but pressed and sued in vain; the inexorable Queen was deaf to all his Arguments, to all his Entreaties. Struck to the Soul at this Contempt, and despairing ever to win her into Kindness, he quitted *Crete*, and fought in Foreign Wars, to lose Remembrance of Domestick Woe. *Hippolytus*, for the Sake of *Ismena*, an *Athenian* Princess, whom he adored, and was then a Captive in *Crete*, remain'd at Court, and by his Presence augmented the Flames of *Phædra* to such an Excess, that she was well nigh consumed; the Weakness of her Body growing unable to sustain the violent Emotions of her Mind, she falls into a kind of Frenzy; and in her Raving discovers the Cause of all her Anguish to *Lycon*, her first Minister of State, who, hoping to gain some Advantage to himself from the Errors of his Sovereign, encouraged her rather to cherish, than depress her Wishes.

At this Time Intelligence is brought of *Theseus's* Death, and *Phædra*, now without Scruple, follows the Advice of *Lycon*, and declares her Passion to *Hippolytus*: The Horror he seems full of, while she is speaking, and his resolute refusing all her Offers after, let her see how vain will be all Attempts to corrupt

rupt his Virtue: Yet obstinate in Guilt, she tries all Means, she sooths, entreats, then rages, menaces his Ruin, orders him to be imprisoned, and *Lycon* threatens him with Death. Whatever the Queen's Love might have designed, 'tis certain, this Statesman resolved nothing less, judging the Nature of this young Hero by his own; and therefore fearing his Vanity or Hate might lead him to expose the Queen's Shame, and his own base Artifices.

Ismena, who loved *Hippolytus* no less than she was beloved, and trembling for the Effects of *Phædra*'s Fury, persuades him to feign a Compliance with her Desires: He is at last prevailed upon to follow her Advice, and the easier, because he has just then formed a Design, which no other Way can be accomplish'd. He demands therefore, to be brought to the Queen, dissembles a Repentance of his late Insensibility, and gives her Hopes of returning her Affection with an equal Ardor: This regains *Phædra* her Peace of Mind, and him his Liberty; and he employs it in preparing Means for his Escape into *Scythia*, with *Ismena*, whom he has won to accompany him.

The News of their Flight soon reaches the Ears of *Phædra*; she sends, pursues, and overtakes them before they gain the Port: Love, Rage, Remorse and Jealousy, now by Turns, possess her Soul: She condemns both to Death, reprieves, then pardons, then condemns again, all in a Breath: In this Tempest of her Soul, before she can resolve on any Thing, *Theseus*, who was believed dead, returns to *Crete*. Her former Frenzy now returns with double Force:

With all the Wildness of Dispair, of Shame, of Horror, she flies to her Apartment, there shuts her self up, and will not be persuaded to see, or give any Welcome to her long absent Husband, who little less distracted than her self at this Behaviour, in vain inquires the Cause of all he meets; *Hippolytus* and *Ismena*, who only have the Power, are too generous to reveal the shocking Secret. *Lycon* at last approaches, and having persuaded the Queen in her Ravings, to second what he should say, boldly accuses *Hippolytus* of an Attempt to ravish her; and so imputes her present Disorders to that Cause. The enraged King too easily giving Credit to the Assertions of this Villain, orders his Son to be seized, and on hearing *Phædra* afterward utter the same Things, tho' in disjointed, and sometimes contradictory Phrases, dooms him to Death; but unwilling he should perish by any common Hand, sends him a Sword, and bids him be his own Executioner. *Hippolytus* accepts the fatal Present, but makes a different Use of it than was intended, for instead of plunging it into his own Breast, he slew the Person who delivered it to him, and once more throws himself at his Father's Feet, begging, if he must die, to suffer in his Presence.

But while his good Genius inspired him with this Thought for the prolonging of his Life, he was believed dead by all that heard the cruel Sentence given. *Phædra* is informed of it, and of all her late tempestuous Passions, only Love, Pity, and a just Consciousness of Guilt remaining, she confesses the whole sad Story of her fatal Passion, the Noble Youth's Refusal of her Offers, and the monstrous Injustice he

had received from *Lycon's* Arts, and her Distraction, she then swallowed Poison ; but unable to endure Life, even till the Operation, stab'd her self in the Presence of the much injured *Theseus*.

In all those Agonies of Soul, which in so dreadful a Juncture could be felt by the most tender Father, did *Hippolytus* find him ; and it is scarce possible to judge, which experienced the most perfect Joy, the one in seeing his rash Commands so happily reversed, or the other in being cleared of his imputed Crime, and restored to the Affection of a Parent, always loved and revered by him.

To render his Happiness compleat, *Theseus* gives *Ismena* to his Arms, and with her, the Crown of *Athens*. The perfidious *Lycon* ends his wicked Life by as ignominious a Death : And so concludes a Play, which can never fail to excite Applause, while any Taste remains for Purity of Diction, Justness of Sentiment, or Virtue delineated in her most attractive Beauties.



PROVOK'D WIFE,

A COMEDY.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

THE chief Character in this Play is Sir *John Brute*; he has for two Years been the Husband of a Lady, whom, tho' he married merely for Love, he could not treat even with common Civility after the first Month: That Passion, which had a little softned the Roughness of his Manners, being fatiated by Possession, Decency vanish'd with it, and all the Savage return'd in his Behaviour. But tho' notwithstanding his ill Usage, she fail'd in no Part of the Duty of a good Wife, conceal'd his Vices as much as possible, from the World, and endeavour'd not to think on them her self; their Manner of living together was too well known, not to encourage Hopes among the gay Part of Mankind to the Prejudice of her Honour. *Constant*, a Gentleman intimate with Sir *John*, and who was at his Wedding, had conceived a Passion for her from that Day: She did not dislike his Person and Conversation, and the favour-

able Inclinations she found towards him, as she knew he loved her, made her shun his Company as much as she could do without being taken Notice of, whenever he came to their House. This Conduct made him so far from being able to guess at her real Sentiments, that some Scenes inform us he was then ready to give himself up to Despair.

But this Self-denying Virtue is all over before the Play begins; the first Time of her Appearance, we discover that she is almost weary of using a Lover ill, for the Sake of a Husband who knew not how to use her well. *Belinda*, her Niece, who lives with her, seems to encourage a Resolution in her to accept of the Consolation offered; and we find little, beside the Shame of revealing an Affection she has hitherto taken so much Pains to hide, that hinders her from running immediately into *Constant's* Arms. She determines however, to be less Scrupulous than she has been accusom'd; and hearing Sir *John* say, one Day at Dinner, that he expected him to come that Afternoon with a Friend of his, call'd *Heartfree*, instead of quitting the Room, she ordered her Maid to bring her Work, and seated her self with *Belinda*, expecting their Approach: In the mean Time, to divert themselves and vex Sir *John*, who was then smoaking, they rail'd against Tobacco till they provoked him to throw his Pipe at them, and start up in a Rage to drive them out of the Room; in running from him they meet the two Gentlemen, who appear concerned to see this Quarrel, and Sir *John* being soon after sent for abroad, they stay and entertain the Ladies.

Belinda

Belinda talks to *Heartfree*, to give *Constant* the better Opportunity of addressing her Aunt; her Wit and Gayety make an Impression on his Heart, which, till he became acquainted with her, he thought himself secure from ever feeling; and *Belinda* finds something in him that renders her yet more willing than before, to forward Lady *Brute's* Intrigue with *Constant*; because it promises her the Opportunity of Conversing with his agreeable Friend. Both of them avowing their Inclinations to each other, and expressing an equal Impatience to see the two Gallants again; Lady *Brute* writes to *Constant*, desiring him, with his Friend *Heartfree*, to come to *Spring-Garden*, at Eight the same Evening, where they will find two Women to entertain them.

As this Letter is without a Name, the Gentlemen have some Dispute whether they shall accept the Invitation or not; but, as much in Love as they are, the Passion has not so intirely extinguished all others in their Breasts, as to leave Curiosity no Part. They fail not the Assignment at the appointed Hour, and Lady *Brute* and *Belinda*, Mask'd and dress'd in mean tawdry Habits, soon accost them. After a little Chat, Sir *John*, who being half drunk, happens to stroll that Way, joins Company, and offers *Constant* and *Heartfree* to treat them and their Women, whom he takes for common Strumpets, if they will go with him to a Tavern; but the two Friends having the same Opinion of the Ladies he has, excuse themselves from accompanying him; but are content to leave them to his Disposol; on which, he lays Hands on his Wife and Niece, and begins to hawl them in a rude Manner; they

break from him, and shewing their Faces to *Constant* and *Heartfree*, those surprized Lovers tell Sir *John*, that they are really Women of Distinction, whom they only intended to fright a little; and then oblige him to leave the Place.

This narrow Escape is not sufficient to daunt our adventurous Ladies; they continue in the Garden, and *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, in good Nature to their Friends, as well as to gratify their own private Inclinations, withdraw to another Walk. *Constant* takes this Opportunity to renew his amorous Suit to Lady *Brute*: He presses, she resists, till his Desires growing more violent, he perceives her Virtue becomes less strong in Proportion, and is emboldned to draw her half yielding, half refusing, into a close Arbor; where, as they just are entring, two Women burst out upon them, and with a Laugh, which demonstrates all that passed between them has been overheard, a little damps the Lovers Ardor, and preserves the Lady's Honour for this Time.

The Persons who had given this seasonable Interruption, were such, whose Dispositions rendred them the most dangerous of any to have a Secret of this Nature in Possession. The one was a near Neighbour of Lady *Brute*, called Lady *Fanciful*; a Woman of such consummate Vanity, that she imagined her Wit and Beauty had a Right to universal Adoration; and when she found her self deprived of it by the Charms of any other, was sure to blast the Reputation of her envied Rival: The other was a *French Mademoiselle* that waited on her; a Creature, whose Soul seem'd divided wholly between Mischief and Intrigue.

trigue. *Heartfree* had given this fine Lady some little Reason to believe him one of her Devotees ; that is he had praised her Beauty, Shape, Wit, and, indeed as the greatest Proof of good Will, had endeavoured to make her sensible of the Follies of her Affectation ; but growing more negligent of late, she presently imagined it must be occasioned by some new Face ; and resolving to find out the Woman if possible, had watched him the whole Day in a Disguise, till she saw all the above-mentioned Passages, not only between him and *Belinda*, but also those of *Constant* and Lady *Brute*. She immediately knew them, notwithstanding their Disguise ; and, hating the Aunt for the Niece's Sake, meditated nothing but Revenge on both. To favour her Designs, *Rasor*, *Valet de Chambre* to Sir *John Brute*, was passionately in Love with *Mademoiselle* her Woman, she makes her the Vehicle to convey all that happened in *Spring-garden* to this Fellow, who receives a strict Injunction from his *French* Mistress, to relate it to his Master ; neither of them disobey Orders, and Sir *John* is informed of every Particular.

While Lady *Fanciful* and her Emissary are thus employed, Lady *Brute* and *Belinda* are passing their Time very agreeably in the Company of their Lovers, who confident that Sir *John* would not come home till late, they have permitted to attend them home. Sir *John* is engaged indeed for some Time, in scow'ring the Streets, breaking Windows, robbing a poor Taylor of his Wife's Gown, which he was carrying home, putting it on, and playing many extravagant Pranks in that Habit, in so much that he is carried before a Justice, but soon discharged falls into other

Company, where growing troublesome he is kicked out, and reels home. Lady *Brute's* Maid gives Notice of his Approach ; and *Constant* and *Heartfree*, having no Opportunity of getting out of the House unseen by him, run into the Closet. Sir *John* calls for cold Tea, and will not be perswaded but that his Wife has some in her Closet, she tells him she has lost the Key, on which he bursts open the Door with his Foot, and discovers the two Gentlemen : He was not quite so stupid as to believe they came to that Place to say their Prayers ; but the Necessity of Fighting seeming worse to him than that of Cuckoldom, he spoke little of his Mind while they were in Presence ; and Lady *Brute* afterward assuring him that the whole Business was an intended Marriage between *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, gives a Sort of an Excuse to his pacifick Behaviour. The Truth is, that young Lady resolves to bestow herself and Fortune, which is no less than ten thousand Pounds, on *Heartfree*, tho' a younger Brother ; and Lady *Brute* writes an Account of her Condescension to *Constant*, who is desired to come the next Day with his Friend, and back the Truth of what she has said, in Order to remove all Jealousy in Sir *John*.

The News of this Marriage reaching Lady *Fancyful*, she presently sets about the breaking it off, and having contrived a Strategem which she thinks Plausible enough to succeed, she no sooner hears that *Constant* and *Heartfree* are at Sir *John's*, than she sends a Letter to the Latter, importing that *Belinda* has been debauched, has one Child at Nurse, and is pregnant with another. At the same Moment she goes herself
in

in a Disguise to *Belinda*, tells her that *Heartfree* is already married: That she herself is his Wife, but fears he will murder her, if convinced she has revealed the Secret. Both Parties suffer themselves to be imposed upon by this Deceit, gross as it is, and are entered into a downright Quarrel one with the other, when *Rasor*, all on a sudden struck with Remorse for the Part he has acted, puts on Sackcloth, and in that penitential Habit confesses his Fault, and drags in Lady *Fancyful* and *Mademoiselle* unmask'd, to confirm the Truth of his Confession. Sir *John* now again begins to flatter himself that his Wife is honest, and is entirely reconciled to *Constant*; which, with the Marriage of *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, concludes the whole Business of this Representation.



Provok'd Husband,
 OR, A
 Journey to LONDON:
 A COMEDY.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and
 Mr. CIBBER.

AS the Catastrophe of this Play is a Complication of a vast Variety of Events, all happening at one Time, it is highly necessary, for rendring a clear and perspicuous Account, to give the Reader some Idea of the Dispositions and Views of the chief Characters, before the Plots or Actions, which such Dispositions and Views naturally excite, are touched upon.

Lord Townly is a Man of Sense, Sobriety and good Nature: He has been two Years married to a Lady of celebrated Beauty, whom his tender Affection not permitting him to restrain in any of those Pleasures
 which

which had the Shew of Innocence, she arrived at last at such a Way of Thinking, as to look on the most immoderate Use of them as her Privilege: Too late he finds the Error of his over-much Indulgence; and how to put a Stop to her Extravagancies without rendering himself the Object of her Averfion is what now takes up all his Days and Nights.

Sir *Francis Wronghead* is a foolish Country Gentleman, whose Estate being pretty deeply mortgaged, he takes it into his Head to retrieve it, by running two thousand Pounds more in Debt, in order to be chose Member of Parliament, which having procured, he comes to Town, accompanied by his Lady, *Richard Wronghead* his eldest Son, an awkward Country Bumpkin, and Miss *Jenny* his Daughter, a pert, forward, and conceited Girl.

Count *Basset* is a Sharper of the Town, who has taken up that Name and Title in Order to introduce himself into good Company, and have the better Opportunity of Cheating. Happening to be in the Country at the Races, he had made a good Progress towards an Amour with Lady *Wronghead*; and knowing her Intention of coming to *London* intends to improve it at her Arrival.

Mr. *Manly* is a Gentleman of great Prudence and Candour: An intimate Friend of Lord *Townly's*, with whose Sister, Lady *Grace*, he is very much charmed, not so much on Account of the Beauties of her Person, as those of her Mind: He is also a near Relation of Sir *Francis Wronghead*, and foreseeing the Misfortunes that must attend his living any long Time in *London*,
resolves

resolves to prevent them, if possible, by sending him soon home.

Mrs. *Motherly* is a Milliner, and lets Lodgings to People of Condition, or at least such as appear to be so. *Myrtilla* her Niece lives in the House with her, and has been debauched by Count *Basset*: Notwithstanding they both carry fair to him, in Hope he will at last do something for her, as he has always promised.

These are all the Persons who are any Way concerned in the Business of the Play; which opens with Lord *Townly* making some Remonstrances to his Wife on the Vanity and Folly of her Conduct; and receiving from her such Answers as convince him it is not by gentle Means he can ever hope for a Reformation in her.

Sir *Francis Wronghead* and his Family being come to Town, Count *Basset* recommends them to Mrs. *Motherly's* Lodgings, and at the same Time engages her to assist him in the Design he has of marrying Miss *Jenny*, on Condition he will make a Match between *Richard Wronghead*, the young 'Squire, and her Niece *Myrtilla*. To bind the Bargain he puts a Goldsmith's Note of 500 *l.* into her Hands, which he tells her shall be her own in Case of any Failure on his Side. This satisfies all the old Gentlewoman's Scruples, and she omits nothing in her Power that may bring the two Couples together. Count *Basset* all the Time prosecutes his Amour with Lady *Wronghead*, that his Freedom with the Mother may render his Courtship to the Daughter less suspected; and the young Hoyden is so well pleased with his Addresser, that she promises

mises to marry him as soon as he can contrive an Opportunity to get her out. 'Squire *Richard* is also very sweet upon *Myrtilla*, and she manages him so well as to get an Assurance from him of making her his Wife. But while the young People are diverting themselves in this Manner, poor Sir *Francis* is in a piteous Taking: He has been to wait on a certain great Person, (of whose Name the Author keeps us ignorant) he has given him Hopes of a Place worth a thousand Pounds a Year, to give his Vote in Parliament as he directs; but the Misfortune was that Sir *Francis* not understanding the Debates, happened, on the Question being put, to say *Aye*, when he should have said *No*. He heard also that a Petition was about being laid before the House in Favour of Sir *John Wortland* the other Candidate, and he was in Danger of losing his Election; and to add to these Troubles his Lady had laid out two hundred and fifty Pounds in one Day, meerly in Baubles, for which neither herself nor her Family had any Occasion. Mr. *Manly*, easily perceiving the Consequence of all this, exaggerated the Misfortunes into which he was plunging himself, and took the Freedom of a Friend and Relation to advise him to return into the Country before it was too late; but Sir *Francis* cannot yet a-while perswade himself to quit all the golden Expectations his own and Wife's Vanity had flattered him with, and with which she still supports him. Nor was she all this Time Idle for the Good of the Family, as she imagined at least. Count *Basset* had dropped a Letter from *Myrtilla*, wherein that poor young Woman had upbraided him
for

for seducing her, and afterwards leaving her without Support: This Lady *Wronghead* finds, and having heard that Mr. *Manly*'s frequent Visits at Lord *Townley*'s were for the Sake of Lady *Grace*, and that a Match between them was as good as concluded, her plotting Head immediately forms a Strategem from *Myrtilla*'s Letter to break it off. The Reason that induces her to this Piece of Mischief is, that *Manly* being very rich, his Estate would devolve on Sir *Francis*, in Case he died without Issue. She therefore puts the Letter under another Cover, and pretending she was in a Hurry of Business desires *Myrtilla* to direct it for Mr. *Manly*. *Myrtilla* little suspecting it was her own *Billets-Doux* obeyed her Ladyships Commands; which done Lady *Wronghead* enclosed it in another wrote by herself, as from an unknown Friend, to Lady *Grace*, with the seeming View of preserving her from Ruin by this Detection of *Manly*'s Baseness.

Lady *Grace* is very much surprized at the Receipt of these Letters, not only to find *Manly* a Person of such different Principles from what he professed, but also that any one should imagine she had any Concern in his Intrigues, he not having as yet made her any other Declarations of Love than those of his Eyes, and respectful Behaviour: She acquaints her Brother with the Adventure, and her Sentiments upon it: He presently imagines it a Piece of Forgery, but advises her to shew the Letters to *Manly*, that by observing carefully his Looks, at the Perusal, she may form some Judgment by them of his Innocence or Guilt. She follows his Directions, and *Manly*, knowing the
Temper.

Temper of Lady *Wronghead*, sees into the whole Design in a Moment, and having fully cleared himself to Lady *Grace* is emboldned by the Freedom of this Conversation to declare himself somewhat sooner than 'tis probable he otherwise would have done: So certain it is that our Endeavours to prevent, frequently hasten the Event we fear. The Manner, in which Lady *Grace* receives the Discovery of his Passion, is as agreeable to his Wishes as he could hope for from a Woman of her exemplary Prudence and Modesty, and renders his Mind in a Situation incapable of retaining much Resentment for the Injury attempted to be done him by Lady *Wronghead*. Resolved however to fathom the Bottom of the Mystery, he goes to *Myrtilla*, shews her the Superscription on the Cover of the Letter, which she readily acknowledges to be her Hand, and tells him how she came to write it; but when he presents her with the enclosed, she appears amazed and confused, believes herself betrayed by the Count and Lady *Wronghead*, and confesses, with Blushes, that it is her Letter to the Count. On this Discovery they grow extremely gracious, he promises to be her Friend, and on his Questioning her concerning the Affairs of Sir *Francis's* Family, she acquaints him with the Plot laid for a double Marriage, and that the Ceremonies are to be performed the same Evening when they are all to go in Masquerade Habits to Lord *Townly's*, whose Chaplain is to joyn their Hands.

Manly on this contrives a Counterplot, which having convinced Mrs. *Motherly* and *Myrtilla* it will be their Interest to assist, he hastens to Sir *Francis*, informs him

him of the Snares laid for the Ruin of his Children, tho' without letting him know by whom, and assures him of preventing it; and at the same Time convincing him it was design'd, by the Demonstration of his own Eyes, on Condition he will return home the next Day, to avoid the like Dangers hereafter: Sir *Francis* promises to be ruled by him in every Thing, and looks on him as his Guardian Angel.

Mrs. *Motherly*, in the mean Time, to secure as much as she could for her self, sends *Myrtilla*, with the Note left in her Hands by Count *Basset*, to enquire into the Validity of it, of the Banker, in whose Name it was given; but it happening to be forged, the poor Girl is seized by a Constable, on Suspicion of being privy to the Cheat: She sends for Mr. *Manly*, who being well known to the Banker, she is set at Liberty, and a Warrant taken out against *Basset*; though *Manly* will have the Execution of it deferr'd for some Hours, for Reasons which will appear hereafter.

Lady *Townly*, during these Transactions, is revel-ling in various and tumultuous Pleasures, and the Patience of her Lord being entirely exhausted, he is now determined to part with her: He has engaged an Aunt of hers to take her to her House whenever the Separation happens, which an Accident hastens sooner than else his continued Tendernefs would have suffered him to decree. Having lost 500 *l.* at Play over Night, and contracted some Debts of Honour beside, she is in the utmost Consternation the next Morning, how to discharge them; she has not a single Guinea left, and in the Humour her Lord now

is,

is, she knows, to ask him for a Supply would be ineffectual, and but provoke him more : After some Debate, her Woman reminds her of fifty Pounds in the Steward's Hands, left there some Days since to pay a Mercer, whom she had turned off a Year ago, because he refused to give her Credit any longer : This seems a lucky Thought, and the Steward is called to deliver the Money ; the very Person to whom it was to be paid, unluckily happens to be in the House at the same Time, and being told his Bill shall be discharged, is just then writing a Receipt. Lady *Townly* obliges the Steward to leave the Money on her Table, bidding him tell the Man there was a Mistake in the Account, which she had not Time now to rectify. The Steward obeys her Commands, but the Mercer will not be so put off, and grows clamorous ; Lord *Townly* hears his Complaint, pays him, and resolves that Moment to part from his Lady : He sends for *Manly*, and orders his Sister to be called, as Witnesses of his Behaviour, and the Agony he visibly feels in doing himself this Justice, with the firm Constancy he testifies not to be moved from it, makes Lady *Townly* seriously reflect on the tender and affectionate Indulgence she has hitherto found in him, and her own Imprudence, in forfeiting the Esteem of so excellent a Husband : She wishes to recall Time, or that still she retain'd Influence enough over him, to make him think she would redeem the Errors of her past, by her future Conduct ; till now, of all the Passions, Love had been a Stranger to her Soul ; but in this Moment, she finds so much in the Person and Qualities of her Lord, worthy of her softest

softest Regards, that she is amazed at her self for not discovering it before : The Fears of not being believed, however, restrain her Tongue from uttering any Part of what passes in her Breast ; expressive Looks and Tears alone, declare how Self-condemn'd she is ; and without either offering at any Argument, or imploring for a Mitigation of the Sentence he has pass'd upon her, submits to her Fate with the most humble Grief ; but the Manner in which she does so, appears so touching, that not only Lady *Grace*, but Mr. *Manly*, who had always advis'd this Separation, testify their Concern at it ; how much more then, must it affect a Heart that never had a Wish beyond that of her Conversion ; which her Behaviour now evincing, the transported Husband, when least she expected the Condescension, flies to her Arms, forgives all that's past, and vows an everlasting Love. She in her Turn, proves her self not unworthy this Excess of Goodness, by truly hating every Thing which had estranged her from her only Happiness, resigning her self wholly to her Husband's Will, and making her whole Pleasure consist in pleasing him.

This happy Turn puts them all into such good Humour, that Lady *Grace*, in Compliance to her Brother's Desires, and a little to gratify her own Inclinations, gives her Hand to *Manly* ; but the Celebration of their Nuptials is deserr'd till the Completion of that Gentleman's Design, for the Preservation of the *Wronghead* Family, which immediately after ensues.

Lady

Lady *Wronghead*, 'Squire *Richard*, Miss *Jenny*, and Count *Basset*, come all to Lord *Townly's* in Masquerade Habits, as was agreed upon; the two latter go into a private Room, expecting the Chaplain; 'Squire *Richard* follows them, expecting to find *Myrtilla*, who soon enters, with a Constable to seize *Basset*, on Account of the forg'd Note; as he is in the utmost Confusion, Sir *Francis* and Mr. *Manly*, who have been sometime behind a Screen, and overheard all, come up to them: Sir *Francis*, not able to command his Passion, vents it in hearty drubbing the young 'Squire, and threatening the forward Minx his Daughter; their Outcries draw Lady *Wronghead* into the Room, who being presently informed of the whole Affair, trembles to think how far she has proceeded with a common Sharper, and one, who also had a Design upon her Daughter: The Count is going to be carried before a Justice, but begs for Mercy; which Mr. *Manly* grants, on Condition he marries *Myrtilla*; he consents, tho' with some Reluctance, and *Manly*, to reward the Share she has had in his Designs, gives her a real Note of five hundred Pounds, which makes the Matter somewhat more easy to the Count. Lady *Wronghead*, notwithstanding the narrow Escape her Children have had from Ruin, will not be persuaded by her Husband to leave *London*; but *Manly* soon obliges her to Compliance, by shewing her a very tender *Billets-Doux*, wrote by her to the Count, and by him intercepted; to save her Reputation therefore abroad, and preserve her Husband's good Opinion of her at home, she requires no more than his Promise, never to divulge the Secret.

cret of her Folly, and contentedly resolves to pack up her Luggage and be gone. Which is all we are presented with in this truly natural, witty, and diverting Comedy.

RIVAL QUEENS,
OR, THE
DEATH of ALEXANDER
the GREAT;
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. LEE.

*A*lexander the Great having been married to *Roxana*, before he saw the Daughter of *Darius*, with whom he fell passionately in Love, had no way to gain that beautiful Princess, but by making a solemn Oath never to Bed with his first Queen again: He kept his Promise for some Time; but as he was returning from the Conquest of the *Indies*, the subtil
Roxana

Roxana met him on his Way, and with Sports and Revels, some say by Magick Spells, kept him at *Susa* again a Victim to her Charms. But by what Arts soever he had been practised on, the Remembrance of *Statira* broke through them in a short Time, and he again forsook *Roxana*, and hasted to *Babylon*, where the Idol of his Soul resided.

But before his Arrival, Intelligence being brought to that young Queen, of what had passed between him and *Roxana*, she falls into a Despair, which almost proved fatal to her: *Cassander*, *Poliperchon*, *Theffalus*, and others, who hated *Alexander*, took Care to heighten the Anguish of her Soul, by adding to the Truth a thousand aggravating Circumstances of their own Invention. Nor was this the only Trouble occasioned by his Absence: *Lyfmachus* and *Hephestion*, Rivals for the Love of *Parisates*, the one presuming on his Birth and Services, the other on the Favour of *Alexander*, fill'd the Court with continual Alarms: The first Scene of the Tragedy discovers them fighting, and *Clytus*, a brave old *Macedonian* General, using his utmost Endeavours to separate their Fury: The Arguments he inforces, at length prevail with them to cease all Acts of Hostility, and to trust their Cause to the Decision of *Alexander*, who is every Moment expected.

Statira, work'd up to the utmost Pitch of raging Grief, by the Artifices of the Faction, resolves to see the King no more, but to pass the Remainder of her Days in the Bowers of *Semiramis*, shut up from all Converse with Mankind: Old *Syfigambis*, the Mother of the Royal Family, labours both with Entreaties

treaties and Commands to dissuade her, but in vain ; she makes a Vow, and confirms it with the most dreadful Imprecations, to do as she has said.

Alexander soon after enters *Babylon*, and being informed how far her Resentment had transported her, bursts into Exclamations, which makes the Boldest in his Presence tremble. *Lyfimachus*, notwithstanding, push'd on by Love, approaches, and demands of him the Princess *Parisates*, as a Reward for all his Toils in War ; *Alexander* having before promised her to *Hephæstion*, grows incens'd, and commands him to be dumb upon that Theme for ever ; on which, the rash Prince draws his Sword, and offers to run at his Rival, which so inflames *Alexander*, that he orders him to be carried away and devoured by Lions.

Roxana, flattering herself that the same Arts, which rekindled a Passion in the Heart of *Alexander* at *Susa*, will have the same Success at *Babylon*, entred the City almost the same Hour he did ; and being inform'd of *Statira*'s Resolution, and the King's Despair, is no less pleas'd at the one, than enraged at the other : To gratify, however, the Pride of her Nature, she meets her Rival as she is going to fulfil her Vow, and insults her Misfortune with the most bitter Taunts, till *Statira*, tho' much less violent, becomes so far provoked as to consent to see the King, in order to prevail with him never to see the other more. The Event answers her Design, *Alexander*, before her Face, commands *Roxana* never to appear in his Presence ; which Proof of Love, join'd with the Sight of his Grief for having ever offended her, obtains a full Forgiveness from her ; and

she

ſhe thinks it a leſs Crime to become Perjured to the Gods, than to give Pain to *Alexander*: *Parisates*, who tenderly loves *Lyſimachus*, takes this Opportunity to petition for his Life; but before ſhe can know the Effect of her Sollicitations, that Prince is brought in, having fought with, and conquered the Lion intended for his Executioner. This Heroick Deed more influences *Alexander*, than the Prayers and Tears of the whole Court: He now foregoes his partial Affection for *Hephæſtion*, and decrees, that *Parisates* ſhall be given to him who ſerves him beſt in Battle.

The Memory of paſt Griefs is now drowned in preſent Joy, but ſoon enſues a bitter Allay: The King, to teſtify his Transport on being reconciled to *Statira*, invites all his Courtiers to a Banquet: To oblige him, who is very much of late addiſted to the *Perſian* Cuſtoms, they all appear in rich looſe Robes, after the Manner of that Country, all but *Clytus*, who will not be perſuaded to ſuch Efſeminacy. This offends *Alexander*, but he conceals his Sentiments, till being warm with Wine, *Clytus* ſeeming to leſſen the Victories *Alexander* had gain'd, and giving his Father, King *Phillip*, the Preference, as a Soldier, the impatient Monarch ſnatches a Javelin from his neareſt Guard, and ſtrikes him dead that Moment; but no ſooner does he ſee him fall, than he repents of the Deed, and calling to Mind how often he had been preſerved in Battle, by the Courage and Loyalty of this gallant General, he throws himſelf on the dead Body, and will not be prevailed

prevailed upon to leave it, till the Danger of a more terrible Misfortune obliges him to rise.

The Heads of the Faction against *Alexander*, having resolved to take the Opportunity of this Banquet to poison him, one of their own Creatures being appointed Cup-bearer, endeavour, by fomenting the Rage and Jealousy of *Roxana*, to make her a Party in their Designs; but she, in spite of her Wrongs, still loving him with an unabated Passion, discovers so great an Abhorrence of the Proposal, that they are compelled, by the Fears of being betrayed by her, to feign themselves ready to be guided by her Will alone. To oblige her more to Secrecy, *Cassander* offers to kill her Rival *Statira*: The Thought of that Revenge transports her cruel Soul, but will not accept it from his Hand, lest such a Service might encourage a Passion which he confesses to have for her. The Hint of this Design is all she will vouchsafe to owe him for, and attended by a great Train of her own Creatures and Slaves, she goes in Person to the Apartment, where *Statira* is waiting the Approach of *Alexander*, and having slain most of the Guards, entered and took the Life of that unhappy Queen, in the midst of her most pleasing Expectations.

One who escaped the Fury of *Roxana*'s Slaves, brought this surprising Account to *Alexander*, who then ceasing his Lamentations over *Clytus*, flies to the Relief of what he valued more than Life; but all the Haste he made was too slow; *Roxana* had given the fatal Blow, and he came only to take a last Farewell from his dear *Statira*: Scarce had the Breath forsook her Lips, than News is brought, that his fa-

yourite *Hephaestion* is dead of a Surfeit; and that *Sisygambis* also is no more. Ordinary Madness is short of what he feels: He Commands, that all the Towers of *Babylon* be plucked down, the Armory destroyed, and every Soldier, upon pain of Death, to be naked to the Waste: He spares *Roxana's* Life, not only because she is at this Time pregnant by him, but also, because *Statira* dying beg'd him to forgive her; but banishes her for ever. Soon as he has given these Orders, he is seized with strange Convulsions, which, by degrees affect his Brain, and he falls into the most raging Frenzy: This is looked upon at first as occasioned by Grief, but is afterward easily perceived to be the Effects of Treason.

The cruel *Cassander*, and his Associates, have compleated their Design, and *Alexander* expires in the most tormenting Pains. On which, the Conspirators quit the Court; and *Lyfimachus*, to whom *Parisates* is now bequeathed, vows not to enjoy the Fruits of his long Passion, till he has traced the Treason against *Alexander* to its Fountain Head, and fully revenged the Death of that prodigious Man.



SILENT WOMAN,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. BEN JOHNSON.

MOROSE is a Gentleman far advanc'd in Years, has a great Estate, but is of so whimsical and capricious a Humour, as to endure the Sound of no Voice but his own; for that Reason he excludes himself from all Conversation, his Servants answer him only by Signs; the most profound Silence reigns within his House, and to avoid any Disturbance from without, all the Fore-Windows are bricked up. As he has no Children, his Nephew, Sir *Dauphine Eugene*, is his Heir; but that Gentleman being of a less hush Disposition, and keeping Company no less voluble than himself, has so much disobligh'd his Uncle, that he resolves to marry on purpose to disinherit him, provided he can find a Woman willing to conform to his Way of Life. He communicates his Intentions to *Cutbeard*, a Barber, whom he imagines entirely devoted to him, but is really in the Interest of Sir *Dauphine*, and acquaints him with every Thing

Thing that passes in his Uncle's Family ; and this among other Things being repeated, Sir *Dauphine* presently forms a Contrivance to circumvent him. He dresses a young Gentleman in Woman's Apparel, and instructs to behave so as to win the good Graces of *Morose* ; that done, lodges the counterfeit Lady, to whom he gives the Name of *Epicane*, in a Street near him, then makes *Cutbeard* acquaint *Morose*, that he has heard of a young Woman well born, well educated, and of a Humour exactly conformable to his own ; and that having no Fortune, will readily consent to marry him without any Formalities of Courtship. The old Humourist is extremely pleased with this Intelligence, looks on *Cutbeard* as his best Friend, and tells him, he will see her in a short Time.

Sir *Dauphine* has let none into the Secret of his Plot but *Cutbeard*, who is a principal Actor in it, and *Clerimont*, the most intimate of all his Friends. *Clerimont* mentions the Folly of *Morose*'s intended Marriage to one of his Companions, called *Truewit*, but without letting him know it was a Contrivance of Sir *Dauphine*'s. *Truewit*, who wishes Sir *Dauphine* well, and imagines that such a Hymen must be of Prejudice to him, resolves to attempt something to prevent it ; and without acquainting *Clerimont* with his Designs, procures the Habit, Horn, and other Accoutrements of a Court-Courier, and then demands to speak immediately with *Morose*, and by Virtue of his supposed Authority, is admitted : He accosts him with setting forth the Miseries to which he is going to expose himself, by marrying a Woman, of whom

he knows no more than what his Barber has informed him ; and then remonstrates the Injustice he does his Nephew in the most forcing Terms ; this Manner of Treatment drives the old Gentleman almost mad ; but perceiving nothing is to be done but by fair Means, hears him with a seeming Patience, till *Truewit* having talk'd himself out of Breath, takes his Leave with presenting him with a Rope, as the sure Consequence of such a Marriage as his is like to prove.

Truewit not doubting but he has put off the Match, hastens to Sir *Dauphine* and *Clerimont*, with an Account of what he has done ; instead of Thanks he receives the severest Reproaches from both ; *Clerimont* tells him he is an officious Fool for intermeddling with Affairs, in which he had no Business. And *Dauphine* complains that his whole Design is ruined by his unnecessary and mistaken Zeal. Poor *Truewit* hears them with Patience, but at last convinces them that the Error was on their Side, for not trusting him with the Bottom of the Intrigue. As they are disputing *Cutbeard* comes in with the News that a mad hot-headed Gentleman under the Appearance of a Courier, has been with *Morose*, and talk'd him almost to Death, but that believing it was a Trick of his Nephew's to hinder him from marrying, he was resolved to disappoint him by making Mrs. *Epicæne* his Wife that Moment, if he cou'd gain her Consent ; and that he was now sent by him to bring her to his House.

Sir *Dauphine* is again recomforted at this Intelligence, and *Truewit* triumphs in his Turn : They all
resol/e

resolve to wait the Issue of this Adventure at *Clerimont's* Lodging, and *Cutbeard* is ordered to inform them as soon as the Nuptial Ceremony has pass'd, in Pursuance to another Design *Sir Dauphine* has on his Uncle.

In the House where *Epicæne* was placed, lodg'd a Gentleman called *Sir John Daw*, a noisy, chattering, serenading, poetizing Coxcomb, who, because he thought it Part of a fine Gentleman's Qualifications to be in Love, makes his Addresses to this Counterfeit Lady. One of his greatest Intimates is *Sir Amorous la Foole*, a Fop, Vain of the Antiquity of his Pedigree, and delighting in nothing so much as feasting the Men of his Acquaintance, and making Presents to the Women: Among the Latter are *Madam Haughty*, *Madam Centaur*, and *Madam Mavis*, Ladies who are the Heads of a certain Society, and call themselves Fellow Collegiates; having Rules established, from which they must not swerve without incurring severe Penalties: The chief of their Maxims are to be very leud, and riotous abroad, very peevish and perverse at Home, to suffer their Husbands to do nothing without asking their Consent, but to be absolute Monarchs over their Actions and Estates, and above all to share their Gallants in common with each other without Jealousy or Reproach.

This worthy Company has *Sir Amorous* invited to a great Entertainment, he provides for them at the House of Captain *Otter*, a roaring, laughing, drunken Fool; *Sir Dauphine*, *Clerimont*, and *Truewit* are also to be Guests, and *Sir John Daw* has promised to bring *Epicæne*, whose Reputation for Silence has

given them a Curiosity. But before the Time appointed for this Meeting, *Cutbeard* has led the pretended Virgin to *Morose*, who is so charm'd with her Behaviour that he sends for a Parson and marries her directly. The Barber brings immediate News to Sir *Dauphine* and his Friends, and they prevail on Sir *Amorous* to have the Entertainment carried to *Morose's* House by Way of a wedding Dinner. *Cutbeard*, who has a Key to the Door, to prevent knocking, admits the whole Company with a Train of Fiddles, Trumpets, and Hautboys. *Morose* orders his Servants to thrust them out of Doors; but *Epicæne* commands to the contrary in a loud and arbitrary Voice; the Husband is thunderstruck, confounded, knows not what to say: In the mean Time some of the Company sing, some dance, some complement the Bride, some laugh at the Bridegroom, and all the while Musick of all Sorts sounds from every Room in the House, till poor *Morose* is driven almost to Distraction.

At last when Sir *Dauphine* thinks him sufficiently persecuted, and that he is work'd up to a Pitch proper for his Design, he tells him there is a Way for him to procure a Divorce, and engages to bring it about on Condition he will allow him 500 *l. per Annum* during his Life, and settle his whole Estate on him at his Decease: *Morose* readily agrees to any Thing that may rid him of this Fury of a Wife; and the Writing being signed, *Epicæne* pulls off his Womens Cloaths, and discovers himself to be a Boy. There are a great Number of other very entertaining Incidents in this Comedy; but as they do not contribute

contribute to the main Plot, and are only introduced to ridicule particular Characters, I refer those who desire to be acquainted with them to the Play it self.

SPANISH FRIAR,

OR THE

Double Discovery:

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Crown of *Arragon* being usurped, and the lawful King confined in Prison without Hope of ever being able to recover his Dominion, he committed the Care of his only surviving Son, then an Infant, to an honest Lord, called *Raymond*, who gave him the Name of *Torrismond*, and bred him as his own, concealing even from him his real Birth, till happier Times should furnish him with Means of declaring it to his Advantage. The Usurper dying, bequeath'd his only Daughter, with the Kingdom, to Prince *Bertran*, by whose Assistance he had deposed

the lawful Monarch; but the young Queen, having not the least Affection for him, still found some Pretence or other to defer the Marriage. The *Moors* soon after made an Invasion, and *Bertran* going General against them, proved no more successful in War than in Love: He was thrice beat back and compell'd to take Refuge in the City, and *Torrifmond* was afterward deputed in his Place. This young Hero in one Battle delivered his Country, entirely repulsed the *Moors*, and slew their King with his own Hand. *Lorenzo* also Son to *Alphonso*, the Brother of *Raymond*, performed many gallant Actions under his supposed Kinsman; and the News of this great Victory with some Reflections on past Dangers begins the Play.

Torrifmond, being about to return, sends *Lorenzo* with Notice of his Approach; and that young Officer being loaden with Spoils of the Enemy, wants nothing but some kind Fair to take Part of them off his Hands; to that End he saunters about the high Streets, 'till a vail'd *Madonna*, who has seen him from a distant Window, accosts him in a very familiar Manner; and at length to engage him more, discovers to him a very beautiful Face. He is greatly charm'd with her, begins to address her seriously; but she informs him she is married to a rich, covetous, jealous old Hunk, and would perhaps not have conceal'd his Name, had not her *Duena* come that Moment to warn her to come home, her Husband being in Sight. On which she is obliged to leave him abruptly. She is no sooner gone than *Gomez*, a Banker, whom *Lorenzo* has formerly known, salutes and bids him welcome. The Colonel, full of the Thought

Thoughts of his pretty Mistress, relates the Adventure to him, shews him the House into which she went, and desires him to acquaint him with the Name of the Owner, if known to him. The Transport he was in all the Time he was making this Confidence prevented him from observing the Emotions of *Gomez*, whose Looks would otherwise have discovered to him that he was talking to no other than the Husband of that Lady. However he was soon convinced of the Blunder he had made, but resolved to leave no Means untried to get once more into the Company of *Elvira*, for so she was called, in Spite of the Precautions of *Gomez*.

Torrismond has now entered the City, and having made some Declarations of a most violent Passion for the Queen, before the Officers of the Army, *Bertran* is apprised of it, and takes upon him to reprimand the Presumption in Terms which *Torrismond* was little accustomed to bear, and for which nothing but the Queen's Commands could have withheld him from taking an immediate Revenge.

Leonora, for so this charming Queen was call'd, found no less in the Person and Qualifications of *Torrismond* to admire and Love, than he had done in her: She soon confesses her Affection and resolves to be married to him in a few Days; but not doubting but some Dangers would arise from *Bertran*'s Disappointment, she complies with the Advice he has frequently given her of causing the deposed King to be murdered; well knowing that such a Deed would render him odious to the People, and thereby prevent him from raising any con-

siderable Party to oppose her Measures. *Bertran*, who is privately informed of the Encouragement she gives to his Rival, penetrates into the Bottom of her Design; but counterfeiting an implicit Belief in all she says, takes his Leave of her to order the Execution of the bloody Deed. As she has consented to it only for the Sake of *Torrismond*, she immediately communicates the Secret to him, on which he appears so shock'd, and sets before her Eyes the monstrous Cruelty and Injustice, with which it abounds, in Colours so strong and moving, that she repents, and is going to send to *Bertran* not to proceed, when a Messenger arrives from him to inform her that her Commands are obeyed, and the old King is no more. *Torrismond* laments her Crime, and the Fate of fallen Majesty; but she hushes all his Sorrows with an Assurance of giving herself wholly to him that Night; which Promise she punctually performs.

Lorenzo is all this Time employed in prosecuting his Amour with *Elvira*: By Means of a Present of fifty Pieces, he prevails on Father *Dominic*, her Confessor, to deliver a Letter to her, which she answers, with Instructions how to gain Admittance to her House. And the next Day disguised in the Habit of a Friar, and accompanied by *Dominic*, according to her Orders, makes her a Visit without being suspected by any of the Family: The Confessor leaves them together, and the impatient Colonel is immediately for receiving the Reward of his Labours; but *Elvira*, who having been compell'd to marry *Gamez*, could not think of being
happy

happy while she continued under his Roof, therefore proposes to *Lorenzo* to run away with him: He agrees to it, and the Time is prefixed. As they are in this Conversation *Gomez* comes in, and discovers the Counterfeit Friar, whom with *Dominic* he thrust out of Doors, and loads his Wife with Reproaches.

The appointed Hour for her Elopement being arrived, *Lorenzo*, with two Soldiers, waits near the Door to receive her; but *Gomez* being at home there was no Possibility of her getting out; on which *Lorenzo* bethinks him of a Strategem: He sends his Soldiers forcibly into the House, who arrest *Gomez* as a Traitor to the State, and are carrying him to be confined in their Quarters till his Wife has made her Escape; but as they are hurrying him away, *Alphonso* meets them, and obliges them to set him at Liberty. At his Return he finds *Lorenzo* and the Friar at his Door, and *Elvira* just coming out with a Casket of Jewels under her Arm, which *Gomez* takes from her, forces her again into the House, and threatens the Colonel and Confessor with the Civil Law.

Raymond the supposed Father of *Torrismond*, being returned from a Foreign Embassy, receives, with equal Horror, the News of the King's Death, and *Torrismond*'s Marriage with the Author of that Deed: The Queen however having thrown the Odium of it wholly on *Bertran*, and given him up to the People's Rage, he resolves to take this Opportunity of being reveng'd on both at once; and perswading the Queen that it will be necessary to raise the Train-bands of the City, in Case of any Disturbance from the Friends
of

of *Bertran*, obtains her Commission to put himself at their Head; which done, he acquaints them, that he can produce the Son of their murdered King; on which, they all declare they will fight for their lawful Prince. He then leads them to the Palace Gates, where the Queen's Guards are little able to withstand their Fury.

Raymond, before he undertook this Enterprize, had inform'd *Torrismond* of his Birth, and dear as *Leonora* was, he felt a Shock at being united to the Murderer of his Father, which made him the most wretched of Mankind: Notwithstanding, when he found her Life in Danger, he flew to her Relief, and easily repulsed *Raymond* and his Followers. He knew how to subdue her Enemies, but could not his own Honour and Duty, which forbid him to hold any farther Conversation with her. They are just on the Point of separating for ever, when *Bertran* discovers that the old King still lives; that suspecting the Queen's Sincerity, he had but pretended to obey her cruel Orders, to try in what Manner she would afterward proceed, which happening as he imagined it would, he now hopes a Pardon for having deceived her in so good a Cause. The Joy of *Torrismond* and *Leonora*, at this happy Reverse, is beyond all Bounds; and the late inexorable *Raymond* sees them now Embrace with Pleasure.

But while the Court is full of Transport, poor *Gomez* has no Share in the general Satisfaction; he is wholly taken up with meditating *present* Revenge, and the *future* Security of his Wife and Jewels: He causes the Friar to be apprehended, and brings him
with

with *Elvira* before *Alphonso*, whose Daughter she is ; but knowing *Lorenzo* by no other Name than Colonel *Hernando*, he prefers a Complaint against him under that Denomination. As he is telling his Story, *Lorenzo* happens to come that Way, and stands behind his Father, whom *Gomez* pointing out for the Man he accuses, *Alphonso* thinks him mad to be jealous of his Wife upon the Account of her own Brother. *Elvira* and *Lorenzo* are both amazed to find themselves so near of Kin ; but the Discovery is a great Consolation to *Gomez*. Father *Dominic*, however, for his good Intentions, has his Friar's Habit stript off; and is delivered to the Mob to be punish'd at their Discretion, which could scarce be more severe, than what all Men merit, who, like him, make the Sacred Name of Religion a Cloke for Avarice, the worst of Vices, because it leads the Way to almost all others.



TIMON of ATHENS,
OR, THE
MAN-HATER;
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SHADWELL, on Mr. SHAKESPEAR'S Foundation.

TIMON, the chief Character in this Play, is an *Athenian* Lord, inferior to very few in *Title*, and to none in *Wealth*. He is represented as a Man of great Personal Accomplishments, and of a Soul so perfectly turned to Acts of Bounty, that he seems to have no Joy in Life equal to that of giving: Nor does he confine his Liberality to those who deserve, or stand in need of it; but all degrees of People, from the Senator down to the lowest *Plebeian*, are Sharers in his Fortune, and he appears no more than
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the Distributor of it himself. He has formerly been extremely in Love with a Lady of high Birth, and superior Beauty, call'd *Evandra*, but meeting a too kind Return from her, turned his Eyes soon after to *Melissa*, the fair Daughter of a rich Senator. The poor *Evandra*, like him, had no Reserve, and was no less profuse in bestowing on him all he could ask in Love, than he in squandering the vast Patrimony left him by his Ancestors, on those who seem'd to Court his Friendship; but the same Ingratitude he paid her Affection, was shortly returned to himself by his new Mistress, and all the Crowd of Flatterers he vainly imagined his Liberality had secured.

His faithful Steward often seeks an Opportunity to remind him how impossible it is for him to prosecute this manner of Living, without being reduced to the same Necessities with the most wretched of his Petitioners; but he refuses to listen to any Discourse of that Kind; and, when at last he tells him, that there is not sufficient left to provide even a Dinner, he remains as unconcerned as ever; and doubting not but he has a Treasury in the Gratitude of his Friends, sends his Servants to several Senators and great Men, to request of each the Loan of fifty Talents; but they all make several Excuses, and after hearing of his Wants, shun the Sight of him. *Isidore*, to whom the Day before he had presented a Jewel, valued at three thousand Crowns, *Diphilus*, whom being his Servant, and in Love with the Daughter of a rich Man, he had made free, and endowed with a Fortune equal to that of his Mistress, *Nicias*, *Thrasillius*,
Isander,

Isander, *Cleon* and *Ælius*, who had feasted with him every Day, received the highest Favours from him, and made the most vehement Protestations of Friendship to him, are all alike frightened at the Appearance of his Poverty; but what most alarms him is the Behaviour of *Melissa*; she had made the most tender Professions of Love to him, they were soon to be married, and he doubted not, but to find in her a Refuge from the Severity of his Misfortunes; but instead of alleviating his Troubles, or even pitying his fallen Estate, she refuses to see him, treats his Messengers with Contempt, and when by Accident she meets him, flings from his Presence, and bids him trouble her no more.

Not so the forsaken *Evandra* heard the News of this sad Change in his Affairs: On being told he was to marry *Melissa*, she resolved never to see him more, and if it was not in her Power to command her Tenderness, to put an End to her Life, rather than give him any Proofs that she still loved, which should be troublesome to him; but the Knowledge of his Misfortunes render'd her incapable even of an Endeavour to think with less Kindness on him than she had been accustomed: To know he was afflicted, was more insupportable to her than all she had suffered from his Inconstancy; and having some Fortune of her own, she hastens with all the Wings of Love and soft Affection, to lay it at his Feet, and once more reconcile him to a World, of which, he is now grown weary.

By

By her Behaviour he experiences the Difference of Women, reproaches the Inconstancy of his Sex, which had led him to throw away a Jewel of such inestimable Worth, in Exchange for a Pebble, such as *Melissa*; yet will not the Haughtiness of his Nature permit him to accept any Obligation from a Person he has so greatly wronged: He thanks, he praises, vows an everlasting Esteem for her uncommon Virtue, but pretends that he has Designs to re-establish himself again, and promising to communicate them to her hereafter, prevails on her to leave him.

Looking afterward into his Affairs, and finding, that indeed all the Treasures, of which he was lately the Master, were now dissipated, and that of the Numbers he had obliged, not one had Gratitude enough to do him even the smallest Service, he determines to quit *Athens* for ever, and before he goes, to put in Practice a little Strategem to revenge him on these false Professors.

He causes a Report to be spread, that by a new Accession of Fortune he was become more Opulent than ever: The mercenary Tribe no sooner hear this News, than they again begin to flock about him, each making his Excuse for not having been able to comply with his Request at the Time he made it, but that now, their Lives and Fortunes are wholly at his Devotion. He seems to credit their Protections, and assuring them he has no Occasion to give any Trouble of that Sort, invites them, as he had been accustomed, to an Entertainment; which, he
tells

tells them, he will endeavour to render worthy of such Guests. They comprehend not his Meaning, and come to his House at the appointed Hour: The supposed Dinner is serv'd in cover'd Dishes, which when they are eager to lift up, they find, instead of the luscious Food they expected, only Toads, Snakes, Serpents, and such other venomous Animals. But lest these Hieroglyphicks should be too weak to express his Meaning, he upbraids the Ingratitude, Avarice, Hypocrisy, and Fraud of all present; and then, with the Assistance of those faithful Servants who yet remained with him, drives them out of the House, in a Manner such as their Treatment of him had merited at his Hands.

This was the last Entertainment made by *Timon*, who, after cursing *Athens*, its Senators, its Citizens, turns his Back on that ungrateful Town, and in a mean Attire, takes Refuge in the Woods, chusing henceforward to associate himself with Brutes rather than Men. *Evangra* no sooner hears of his Departure, than she disdains to continue in a Place so unworthy of her dear Lord; and having turned all her Effects into ready Money, pursues him with unwearied Love to his Retreat; and as she cannot persuade him to quit that solitary Life, resolves to Share it with him; exchanging the Splendor of a great City, for the Wildness of a Forest, and all the Luxuries of Life for Roots, Water, and a cold mossy Bed.

In a different Manner did *Melissa* pass her Days: Before Lord *Timon* had thought her worthy of his Love, she had received the Addresses of *Alcibiades*,

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an *Athenian* General, and had pretended the extreme Affection for him; but that young Warrior being Banished his Country for breaking the Images of *Mercury*, and prophaning the Rites of *Proserpine*, she turn'd her Thoughts on new Conquests; and *Timon*, by being the most wealthy, was preferred to all others; his Misfortunes forfeiting that Claim, she again exerted all her Charms, and practised new Attractions for the *Athenian* Nobles. About this Time, *Alcibiades* having done something greatly Serviceable to the State, ventures to return without his Sentence being repealed in Form, partly instigated by his Desire of seeing *Melissa*, and partly to obtain Pardon from the Senate, for a dear Friend condemn'd to Death. His Mistress not doubting but he would be reinstated in all his former Grandeur, receives him with open Arms, protesting she had not enjoyed one happy Moment since his Departure; but the Senate, less affected with the Service he had done, than with his Disobedience in returning without Leave, not only refused him the Life for which he was a Suitor, but ordered himself to a second Banishment. On Pain of Death he is commanded to quit the City within two Hours; this little Time allotted he hopes to pass with his adored *Melissa*; but she, on hearing his Disgrace, orders the Doors to be shut against him, as she before had done against *Timon*, and he departs from *Athens* little less incensed, than that too bounteous and ill-rewarded Man had been, both at her, and his ungrateful Country.

But

But during this Transaction, *Timon*, in digging near his Cave, had found a prodigious Mass of Treasure, even far exceeding all he had lavished; but fearing the Use of it would again subject him to Flattery and Deceit, he resolves to make no Use of it, unless he could employ it for the Destruction of *Athens*: An Opportunity answerable to his Wishes soon presents it self: *Alcibiades* burning with Revenge for his last Affront, has raised a powerful Army, at the Head of which he marches to overturn the State, or perish in the Attempt: In his Way he passes by *Timon's* Cell, who, hearing his Design, furnishes him with Gold to assist the Enterprize.

News of this sudden Change in *Timon's* Fortune, is soon brought to *Athens*, and *Melissa* immediately makes him a Visit, omits nothing that she thinks may win him back, and swears her seeming Coldness was but a Trial of his Love; but he is now Proof against all her Wiles, nor can she draw any other Words from him than Reproaches. Several Senators also repair to him, and receive Answers to their Entreaties little different from those he gave *Melissa*: Resolute to shun Mankind for ever, he spends the Remainder of his Days in building himself a Tomb with his own Hands; and when he found the Hand of Death had seized him, went into it, supported by his faithful *Evandra*, and there resigned his last Breath. That Prodigy of Constancy no sooner saw him expire, than she plunged a Dagger into her Breast, and died by his Side.

Alcibiades,

Alcibiades, in the mean Time, revenged his Cause on the *Athenians*, and had certainly laid that flourishing City level with the Earth, had not the Senators, finding themselves unable to resist, entreated Mercy; which he refused to grant on any other Terms, than that of their appearing before him with Halters round their Necks. Even this they complied with, and sued in the most abject and pity-moving Words their Orators could dictate. But in the midst of this general Dejection, the gay vain *Melissa* triumphed; and, doubting not but her Beauty still maintained its former Power over the Heart of this young Conqueror, comes forth to meet him, attended and adorned like a Bride; a thousand Smiles, Allurements, Graces, and every soft endearing Blandishment of Love accompanies her to the Place, where she beholds *Alcibiades* surrounded by a kneeling Crowd; but Shame, Despair, Remorse, and Millions of other Furies are her Convoy back. She flies to the Bosom she thought all her own, but instead of receiving her with open Arms, he repells the proffer'd Embrace, throws her from him like some loathsome Thing, upbraids her Usage of *Timon*, and himself, and compels her, tho' too late, to be sensible that no outward Perfections can atone for a base, dishonourable and mercenary Soul.

This Play, in my Opinion, contains many useful and instructive Morals: It may, indeed, be objected, that *Timon* suffers too much for a Man of his Natural Generosity and Propensity to do good; but then we ought to consider, that his Benefactions were without Distinction, and that there was somewhat of an Osten-

tation in them, which deprived them of more than Half their Merit. The Senators, every Body must own, are but justly punished: Those, who are so insolently haughty in Prosperity, are ever no less abject in Adversity; and the softer Sex, from the Examples of *Melissa* and *Evandra*, may learn that Virtue has many Branches, and, that Chastity, tho' a material one, is not of it self sufficient to constitute the Character of a truly valuable Woman.

End of the First Volume.



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